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ABSTRACT

This book is an autobiographic account of thirty years spent in the field of physical education. Relating her personal experiences from her student days at the turn of the century through her years as a physical education teacher, the author traces the history of women's involvement in sports and health education and their contributions to this field. (JD)

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MEMORIES OF A BLOOMER GIRL

(1894-1924)

Mabel Lee

Professor Emeritus, University of Nebraska—Lincoln

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH,
EDUCATION & WELFARE
NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF
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*Dedicated
To The Memory
of
Amy Morris Homans and Delphine Hanna
Who In The Late Nineteenth Century
Opened The Doors
To A New Career For Women
and
To The Memory Of Those Valiant Women
Who Were My Co-Workers
Of The Early Twentieth Century
In Opening Those Doors Still Wider*

*Also Dedicated
To The Many Splendid Young Women
Of The Late Twentieth Century
Who In Their Turn Are The New Torchbearers
for
A Sound Physical Education For America*

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Preface

Memories of a bloomer girl! What thoughts these words evoke! I was a bloomer girl from the time of my first pair in 1902 to the time of bloomers passing from the scene in the late twenties and early thirties. They became the symbol of the career I was to follow—work in the profession of physical education. Therein lies the story of this book—reminiscences of sports and dance as a grade schoolgirl in the Gay Nineties, in Centerville, Iowa, a high school and college girl at the turn of the century in Centerville and at Coe College, followed by two years of professional training in Boston and at Wellesley College leading into my career beginning in the Great War era.

This professional career has been in the specialized field of gymnastics, sport and dance and related sciences and in teacher training. This story is concerned with the facets of those experiences of particular interest to workers in the field of physical education. It is built around my personal experiences in gymnastics, sports and dance through the Gay Nineties into the mid-Roaring Twenties. I never could have told my story as fully and accurately as I have had I not kept a diary and saved mementos and records of school, family and village life. Since I have lived in the same house for 51 years, there has been no need to "clear out the attic." The accumulations of personal historic trappings have proved of great value to harness run-away memories and to "set the record straight."

Many memories of sports and dance, especially those related to women's lib, have been reserved for another book for lay readers which parallels the events of this book. The continuing story will tell of the great growth in sports for women and the advances in dance; tales of teacher training in the field of physical education; work in Jack Kelly's division of physical fitness of World War II era and on General Marshall's National Civilian Advisory Committee for the

Women's Army Corps; and work in professional organizations where it fell to my lot to crusade for equal rights for women in my particular professional field.

Recognizing the part I played throughout my professional career in advancing sports and physical education for women in America, the department of physical education of Wellesley College gave me an Amy Morris Homans grant in the late 1950s to write my professional memoirs. This, the first of several manuscripts telling the complete story, is the result. I extend my thanks to Wellesley College for this grant. Thanks also go to Mabel Hall Duree for the generous hospitality and aid in my researches into past records in my old hometown; to the alumni secretaries, librarians and archivists of Coe College and Beloit College who made investigative work into old annals both pleasant and profitable; to the archivists of Amherst, Sargent, Smith and Wellesley Colleges and Harvard University and the Woman's College of North Carolina at Greensboro which has some Amy Morris Homans materials and to Oregon Agricultural College.

I wish to acknowledge especially two persons who assisted me materially in an editorial capacity, both graduates under my direction at the University of Nebraska, both later to become members of my staff there—Marie Hermanek Cripe who so painstakingly typed the manuscript, queried me on unclear passages and made constant worthwhile suggestions and Ruth Diamond Levinson who has, through the years of work on this manuscript, run countless errands for me to conserve my time and energies and frequently loaned me "her ears" to talk over many problems related to the preparation and editing of this book. To Constance G. Lacey and Louise Sindler of the AAHPER Publications Editorial Office, I wish to offer my heartfelt thanks for their meticulous attention to the final editing task and for their deep interest in and wise suggestions about this manuscript.

I would be remiss if I neglected to mention my good neighbors on Ryons Street in Lincoln, Nebraska who, understanding my need to be undisturbed, would frequently tap on my study window to ask "Are you all right over here? Can I do anything for you?" On many occasions Warren Cook and Guy Fitzpatrik, my next door neighbors, have done surprise yard and garden work for me to save me time in my study.

Then there are the several friends of public school and college years who,

learning of my work on my memoirs, sent me many letters of reminiscences which fortified my own memories. A few of these people died before this project was completed—I so wanted them to see what I have written! Also, I am grateful to the several copyright holders who generously granted permission to quote from their materials and to the many personal and professional friends who, while on my several trips to do research work, extended hospitality that meant much to me. I also wish to express thanks to my family scattered from Iowa to Florida who uncomplainingly permitted me to shut myself away alone in my study in Lincoln, Nebraska for long stretches of time for uninterrupted work on this and other manuscripts.

My last thanks should go to those inanimate objects, my diaries (in fact, dozens of them which I assiduously kept from upper grade school years on), especially those waxing eloquent and long-winded in high school, college, and early teaching years and without which I could never have written much of this story.

Out of the many retirement years has come freedom for research and writing resulting in several books, four of which have been carried forward together so that the total time spent on any one has not been as great as it would seem from the several years that have elapsed since they were started. Also, after I started work on these books I took time off for 9½ years to establish the archives and serve as the first archivist for the American Alliance for Health, Physical Education, and Recreation, also to help revise an old book on history of physical education and to write historical booklets for three professional organizations. Besides these endeavors, I have spent one year as a Fulbright professor in Iraq, most of another year in travel in Europe and a total of over two years away from home devoted exclusively to my family in times of serious illnesses and deaths.

Retirement since 1952 has been a very busy time. In contemplating the memories of this bloomer girl, I realize the years before retirement were all very busy—full of excitement and satisfaction. It has been great fun to look back! And this looking back and telling of it to today's active workers may prove helpful in some ways. At least I hope so!

Mabel Lee
Lincoln, Nebraska
August 1976

Foreword

This is a love story. It is the love story of a young girl who had a dream. It is the story of Mabel Lee and Physical Education, of Mabel Lee and Bloomers!

Mabel Lee has been enamoured with physical education for most of her life, and physical education has reciprocated. This is a tender, compelling, emotional, revealing, awesome story; it is a saga.

Mabel Lee, born in 1886, before automobiles, airplanes, radios, televisions, home electricity and health knowledge were a part of American life, has lived through 90 years of change. Ever adaptable, she has accommodated that change as she advanced the cause of physical education. Her childhood days in the Midwest, her collegiate days at Coe College, her graduate days in Boston and Wellesley College and her teaching career in Iowa, Oregon, Wisconsin and Nebraska all reflect the pattern of a growing country and an emerging profession.

As one of the students of "Coley," Mabel Lee's beloved BNSG-Wellesley friend, I heard tales of the antics of "Lee" for four awestruck years. Her *The Conduct of Physical Education* was the bible used by generations of women as they learned to cope with administrative tactics. The annual appearance at national conventions of the lovely, erect, white-haired lady, always impeccably attired, radiating concern and warmth, was a shining example of professionalism at its best. Mabel Lee has been the model for thousands of women whom she has never met.

As you share with her the tribulations of a young woman in physical

education, from the naughty nineties to the roaring twenties, you will be caught up in the crusade for opportunity and the making of a profession.

This book is only a part of a story. It introduces us to decades which until now have been only history. Here that history breathes with the life of a young woman in love.

The Alliance has been grateful to Mabel Lee for many things—for her presidency, for her committee work, for her writings, for her archival organization, for her example. In a very real sense, she is the First Lady of the American Alliance for Health, Physical Education, and Recreation. Now we accept, with gratitude, one more gift, *Memories of a Bloomer Girl*. We will continue to draw upon her wisdom, her insights, her knowledge and hope that she will continue to be a part of the great physical education adventure for a long time. It is plain to see, the Alliance is in love with Mabel Lee!

Celeste Ulrich
President, 1976-77
American Alliance for Health,
Physical Education, and Recreation

Chapter I

A New Career for Women

Without doubt there were through the years always some women of vision and intuitive drive who in their lonely way tried to improve conditions for the education of women. But it was Catharine Esther Beecher, sister of the famous Henry Ward Beecher, who was the first woman in America to make a public appeal for the physical development of the child to be included in the curriculum as an essential part of education. From the very beginnings of her first female seminary (Hartford, Connecticut in 1823) she included in her curriculum "physical culture." For this she devised her own exercises for class use, preferring these to dancing used in many schools as all-round exercise. In the exercises, she aimed at "good posture, grace and ease of manner." To satisfy the need for some rhythmical training (perhaps to compete with the popular dance exercise program of Emma Willard's school in Troy, New York), she had her exercises done to music.

Early in her teaching years her school was well-established when her father, the well-known minister, Lyman Beecher, moved to Cincinnati and there Catharine established another school. In 1831 she produced a book, *Course in Calisthenics For Young Ladies*,¹ a first by a woman in America.

Although followers of Ludwig Jahn, the father of German gymnastics, came to Boston in 1824 and soon thereafter gave public demonstrations, Catharine Beecher probably first saw German gymnastics after she moved to Cincinnati in 1832. However, she quickly declared against such exercise for young girls, maintaining that it was too strenuous for the frailties of the average American girl.

In 1837 Miss Beecher delivered a public speech in Cincinnati, in which she said:

When physical education takes its proper place in our schools, young girls will be trained . . . to move head, hands and arms gracefully; to sit, stand and walk properly and to pursue calisthenic exercises for physical development as regular school duty as much as their studies; and these exercises set to music, will be sought as the most agreeable of school duties.²

Her term "physical culture" of 1823 had by 1837 been changed to "physical education." Had the German immigrants in Cincinnati caused her change in terminology?

Nineteen years later (1856) she was still campaigning for her cause. She sent a resolution to the annual conference of the American Association for the Advancement of Education urging it to support physical education in the schools. This was 29 years before the Association for the Advancement of Physical Education came into existence to bring group action to bear on this crusade. At the same time, she wrote her book, *Physiology and Calisthenics*³—an astonishing venture since it is improbable that she ever studied physiology in any school or was ever tutored in such a subject by her father, to whom she was indebted for most of her formal education. The book is without documentation, giving no clue as to her sources of information. Catharine's younger sister, Harriet, was a stern critic of Catharine's enthusiasm for exercises for girls. In a popular magazine of the day, Harriet wrote: ". . . the domestic processes (sweeping, dusting, ironing, etc., of our grandmothers) are sufficient and [girls] do not need the gymnastics of . . . Swedish 'motorpolhists'."⁴ Apparently Swedish gymnastics advocates were promoting that system of gymnastics in some places in America in the 1860s, 20 years before a group succeeded in establishing it firmly in the Boston area.

Although others, believing in it, did incorporate physical education into their programs, it was Catharine Beecher who made a crusade of her beliefs and waged battle, wherever and whenever she could, to see that all schools should offer physical education.

In 1858 Catharine Beecher wrote ". . . few people have a correct idea of what a healthy woman is,"⁵ and at the same time the editor of *The Boston Courier*, after attending a program at a girls' school, wrote:

not one girl in ten had the air and look of good health . . . Is it not important to think something of the casket as well as the jewel—something of the lantern as well as the light?⁶

Harper's *New Monthly Magazine* (XVI, 1858, p. 73) also had its say: ". . . the fact is certain that the American girl is a very delicate plant . . . not generally strong in nerve and muscle, and too ready to fade before her true mid-summer has come."

By her mid-sixties Miss Beecher gradually reduced her crusades and her lecturing schedule, but up to the age of 75 (within three years of her death) she kept up her intense interest in the promotion of physical education in the schools as a part of the regular curriculum. She had been a powerful influence in opening the door on this educational innovation. And as interest in this branch of education grew, there arose the demand for women teachers trained in this field and thus a new career for women emerged.

* * * *

It was the private woman's college that led the way to the establishment of physical education for girls and women. The first physical activity class work had been offered at Mount Holyoke as early as 1637, at Rockford College by 1849, at Vassar by 1868, and at Smith College and Wellesley College by 1875.

When Smith College was established in 1875, it announced that it would offer gymnastics to be taught by a lady physician. And it lived up to its promise by hiring a full-time teacher of physical education, a woman who, besides being a physician, was also a pupil of Dioctetian Lewis,⁷ founder of the Normal Institute of Physical Education in Lexington, Massachusetts.

Wellesley College, also founded in 1875, employed a part-time teacher of physical education in its second year, stating in its calendar of that year that "the college does not take in invalids. Ill health is due not to study but to carelessness and neglect and the college is intended for students who have vigorous health." The following year's catalog stated: "the charge is frequently made against colleges . . . that the health of girls is destroyed by hard study. We will not submit to this odious injustice."

Beginning with 1881, Wellesley employed a full-time teacher of physical education, Vassar by 1884, Bryn Mawr by 1885, and Goucher by 1889. In their beginnings, most of these colleges used the Dio Lewis system of calisthenics until the late 1880s, when Dr. Dudley A. Sargent of Harvard University opened his private school to train women teachers and began sending out his graduates who replaced the Dio Lewis methods.

When Helen Putnam, physical director at Vassar, asked for permission to

adopt the Sargent system of exercises which involved physical examinations and the taking of anthropometric measurements, the faculty was opposed on the ground that the measuring procedures were immoral.⁸ Finally, these objections were overcome and the Sargent system prevailed there. Before this, Wellesley had been the first to give physical examinations as part of its physical education program, and it took for measurements girth of chest, depth of chest, capacity of lungs, and strength of chest and back,⁹ apparently without serious objections from the college authorities.

The women's colleges on the East Coast dominated women's sports in the nineteenth century. In other parts of the country, where women's colleges did not flourish as widely as in the East, a few well-known schools nevertheless gave gymnastics and sports a prominent place in their curricula. Mills College in California, for example, announced in its catalog of 1871 that gymnastics and outdoor sports were to become part of the school curriculum.

As to the coeducational colleges which thrived mostly in the Middle West, Oberlin College was the first to establish a department of physical education for women (1885), the first to offer teacher-training courses in the field (in the late 1880s), the first to offer a teaching certificate in the field (although this was not the first teacher training in physical education as an academic major leading to a bachelor degree), the first to give academic rank to the woman teacher of physical education (1885), the first to grant the title of director of physical education for women to the head of the department (1887), and the first private college to confer full professorship on its woman director of physical education (1903). It was Delphine Hanna who established the department at Oberlin and brought forth so many firsts. In addition, it is quite possible that she was also the first woman in America with a bachelor's degree to specialize in physical education. Later (in 1890) she earned a bachelor's degree from the University of Michigan, followed by a second bachelor's degree from Cornell University and after that, a master's degree from Oberlin. In later years, the University of Michigan elected her to its Hall of Fame.¹⁰

By the 1890s other colleges and universities of the Middle West and far West had awakened. According to 1947 unpublished research of my own, the state universities in the following order swung into the offering physical education to their women students: 1889, California (Berkeley); 1890, Texas and Washington State (Pullman); 1891, Indiana; 1894, Illinois, Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Oregon, Utah, and Washington; 1896, Michigan; 1897, Iowa and Ohio State; 1899, Wisconsin; and 1900 Iowa State (Ames) and Oregon.

Although the University of Illinois had been offering some activities to its women students as early as 1877, it was not before it recognized a department of physical education for women and brought to the faculty its first woman

teacher for this work, Miss Ella H. Morrison, who had received some training at the Chautauqua Summer School of Physical Education and Dr. Sargent's Harvard Summer School of Physical Education. By 1895 the girls at Illinois had an athletic field of their own which was distinctive for that day in that it was not bordered by a high board fence to protect the girls from public gaze. The field contained a running track of 10 laps to the mile, a grass plot for tumbling and jumping, and two basketball courts. At each end of the running track was a tree used for class work in climbing.¹¹

The field was in use year-round except in the most severe winter weather. For ordinary winter weather, sweaters, leggings and "suitable shoes" were provided for the classes "so that little risk is run even in severe weather by the outing." (Perhaps this is the first record of school-furnished costumes for women.) Not only did the women have a field of their own but also on the third floor of the Natural History Building a large hall was set aside for a women's gymnasium which was "a charming room . . . with none but friends on the floor below. . . . Individual work [was] the gymnastics cry of the year . . . [and] among 75 girls not five invalids can be found." They had quite an ambitious program. Classes met from 3:15 to 5:15 p.m., four days per week, the first hour for gymnastics and the second for games. In regard to the protection of the students in this work, Miss Morrison reported it is "not considered good form for the girls to injure themselves or others."¹²

By the 1890s a few large cities, particularly those with a sizable German population, did establish gymnastics programs in the public schools. Also in the early 1890s Boston established Swedish gymnastics in its schools. Since 1890 Detroit, Sandusky and Indianapolis had been offering physical education to girls in the public schools, Columbus and Dayton since 1892, and St. Paul since 1894. San Francisco had fallen into line by 1895.¹³ In the East, Boston had had an official department of physical education in its public schools since 1891 and, as far as records are known, was the first public school to confer the title of director of physical education upon such a department head. The public school system of Brooklyn was the first to confer this title on a woman, Jessie Bancroft, a native of Minnesota, in 1897.

It was in the 1890s also that the large cities first began to establish public playgrounds. Albany, Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Hartford, New Haven, New York City, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and San Francisco joined the playground movement but it was not yet known in the small towns. It was as late as 1899, just as I was finishing my own grade school days, before the idea of supervised school playgrounds caught on even in the large cities. However, physical education was at last on the march in the schools of America and there was a growing demand for women trained in the field.

Chapter II

Military Drill and Indian Clubs in the Gay Nineties

The first Alexander Lee of my family to live in America came in 1769 at the age of 24, from Ayr, Connack County, Scotland and settled in Pennsylvania. He served in the War of the Revolution from 1775 to 1778 under General "Mad Anthony" Wayne as an ensign in the 9th Virginia Regiment on Continental Establishment.¹ Following his army service, he married Ann McNab, daughter of Archibald McNab of the Duntroons Highlanders of Scotland, and stayed in Pennsylvania until after the birth of his son, the second Alexander Lee, in 1786. Having been awarded land "out west" for his military service, the family moved to Kentucky, settling near today's Flemingsburg, Kentucky, sometime before or in 1790.

The second Alexander Lee grew up in the Flemingsburg area and in 1811 married Margaret Terhune, whose family had moved westward from New Jersey to Fleming County, Kentucky, in 1808. There the first child of this couple, the third Alexander Lee was born in 1814. When the first lands of Iowa District of Wisconsin Territory were opened to settlement within 40 miles west of the Mississippi River following the first Black Hawk Treaty of 1833, the second Alexander Lee, after over 30 years in Kentucky, moved westward with his family, settling in 1836 in today's Washington County of Iowa. Here my father, the fourth Alexander Lee, was born in 1853. Christened Alexander David, sometime in his growing up years he switched his name to David Alexander and in his adult years was commonly known as Dave Lee or just "D. A."

My mother's people, the Aikman's, also moved westward into Kentucky following the War of the Revolution and from there moved on to Indiana in the

early 1800s and then to Nebraska in the mid-1870s. Two of Father's brothers had taken land in Nebraska near the Aikman's and when Father visited them in 1880 he met my mother, Jennie Aikman, born in Indiana in 1862, and in a whirlwind courtship persuaded her to marry him, and he took her back to Iowa with him. There in the village of Clearfield in southwest Iowa, my three sisters and I were born—Ferne in 1885, I in 1886, Jean in 1888, and Madge in 1890. In 1893, Father sold his lumber business and moved to Centerville, farther east in Iowa, where he went into the coal business with two of his brothers, James and Tom. There we children grew up.

* * * *

Centerville, Iowa, near the Missouri border, was a fast-growing town in 1893. Founded in the 1840s following the second Black Hawk Treaty that opened lands beyond the 40-mile limit of the first treaty, it prospered and by the 1890s boasted a population of over 5,000. The county seat, its courthouse was on a high plateau in the middle of a square two blocks long on all sides, which housed the stores and business offices of the community. "The largest town square in America" it boasted, and probably could prove its boast to be true.

In the residential sections of the town were many grand mansions as well as hovels of the poor, and all—rich, well-to-do and poor—lived mixed together all over town. There was no section where the poor lived together, and none where the great mansions clustered alone.

Across the street to the south from the David Alexander Lee home in the section of town known as North Hill was one of the town's finest estates, Clover Hill, the Major Stanton home, and next door to the Lee's on the west was the modest brick house of a black family, the Thompkins. A few houses to the north was the small cottage of a family of freed slaves, the Shaws. A few doors to the east was the lovely home of Dr. LaSalle Sawyers, the town's leading physician who was the son-in-law of General Drake, the town's foremost citizen, governor of the state, after whom Drake University in Des Moines, Iowa, is named. (The Drake mansion, the town's showplace, was on Drake Avenue south of the square.) Scattered in all directions among these extremes of homes were the homes of the majority—the well-to-do, the comfortably situated—for Centerville in the 1890s was a prosperous town, in fact a boom town, with great coalfields opening up.

Not far from our house was the North Ward School for grades 1 through 4 for all families north of the square, and for families in the south end of town, there was South Ward School with grades 1 through 4. In the center of town near the square was Central Ward—a large, handsome, two-story building, housing

grades 5 through 8 on the ground floor and high school grades 9 through 12 on the top floor.

In our North Hill neighborhood there was a group of lively children, boys and girls about evenly divided so that at my home . . . children were all girls, there were always as many boys as girls . . . hours, and for the most part we played happily together. In the outdoor season we played many games handed down to us by older sisters and brothers, but none held our interest year in and year out as did Black Man, Halleo, Run Sheep Run, and Ante Over. For this last game practically every backyard in town had a low wood shed or wash house which was excellent for this ball-throwing game, and we played it endlessly. In the indoor season we played all manner of hide-and-seek games but most of all we played guessing games—geography, poetry or history spell downs, or those old standby card games such as Old Maid, Authors and Flags of the Nations, or table games such as Parcheesi, Slap Jack and jigsaw puzzles. We entertained ourselves, and there were usually several neighborhood boys and girls at our house to join us four Lee girls in whatever fun was going on, for Mother and Father made everyone feel welcome.

On Saturday nights in the winter, the whole neighborhood of children could be counted upon to show up at our house, for it was then that Father would be popping corn for us and Mother making taffy. No other parents ever made Saturday night so wonderful!

We children of the 1890s had a rich play life, full of physical activity. Even home chores added to our physical development—bringing wood or coal for the several stoves into various parts of our houses in the winter and carrying in pails of water from the back-door pump all seasons of the year. But all our activities sprang from our homes. The schools offered us nothing except the morning and afternoon recess periods when we were absolutely on our own.

As to recess play, the boys and girls were separated, the boys playing in the south half of the school grounds and the girls in the north half. On the whole, the boys when alone were quite rough both in action and in talk, and at times their rough talk shockingly floated over to the girls' side. Since there was frequent fighting instead of games going on over on the boys' side, we girls were glad to be away from it. This bad condition of recess in our school was not merely a local problem. At that very time the U.S. Commissioner of Education was deploring the fact that the school recess periods had become so bad in many localities across the country that some schools had abandoned them.²

Outside of school we girls played many games with the boys peacefully and agreeably. Thus, early in life we learned the usual child's versions of baseball

and such games as shinny. And when the town's famous actors of the nineties, the Paytons and the Spooners,³ came home to visit their parents who lived in our neighborhood, as they did at least once a year, one of them, "Doodle" Payton, that day's well-known "song and dance" man of the stage, taught us children how to jig and do the cake walk. This latter talent we showed off one never-to-be-forgotten day for Buffalo Bill when he brought his Wild West Show to our town. His friend of Civil War years, Major Stanton, our neighbor, gave a stag luncheon at Clover Hill in his honor, and afterward the Stanton children and their friends were permitted to come to the front verandah to be presented to the honor guest and to do for him the cake walk.

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From my earliest childhood days I was the family sickly one. I caught practically every illness that came to town. If my three sisters came down with an illness, too, it was almost certain to be I who would be the most seriously ill. I seemed to be everlastingly just coming down with something or just recovering from something—typhoid, diphtheria, measles, chicken pox, scarletina, whooping cough—all took their toll of me. I was frequently out of school which distressed me for I loved going to school as much as my next younger sister, tomboy Jean, hated it. However, in spite of my frequent illnesses I had a great love for activity, and as much as possible I did everything along with my sisters whenever and however I could manage. The boys of our little close-knit neighborhood group in particular were always most considerate and helpful and protective of me, thus giving me courage and a desire to achieve along with my three robust sisters.

As I was growing up and gaining some physical vigor, Mother was becoming aware of the havoc wrought in me by earlier years of so much illness and frailty. I was hollow chested and round shouldered and sadly underweight, a veritable beanpole with two scrawny pigtales. It was quite understandable that Mother was the easy victim of a ready-talking salesman who sold her a set of shoulder straps which I was to wear throughout the school day. As long as I kept my shoulders back, all was well but the minute I relaxed, little metal pin-like fingers bit into my flesh to remind me to straighten up. (*The Youth's Companion* advertised the Knickerbacker Shoulder Brace⁴ and the picture of it looks much like the contraption I wore with its straps leading down to a belt to which petticoats and panties could be attached. Evidently other children across the land were also being so strapped.) I, too, deplored my sorry posture and was eager to do something about it so at first I meekly accepted the gadget and wore it faithfully for a while, but soon with my upper back sore from the many prickings from those relentless metal fingers I came to dread putting on the harness and after much weeping over why I had to suffer that thing when my

three sisters didn't, Mother gave up and searched for other means to make some sort of a presentable person out of this weakling she had.

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We knew practically nothing of health education in the schools—nothing of school doctors, school nurses, school health inspection or hygiene courses. But that doesn't mean we had no school health inspection. Sometimes we would draw a teacher who was wise beyond the times and, although it had been no part of her "teacher training" courses, she would have an instinct for looking at children appraisingly and "guessing" when a child was coming down with some illness and would have the good sense to send the child home. But this was mostly chance and good luck.

My constant underweight condition throughout my childhood seemed to be of no particular concern to my parents. There was but little talk about one's weight in those days. Scales were not readily available. I cannot recall ever being weighed as a child except on rare occasions when we would go to the butcher shop with Father and he would ask the butcher, "How about weighing the kids today?" and the reply would be, "Sure, come right back of the counter." And to get to his big scales we would wade through a deep bed of sawdust sprinkled all over the floor. No matter what the weight figure was I do not recall that it meant anything in particular other than that you were heavier or lighter or just the same as the last time. When we were in the lower grades we were measured for height against measures Mother had marked off on the kitchen-door frame, and our heights were recorded there with the date and name and we took much interest in watching the various names climb higher and higher as the months and years passed by. But I do not recall ever checking height against weight. I doubt if a chart for such checking was as yet known to either our parents or teachers.

A physical examination of any kind was unheard of in our school and never was there mention by anyone that there might be a correct weight according to one's height and build. We were either skinny, fat or just right and that could be told at a glance. I was in the skinny class and that was that for my life's pattern. My younger sister Jean was chubby and that was that for her. Fernie, Madge, and Father were just right and that was right for them and very nice, too, so I thought. Mother was plump and that was what a mother should be—at least all the mothers I knew who were seemingly healthy were plump and that is what all of us girls expected to be when we grew up. Throughout my high school years I was a bit under five feet, four inches tall and weighed around 100 pounds—a "beanpole" the family called me.

We still knew little about avoidance of infections and contagions, little about

treatment of common illnesses and nothing about vitamins. We had practically no fresh fruits from November to late spring except apples which Father purchased by the barrel in the fall to last through winter and a few oranges shipped in as rare treats for Christmas. We saw lettuce only during the few weeks in the year when it was homegrown. In the winter we lived on a diet of meat and potatoes, canned vegetables, pie and cake. We had colds all winter long which was considered a normal part of winter. Paper tissues for handkerchiefs were as yet unknown.

We were casual about colds and even sore throats in those days. The theory of infectious diseases was little understood. If a child was kept home from school with a cold, sore throat, measles, mumps or scarletina, it was not out of consideration of the other children but solely because the sick child did not feel well. And if playmates were considerate, they would all go to see the invalid as soon as school let out. In the winter when illnesses were most prevalent, we children spent much of our after-school hours trooping from one house to another to see those who were on sick leave.

At school we all drank out of the same tin cup both at the pump on the school grounds and from the bucket of water which stood on the bench in the main hallway. When we went on to the fifth grade in the Central Ward school which had running water, we still drank out of a common tin cup hanging on a hook by the water faucet out in the main hallway.

It is small wonder that some of us frail and readily susceptible ones were ill as much as we were. No teacher ever mentioned personal hygiene to us. It was not even tied into our study of physiology. I strongly suspect that the teachers themselves as well as our parents knew little about hygiene to pass on to us.

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Ignorance about physical education was as prevalent as that about health education. Dr. W. J. Monilaw, founder of the Drake Relays and later of the University of Chicago, told me shortly before his death that as a child he went through all the lower grades and high school in the 1880s and 1890s in Iowa schools without being taught a rhythmical activity, a drill, an athletic game or an exercise of any sort, without experiencing directed play of any kind and without one word of health education. The situation was almost as bad in my hometown, as it was in most towns of the 1890s. Practically unknown in our schools was any form whatsoever of sports, calisthenics, gymnastics, supervised games, rhythmical exercises or dance. School was just plain unadorned proverbial readin', 'riting and 'rithmetic.

With no special teachers in town to teach us group games and no books on games known to any of us, we were pretty much on our own in carrying on from older children's chance instructions. It was excellent experience for us to argue together over rules and on our own to come to decisions which we all would honor. It was also splendid for us to argue together and come to a decision as to what was fair and just to all. I can't recall that we ever kept scores of games. That is overdone by adult pressures on children. What difference what the score or who won? It was just play, and we did it in a way that we liked.

A Tri-County Conference was held in Centerville in November 1898, with one topic on the program listed as "How Can Physical Development Be Encouraged?" At least there was the beginning of an awakening. A Professor Stomp in discussing the topic had criticized the lady teachers present for their own neglect of physical exercises, saying some women teachers were so physically inefficient, they could not perform their teaching duties properly. The ladies rose to the charges declaring them base insinuations and challenged the men right then and there to a game of "black-man."⁵ The local reporter did not elaborate from that point on in the program. The following summer a two-week teacher institute was held in Centerville and a man named S. Marian Becker of Keokuk was brought to the faculty to teach "physical culture" and reading. It was a gesture in the right direction but so little was known then in the Middle West of real physical education and where to find professionally trained teachers that in some places the uninitiated mistook posings with "readings" as the real thing.

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In the fourth grade I drew for my teacher a Civil War veteran, Mr. Brower, whom I have never forgotten. When the school bell rang announcing that the morning or afternoon session was to open, we children lined up before the big entrance door in two's according to our room assignment and within that group according to the location of our seats. Then, on signal, we marched up the stairs and down the hallways into our own room and then up and down the aisles in a given order until we reached our assigned seats, all the time singing whatever song our song monitor started for us and standing at attention at the side of our seat until we had finished the song. Then we were seated in unison.

In Mr. Brower's room there was no pulling of girls' pigtails by the boys as we marched unless they were ready to suffer severe whacks across their open palms with a ruler if caught, and teacher had an eagle eye for such infractions of the rules. This same order of marching was followed as we left and returned for recess and at the close of each session.

A favorite marching song was *The Union Forever, Hurrah. Boys, Hurrah.*

Mr. Brower taught us to swing our arms in great forward swings as we marched, thus getting some excellent chest and shoulder development exercise, but I rather surmise he suggested this as a means of letting the obstreperous ones work off steam before returning to their seats. But it did us all good, and he would let us shout the songs at the top of our lungs which was also good for our chest development. Other favorites to march by were *Marching Through Georgia* and *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, The Boys are Marching*. Later educators called this regimentation and deplored it. But we loved it! That marching and singing in unison gave us a sense of togetherness and an uplift that never in the world would we have acquired from entering the schoolhouse informally and independently. Throughout these over 75 years I have remembered the joys of that marching and singing together.

Mr. Brower also had some idea that we should be given exercise during the school session and when we began to get restless, he would suddenly tell us to put aside our books and stand at the side of our seats. He would then throw all the windows open and we would march up and down the aisles and around the room singing the multiplication tables to the tune of *Yankee Doodle*: "5 times 5 is 25, 5 times 6 is 30, 5 times 7 is 35, and 5 times 8 is 40." At the same time we swung our arms forward, upward and downward and at the end of each phrase of the song we drew in great breaths of fresh air, and then on with the next verse of the song. Hygiene, arithmetic, singing, arm swinging and marching, and deep breathing, all in one drill! Some coordination! Some doing! We all loved it! In later years I wondered about this drill and whether Mr. Brower had made it up himself, but in the late 1920s I discovered in volume 2 (page 83) of Mark Sullivan's four-volume tome, *Our Times*, that a New York City man who had grown up in New England had a teacher there in 1893 who put his pupils through much the same drill. This was two years before my experience in Iowa, so it may not have been Mr. Brower's original idea. Had two teachers as far apart as New England and Iowa had identical inspirations at about the same time or had they found the drill in some educational journal? Never in all my professional career in physical education have I found another person who ever experienced this sort of drill in his own school days or even as much as heard of such a drill, and never have I found such a drill recorded in any of our professional literature of any period. I have always been grateful that I had one teacher in my grade school days who had some concern for giving us exercises during the school session. "Relief drills" they were called when such exercises became widely used in the schools a decade or so later, but these "reliefs" were never so comprehensive—just simple exercise movements *sans* singing, *sans* arithmetic.

With the bicycle craze of the 1890s came the first children's bikes and we children on North Hill had our own bicycle club, built around the first child's

wheel Centerville had ever seen. This wheel I had won in a contest, and Father and Mother insisted that all the children of North Hill who were interested were to be allowed to ride it, so that in reality it became a neighborhood bike. Added to that activity was the fun of square dancing which we children "picked up" at "old settlers' reunions" although none of our own parents indulged in such "goin's-on." However, Mother encouraged us in this activity by opening our house for it in the cold parts of the year when we couldn't dance in the Stanton's big haymow.

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After we children of Centerville finished the four grades at our various Ward schools, we transferred to the Central Ward school which was 14 blocks from our house so that in making two round trips each day, rain or shine, snow or blow, we walked 4½ miles daily. The Central Ward schoolhouse was a large picturesque brick building with towers at the four corners. There was a lovely stretch of lawn with great trees and flower gardens at the front and a large treeless, grassless expanse at the rear for playgrounds. The lower floors housed grades five through eight and the top floor was for the high school. By the time I reached the fifth grade I at last went to a school supplied with running water. No more outdoor toilets at school although it was to be another six years before the city waterworks would furnish running water for private homes.

When I transferred to the Central Ward School, Mother was still worried about my frailties, particularly my round shoulders and flat chest—in fact my overall poor posture. She had a talk with Dr. Sawyers, our family physician and former neighbor, who commiserated with her because his own daughter, Hygiene (that was her actual name), was also frail. They wondered if something could be worked out jointly for us. Shortly, Dr. Sawyers was back East on a trip and learned of the exercise machines used in some schools around Boston for physical developmental exercises. Since he was building a playroom in the basement of his new home, near the Central Ward School, he ordered a set of these machines and the local carpenter turned that room into a small gymnasium. I was to go home from school with Hygiene several times a week and we were to do what we could with the pieces of apparatus.

As far as we knew, there was no one in town who knew how to use this apparatus or about developmental exercises. As I recall that room, it was outfitted with a section of bar stalls, a pair of flying rings, a set of wall pulley-weights, a rowing machine, and a few other pieces. Many years later I learned that exercise machines invented by Dr. Dudley A. Sargent of Harvard University were frequently the topic of discussion at medical meetings in the 1890s so I suppose it was at some medical meeting where Dr. Sawyers learned of them and decided they would be good for Hygiene and me. This small private

gymnasium was the first I had ever laid eyes on and I was then 10 or 11 years old. I was instantly deeply interested in it.

The two of us began at once to figure out all we could do with this varied apparatus. The staff bars were the most puzzling. With no one to suggest how to use them, we finally stumbled upon a few ideas of our own. What a surprise it was later when I went to college to discover the wealth of things to do on them. The rowing machine was too much for us—perhaps never properly adjusted for us. But the pulley weights we tried even though they were far too heavy for us but maybe that did us some good. It never entered my head that that gymnasium was anything unusual. Here was I having my first experience in a small, private gymnasium built just for Hygiene Sawyers and her own friends to use by themselves. At first several other girls went there with us after school but when Doctor Sawyers learned that they were monopolizing the apparatus, crowding Hygiene and me out, he tactfully closed its use to all but us two for the weekday after-school hours.

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The great wide hallway on the first floor of Central Ward School was lined with racks filled with dumbbells and Indian clubs. I had never seen or heard of such things before and I could scarcely wait for the day when our room might have a chance to use these strange things. A new teacher had persuaded the superintendent and the school board to invest in them and to give all the children a turn at them. In 1896 Indian clubs were little known in Iowa, and it is somewhat surprising that there was a teacher on the staff who knew of them. Before long a man teacher from the high school came down to our fifth grade room and marched us children to the hallway where we were given dumbbells and taught a small drill to do with them. It was an exciting moment for me even though my sister Ferne in her sixth grade room above me had tried them first and found little in this activity to interest her.

Later, we were given the Indian clubs and those who worked hard were allowed to put on a drill at the eighth grade commencement exercises in May 1897 at the Opera House, a building on Drake Avenue which doubled as a military armory. I was one chosen to be in that memorable drill. Although I could never be persuaded before that to take part in even a Sunday school program, this bit of public appearance I gladly entered upon and enjoyed doing as a part of a large group offering. But I wondered why we hadn't been allowed to drill with the dumbbells and Indian clubs all year long. For four years I saw them hanging in racks on the first floor hallway but they were never used until some group had to learn a drill for a program for our parents and the townspeople. I wished we might use them all the time whether anyone was going to see us or not, but apparently they were looked upon by the school

authorities merely as equipment for "show-off." and no teacher was assigned to make use of them as part of an educational program.

During those years, because of my own longing to be allowed to use that apparatus regularly as part of our schoolwork, there was born in me a scorn for using school time merely to produce programs for the public that did not represent our regular work. This feeling was not clearly defined and I could not have put it into words then, but in later years I found it firmly entrenched as the cornerstone of my educational philosophy.

However, before my eighth grade year ended I was allowed to swing those clubs a little more and it didn't concern me that I was just swinging them to be swinging them and not to be in the show-off part of the doing of it that I loved. At the public performance for my eighth grade performance in 1900, I was assigned a speech to recite. Because there was no begging out of it because of stage fright I made a dismal failure, beginning my speech in the front row and mumbling the words so that no one in the front row could hear a word I said. How I had longed instead to take part in the Indian club drill, and I would have done well in it!

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Following the first Modern Olympiad in Athens in 1896 there arose great nationwide enthusiasm for track and field activities, even in my hometown. Thanks to our fathers we grade school children received instructions in our home yards after school, with the superintendent of schools roaming all over town advising the fathers. My own father with four daughters and no son, nevertheless rose to the challenge and took over the responsibility to turn the North Hill boys and girls into track and field athletes.

Thus, in my later grade school years I discovered the joys of jumping and racing, and I proved quite good at both to my Father's amazement and delight. But he had no enthusiasm for my entering a school track meet, although the parents of two or three of my girlfriends did permit them to enter. Wilma Haynes, daughter of the town's perennial postmaster and inseparable pal of my sister Jean (the two of them the town's most talked-of tomboys), did sign up for whatever meets were held and won practically all events she entered. In later years she made a reputation for herself in a career in physical education. (Following World War I, she was decorated by Queen Marie of Roumania for services in physical education to that country.) But I had no desire to enter a meet. I loved jumping and racing during the practice periods but had no interest in performing before an audience. The first track meets in Centerville turned into very popular town events of the closing years of the old century.

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With the entry of the United States into the Spanish-American War of 1898, much excitement developed for military drill in the school and Centerville organized not only grade school boys' clubs but also girl Lancers, and as a sixth grader I threw myself enthusiastically into participating. With the opening of a new school year, the Lancers settled into two companies, one each from the seventh and eighth grades. I was assigned to the former. Early in the fall Professor Reister, our writing teacher who was a popular person, had several of us stand up in turn before the troops and lead them in marching songs. It was to my amazement I was pronounced captain of Company A. I had refused all my life, because of stage fright, to speak even a short speech in a Sunday school program! Father and Mother were indignant and checked with Professor Reister to see that he fully understood what he was doing. He insisted that I could do it and that now as captain I must have a "silver sword" so Father had a carpenter fashion a wooden one and Mother silvered it. To me, my precious silvered sword was an emblem of action and leadership role, but even more an emblem, although then unrecognition, of the career I was later to choose. I cherished it for years. No later day's society pin ever meant half as much to me as did that wooden sword.

By the end of the year, the Spanish-American War was over and enthusiasm for military drill gave way in the coming spring to renewed interest in track and field sports. Our father again came home a bit earlier of afternoons to coach us children, and again our Lee yard became the practice field for the North Hill hopefuls.

Now in May 1899, the schools were to have a great all-schools track meet plus a military drill contest all in one. It was a great day of festivities, coupled with a welcome for our own Major Landers and his Third Regiment Band, just home from the Philippines. What a day it was! All the citizens of the town seemed to be in the grandstand at the fair grounds thunderously applauding as General Wells, the town's perennial Marshall of the Day, seated on his white charger, followed by the greatly heralded military band, then the several hundred track event participants, and four companies of Cadets and two of Lancers, came marching past the grandstand.

In the two drill contests that day Company B of the Cadets and Company A of the Lancers won the military drills. The winners have long since been forgotten, by me at least. If my memory does me any tricks, the fact that my Company B did not win did not distress me. And no doubt that memory is correct for I have never in later life been overly concerned about winning contests for myself or for any group in which I have been involved, be it a school team, a college team or some adult organization. It has always been the doing of a thing that has interested me and, years before I ever learned of Baron

de Coubertin's motto for the Modern Olympics. I was already committed by temperament to his credo:

The important thing is not the winning but taking part. The essential thing is not conquering but fighting well.

We Lancers had drilled painstakingly for the entire year and when the great day came I led my company through its maneuvers the best I knew how. We put on a good performance and if Cadet Company D (the fifth grade boys) did the best of all and got the blue ribbon and Cadet Company C (the sixth grade boys) did next best and got the red ribbon, my Company B of the Lancers, the seventh grade girls, did not complain since we had given our best. Fortunately my parents felt the same. They never felt that there had been some miscarriage of justice when their children didn't win in contests as many parents did then and still do. No doubt Father and Mother were deeply relieved that I hadn't made a sorry mess of it as I am sure they fully expected, recalling my constant earlier refusals to take part in any public performance. But if they had forebodings, they hid them from me. I was aware only of their encouraging waves from the grandstand each time we marched past their seats. But they need not have worried about me. This wasn't speaking a silly piece. This was life, "real and earnest," which Mother was always talking about. And I was well prepared. I knew exactly what I was doing. I was completely lost in the doing of it. It was a proud moment when, in my long sailor dress with my straw sailor hat with its red, white and blue ribbon band setting stiffly above my meager bangs and my two scrawny pigtailed and holding aloft my "silver" sword at just the right angle to my chin, I marched Company B of the Centerville, Iowa, Lancers past the judges in the grandstand to take an opening bow. I am sure my sisters as well as my parents were stunned at my composure.

Hadn't I worked for weeks for this moment? I had all the younger set of the neighborhood to practice on and they became somewhat proficient themselves in the military maneuvers and in a way came to feel akin to Company B. And so when the great day came I must have felt much as today's drum majorettes and baton twirlers feel as they march at the front of their groups in today's more glamorous school contests.

By my eighth grade year, Professor Reister, our drill master, had left Centerville and, with memories of the late war receding from mind, interest in the Cadets and Lancers died out. So I turned my attention to track and field. When up to par I could be quite fleet of foot and under Father's coaching I went in for dashes seriously during our practice hours, but Father discouraged my entering any events of the next school meet. Fern, my older sister, scorned all such things. She had dropped out of the Lancers early. Jean, the third of our foursome, took part in our track practices but could not be bothered to take any

of it seriously, and Madge, my youngest, was too young for such things so that in the end, none of us Lees entered the meet. But we rooted loudly for our North Hill boys who did enter.

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By the mid-1890s the new game of basketball had spread from its 1891 birth at the YMCA Training School in Springfield, Massachusetts, to the farthest reaches of the country. But a branch of it, however, had permeated into the smaller towns of my home state, and even the game for girls which often came before the boys' game, causing the game to become known first in many parts of the country as merely a game for girls, thus retarding its acceptance by boys. This game was completely unknown to us until our neighbor, Edna Sumner, attending a girls' school, Ferry Hall, in Chicago, came home for Christmas vacation of 1898 and told us of the new game of "basketball" being played at her school—a game which called for the players to wear bloomers. I was all ears and excitement about it to the amusement of my parents and sisters, and I pestered Edna to promise when she came home for the summer to bring me more news about it—a promise not kept, however, since she did not care for the game and apparently gave it no further thought.

But before even this, the idea of bloomers had entered my life. In my home, Father and Mother took an early stand in favor of bloomers. One of the town belles lived next door to us and her mother highly disapproved of the daughter's wish to have a pair so she enlisted Mother's support. When Mother offered to help the young girl make her own pair of bloomers, her mother gave her begrudging consent. We four little Lee girls hung about excitedly watching the cutting, sewing and fittings for that garment—all done at our house to save unhappily arguing next door. At last my sisters and I were overcome with joy when one summer evening our friend's suitor walked up to her gate leading a bicycle built for two and she stepped out to greet him blushing arrayed in her bloomers. We little girls clung breathlessly to our picket fence watching them take off. For some time after the two had swung past and the dust of the unpaved street had settled, I still clung to the fence caught up in a world of dreams. Would I, I wondered, ever live long enough to grow up and own a pair of bloomers of my own and have a Sir Lancelot come to take me away on a bicycle built for two? I did live long enough to grow up and to own a pair of bloomers, even a bicycle, but by the time the Sir Lancelots came into the lives of my sisters and me, bicycles built for two were no longer a fad. But even before the bicycle craze had taken the country by storm, bloomers were already accepted in gymnasiums as a proper garment for girls and women to wear indoors for exercising.

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Throughout the Gilded Age—my grade school years—we children had bits of self-inspired and self-imposed vigorous exercises after school and on the weekends and during vacations. Had today's Kraus-Weber test of physical fitness been given to the children of the 1890s and early 1900s, I am confident we would have passed them better than today's children because the mode of life gave us splendid physical developmental activities outside the schools. We climbed trees and "skinned the cat" from the lowest branches; we jumped or swung across ditches on wild grapevines in the woods; and we walled, vaulted, and picketed fences. In the spring we walked miles to gather wild flowers and fly kites; in the summer the girls walked long distances to go wading (Clopper Creek for the boys to go swimming in a favorite swimming hole), and we built shacks in our backyards and dug caves in the high banks along the creek in the woods; in the fall we walked miles gathering nuts and red haws. In the winter we roamed far afield, hooking bobsleds and skating and coasting. During the school year, we walked to and from school, making the round trip twice a day except on unusually bad weather when we carried little tin lunch buckets to school. And between times in all seasons we played games galore.

Also there were many home chores for all to do. While we girls had to "fetch and carry" for our mothers, the boys had to carry buckets of water from the outside pumps and buckets of coal and armsful of wood for the kitchen range and stoves in various rooms in the house. Boys also had to help their fathers saw wood and care for horses, cows, carriages and harness and fork hay down to the mangers.

Running, walking long distances, jumping, vaulting, bending, twisting, balancing! What a world of "natural" gymnastics we got daily those 30 and 40 years before the exponents of a new form of educational gymnastics arose. For us children, home life and play life offered a constant daily course in natural gymnastics, self-devised, self-administered (for the most part) and self-motivated.

Fortunately we children had two important things going for us in our play life: first, a group of children in our neighborhood, practically all of whom had a lot of initiative on their own; and second, parents who left us alone to create our own play life. How fortunate we were that there was no well-meaning service club, such as exists in so many American towns today, to take over the boys' play and organize little league teams, pushing boys into championship games, putting on the pressure to win, and overseeing the activity until all children-inspired efforts are drained away—efforts to pattern children after young adults and rob them of the natural freedom of their years. We knew nothing of little girls entering beauty contests; we were not sent to dancing school or pushed into highly competitive athletics. We were allowed to be unsophisticated and natural.

With my love of swinging Indian clubs, jumping and running, marching and leading a company of Lancers, and now with rumors reaching my town about a game called basketball taking intent possession of me, quite certainly, although completely unrecognized by myself as yet, my future life's work was beginning to take form in the deep recesses of my mind in spite of my all-too-frequent illnesses and constant serious underweight condition. I was definitely on my way to boomers and all that they stood for as the nineteenth century came to close.

Chapter III

The Privileged Ten Percent at the Turn of the Century

The twentieth century was at last underway on January 1, 1901, instead of January 1, 1900, as some had insisted was the correct date, and everyone was assessing "the state of the nation" as we came to speak of it in later years. Not only was public education now the prevailing pattern of the land but so, too, was coeducation which was accepted in practically all public schools—to be exact, as we were informed by the local papers, in all public elementary schools and in 98 percent of all public high schools. In 1902 when an English Education Commission visited the public schools in Washington, D.C., the members were dumbfounded to find the children of President Roosevelt not only attending the public schools but doing so unguarded.¹

But at that it was estimated that only 10 percent of all children of high school age were actually attending high school. However, this was a higher percentage than for the earlier generation, and hence a bit of a triumph.

My first year in high school was spent in a strange town, Spencer, Iowa, near the Minnesota border. The Lee Brothers Coal business was expanding, and it was decided to open branch sales offices in northern Iowa and southern Minnesota along the Milwaukee railroad lines of that day. This meant that Father, head of sales for the firm, would be away from home for long stretches of time, and Mother decided he would be away from his family much less if we moved for the year to some central location up north.

Spencer was a thriving town in a good railroad center, and in late summer of 1900 we moved there, where at midnight, December 31, 1900, we saw the nineteenth century out and the twentieth century in.



Author in her high school graduation dress (1904).

My older sister Ferne and I since the seventh grade by some queer arrangement which I have never understood entered the eighth grade together. Although conscientious about her schoolwork and always making good grades, she spent two years in grades Seventh B and Seventh A, and I jumped Seventh B directly into Seventh A catching up with her. So now we entered high school together in Spencer.

Here, as in Centerville, we young people were still on our own for after-school activities. There was a river, the Sioux, near town and in that colder climate we had wonderful skating from late fall to early spring, such uninterrupted skating as we had never known before and never again were to know. The young people there were excellent skaters. But in that flat country we had no coasting, although because of the wealth of skating we never missed it.

Still obsessed with thoughts of basketball and having found no one in Centerville but Edna Stanton who had ever seen a game played or even ever

heard of the game, I took up hopes in my new surroundings only to meet with disappointment when my efforts to promote the game as a little freshman in a high school in a strange new town met only with failure.

However, Ferne and I taught our new-found friends to jig and that was the nearest approach we encountered to having any rhythmical activity in Spencer high school days. We also tried to teach them square dancing, the Kentucky Mountain type, which we had picked up on our own in southern Iowa, but Spencer, made up largely of English descendants rather than of Scotch, Irish and Welsh as in Centerville, did not take readily to our brand of dancing and these efforts too died a-borning. Here, too, as in Centerville, there were as yet no extracurricular school activities such as band, orchestra, glee club or chorus, no literary societies, no school sports. What we did before the skating season opened and after it closed, I have little memory of other than "buggy riding," an activity we Centerville girls had never indulged in except on Sundays with our parents.

By early spring, Father had opened the several coal outlet offices the company desired and all of us were homesick for Centerville and its surrounding woods and hills. Our old friends were happy when Father suddenly announced in mid-April that we were going "home." There we children picked up the loose ends of our schoolwork and Ferne and I finished the freshman year in high school back in Centerville where we felt that we belonged.

* * * *

The next year Father decided that if I was ever going to satisfy my obsession about basketball, I needed help. So he talked with the members of the school board, the superintendent of schools and the high school principal in my behalf, since my dreams encompassed all the high school girls, and at last as a sophomore in high school, practically singlehandedly with the aid of Father, I got basketball introduced in Centerville. The first game of basketball ever played in Centerville, Iowa, was on May 2, 1902. The court was the side lawn at Darnalls on the north edge of town where few would see us; the uniforms, chemise and petticoats, were rolled at the waist to shorten them.

The bicycle fad of the 1890s was over and bloomers for adults had disappeared from the local setting. As yet, basketball and gymnastics had not come into their own in our part of the country sufficiently to bring about a revival of bloomers. But by the time the school had awakened to demands of girls for their own activities and given us permission to play basketball on the school grounds, the need for bloomers became recognized. Mother was the first to make a pair for us two Lee girls to play in, and then the other mothers fell quickly into line.

By the fall of 1902 I was the proud owner of my first pair of bloomers. But it was May 4, 1903, before enough of the girls had bloomers so that we could play a game on the school grounds with all properly outfitted.

The following year, my senior year in high school, enthusiasm for the game died out enough that we few who still wished to play took on the seventh and eighth grade boys in order to have opponents. This gesture gave us the privilege of playing during the winter months at the new YMCA facilities as guests of these younger boys. When I finished high school and left for college, the game died out for girls and was not revived in Centerville until the 1920s by which time it was taken over by a group of men and made into a type of sport which neither I nor my schoolmates would ever have condoned. But my chums and I had had three happy years there of playing basketball that was in every sense of the word pure amateur sport.

* * * *

In my sophomore year in high school, a teacher persuaded the authorities to let us have literary societies and through this I discovered the joys of debating. There were many good debaters in school to challenge my best efforts. It was in the three years of debating among our four literary societies that my philosophy concerning competition was taking form—a philosophy which has molded my life's career. I soon came to see that victories in themselves (and I had my share of them) were but a very unimportant part of the whole experience and the importance the noncombatants seemed to attach to them was to be discounted. It was the activity—the preparation and the debating—that I loved. Of all in my family I was the one who most needed to acquire confidence before others. I couldn't sing or play the piano as my three sisters did and I loathed reciting pieces, but here was something that caught my fancy and into which I could and would throw myself wholeheartedly. So I got every encouragement at home and when the younger sisters seemed inclined to tease me about this activity, Father and Mother quickly silenced them. Thus I began losing the fright I always felt at getting up before an audience and I gained self-confidence.

* * * *

By 1900 the schools of many large cities were offering physical education in the form of gymnastics and some folk dancing but more as a relief measure from the tedium of the schoolroom than for any recognized physical or social developmental needs. We children who lived north of the Square in Centerville had experienced Mr. Brower's combination singing-marching-arithmetic-calisthenics drills in the fourth grade, and all of us, sporadic bouts of Indian club swinging in the upper grades, and some of us on an entirely elective after-school activity basis, military drill and, thanks to our fathers, some impromptu track

and field in the seventh and eighth grades. None of this was called physical education or physical training or physical culture—these terms seemed to be unknown in any but the large cities.

Once we entered high school, such activities were at an end. From then on until the fall of 1902, there was absolutely nothing for high school girls and boys in our town in the way of physical activities other than what they promoted for themselves with the occasional blessing of a teacher or two. As a few educators and some townspeople came to recognize the opportunities for character education of children and for valuable experiences in group action in play situations, these few began taking a new look at sports and athletic teams and gradually came to the assistance of those boys and girls who demanded a chance at sports.

Up to the fall of 1903, the Indian club swinging for the fifth through eighth grades which a popular seventh grade teacher, Lottie Stanton, promoted for many years for grade children, made up the sum total of physical education offered within the school hours in the Centerville schools. That a person might be brought in as a specialist to organize and supervise a real physical education and sports program in the school was at that time apparently beyond anyone's thinking. Mr. Brower, who had given his pupils exercise drills in the 4th grade at North Ward, was gone from Centerville by the turn of the century. These two grade schoolteachers were the only teachers of the entire school system who seemed to have any idea of the needs of children for training in physical activities. Then in the fall of 1902, young and energetic Harry Hamilton Laughlin burst upon the scene as the new principal of the high school. He was full of new ideas about education in general and the needs for physical education in particular, and he began at once putting his ideas into practice as fast as he could, handicapped as he was by the resistance of the "old guard" teachers who did not want their traditional ways disturbed.

Discovering the walls of the main floor hallway lined with dumbbells and Indian clubs, he tried to organize high school classes to make use of this hand apparatus. However, many of the high school pupils when in the lower grades had used this equipment sporadically to learn drills for school programs and now looked upon this activity as "kid stuff" and would have none of it.

Finally Mr. Laughlin got permission to use the "lunchroom" in the basement as an exercise room for after-school hours, and he offered to teach classes in free-standing exercises to any volunteers. With Mother's eager backing I joined at once along with several of my friends, and so in the winter of 1902-1903 the Centerville High School had its first physical education classes, all extracurricular and consisting mainly of calisthenics once a week for each of two or three small volunteer groups. But this was short-lived.

The lunchroom was quite small and the walls were lined with folding chairs on which were stacked tin lunch pails, and the floor was usually littered with scraps from the noon lunch period. It was a discouraging effort with such inadequate facilities, with the teacher worn out from this activity plus his efforts to get a glee club, a mandolin club, and other interests going, and snide remarks by other teachers for his great willingness to give himself for our extracurricular activities. They quite obviously were jealous of his popularity and I suppose at the same time irritated by being thus shown up as "slackers." ("Slackers" however came to our vocabularies only with the Great War some 10 years later.)

One December day in my senior year a strange-looking fellow came to town and asked permission to address the school on "physical culture." The superintendent was apparently impressed with him and arranged for the high school and eighth grade to remain in assembly hall to hear him at the end of the day. Our attendance was required, but we didn't mind for his strange looks aroused our curiosity. He lectured us on the value of exercise and then called for volunteers, both boys and girls, to come up to the platform and let him show them some interesting exercises. I was one who boldly stepped forward, for I was greatly intrigued and enjoyed trying the exercises. This was my first encounter with calisthenics as taught by an expert. Throughout the years I have often wondered who he was, where he came from, what system he was promoting and how he happened to come there.

His coming did have one good after-effect. The new Christian Church across the street from the high school had recently been dedicated. In a basement room there had been installed some parallel bars and a few other pieces of gymnastic apparatus. (I have wondered since if they couldn't have been donated to the church from the earlier Sawyers home gymnasium now that Hygiene was away most of the time attending a private girls' school and since the Sawyers were ardent supporters of that church.) Professor Laughlin obtained the use of that room for some high school classes and called for volunteers. A few of us girls joined and we were told we would start classwork as soon as our mothers made bloomers for us. We basketball girls already had them and started at once. Professor Laughlin himself, was our teacher and he taught us a few exercises to do on the parallel bars. However, such a buzzing started about town (on the premise that it was improper for girls to engage in such activities and with a man teacher at that, and of all things in a basement room at the church without a chaperone) that some mothers had their daughters withdraw. As the class dwindled to us two Lee girls and two of our close friends, it was at last abandoned. But I had had a taste of gymnastic apparatus work under the tutelage of a grownup, and I loved it. The few parents and Mr. Laughlin were too advanced for the community. In that brief effort my weak shoulder girdle muscles had had some wonderful development on those parallel bars.

When I graduated in May 1904, my entire physical education offered by the school consisted of: a daily drill in fourth grade performed between our rows of desks, Indian club swinging perhaps once a week for scattered, short periods in the upper four grades, military drill in the seventh grade and a few hours of swinging on parallel bars my senior year.

The stirrings of the outside world toward physical education in the schools had not yet been wide enough or deep enough to get through to us. Nevertheless we had lots of physical activity after school and on weekends on our own. As in our lower grade years, we did lots of skating and coasting, walking long distances to the creek or to our choice coasting hills in the country. In the spring and fall, as in our younger days, we still prowled for miles on end in the woods abounding on all sides of town or walked miles along the country roads.

My sisters and I had been having some special and excellent arm and shoulder girdle developmental exercises at home ever since we had moved into our new home in the early spring of 1903. It was our first home with running water. This luxury had at long last come to the residential section of the town. Although we had for the past 10 years lived in a home with a bathroom, this was our first with a flush toilet and with faucets for both hot and cold running water at the lavatory, tub and kitchen sink. What a joy and blessing! But there was one big "fly in the ointment." This facility called for a large water tank in the attic to which water had to be pumped daily. As long as the tank was kept full, we had running water in both kitchen and bathroom. So now the entire family had to take turns at that pumping task in the basement. Each of us girls was assigned so many strokes at the pump handle each day. Father, of course, did most of it and our ever-faithful retainer of many years, John Hicks, who helped with everything imaginable about the home from canning fruit to housecleaning, also helped. However, it was for us growing girls a blessing in disguise, for this exercise helped in our physical training in its peculiar way of making up for the lack of any physical education at school.

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If our high school had divided us students into interest groups and taken us around town to interview people and watch them at their various types of work in the expectation of giving us ideas about our futures, I fear we girls would have found little to interest us. The only thing women did at that time in our town to earn a living was teach school, give private music lessons, clerk in stores, take in sewing, help in offices (in some vague way not clear at all), or be a "hired girl" in some home. Teaching presented the greatest appeal, and as I observed it daily at school, I knew that much of it wasn't what I meant when I thought I wanted to be a teacher. What I was groping toward was all very vague.

The specialization I was to enter upon later was as yet completely unknown in my hometown. But it wasn't worrying me or my parents at all. Life was too full of fun with my high school friends to let anything worry me. And I suppose my parents took for granted that their daughters would ultimately marry, so why give serious thought to careers for us? It wasn't as if we were boys.

Anyway Mother was determined that we were all to go to college so there was yet time to wonder about a career later, if at all. Of the 36 in my class, 9 (25 percent) were going on to college. We little realized what a fine record that was when of all young people graduating from high school at that time only 2 percent would enter college and most of these, boys.² (A half century later that figure rose to 35 percent.)³ Our Centerville class reversed the trend with six girls and three boys attending college, but since there had been only nine boys in our class, that meant 33 1/3 percent of them were going to college as against 22 percent of the girls, but either figure was far above the 2 percent national average. As yet, the great majority of women going to college attended private women's schools. But we could face that decision later. For the moment, life was too full of excitement, for Father had announced that come summer we were all to go to the St. Louis World's Fair. To me this had special meaning for I was counting on this excitement to wipe from the family's memory the failure I had made of my part in our class play at commencement time when as Ellen, in *Lady of the Lake*, I got such stage fright that no one beyond the first row of seats in the Opera House could hear one word I spoke. On the other hand, Roderick Dhu (in private life, Clarence White, our neighbor boy) had made the rafters of the Opera House ring when he said his lines, especially in that bit "Come one, come all! this rock shall fly from the firm base as soon as I."⁴

In fact all the boys had brought down the house in an uproar of laughter when they first appeared in their Scotch kilts. At the turn of the century, people weren't used to seeing even boys' bare knees! And the boys had been a great success in that play. The World's Fair did help us all forget that I was no prize as an actress!

Chapter IV

The Privileged Two Percent

No sooner were we back home from the wonders of the World's Fair than Dr. George Cutler Fracker, the psychology professor of Coe College in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, came to town to interest Father and Mother in sending their two high school graduates to that school. Father had been adamant that no daughter of his was to attend college in a town where saloons abounded and that ruled out the University of Iowa in Iowa City where Ferne wanted to go, Drake University in Des Moines where several of the townspeople felt we should go out of deference to our fellow townsman, Governor Drake, after whom that school was named, the University of Nebraska in Lincoln where a few of our townspeople had gone since Lincoln was within easy railroad reach, and, for reasons other than the temperance cause, Grinnell College in Grinnell, Iowa, where there had been a recent scandal among two leading faculty members.

Professor Fracker had brought along a copy of the college yearbook and my enthusiasm for Coe was immediate and profound once I saw the photograph of the Coe girls' basketball team of 1903 and learned that Coe was building a gymnasium which was to be used by the women as well as the men, that within a block of the campus there was a large pond where the students skated, and within a mile from the campus, the Cedar River where the students canoed. Professor Fracker satisfied Father about the absence of saloons in Cedar Rapids and so it was to be Coe College. After Mother's determination toward that one thing, Ferne and I, in September, were to be part of that two percent of our age group who would attend college. Jean was to go too, to enter Coe Academy to finish her high school work, with Ferne and me to keep an eye on her for she had been playing hookey at every opportunity in high school and refused to take schoolwork seriously.

Coe College, founded in 1851, was predominantly a Presbyterian college but it numbered among its students Catholics and Jews as well as Protestants other than Presbyterians. We students constantly felt the stern hand of strict religionists hovering over all affairs of the college but it was the hand of all-embracing religions not the lone hand of Calvin and his followers. Its faculty, numbering one to every eight students, were graduates of Princeton, Northwestern and Western Reserve Universities, Rush Medical College, the Universities of Paris, Munich, Chicago, Iowa and Michigan, as well as of several less well-known colleges. Twenty-six percent of them held doctor's degrees—two of them women. They were a dedicated faculty, intensely interested in the students and their education.

In the classroom we got the top faculty members, not young assistants, a great advantage in a small college. And we met them all constantly in many situations other than in the classroom for they chaperoned our parties and picnics and took a real interest in us.

The Coe I first came to know had a campus two city blocks long on all sides. Within that space stood a large four-story building, "Old Main," which housed all administrative offices, all classrooms and laboratories, and on the top floor both the chapel and library. Another small building housed the Academy on its first floor and the four literary societies on the second floor. A very small fieldhouse stood along one side of the football field that shared the back half of the campus with a wooded knoll at the eastern end. The new gymnasium was being erected on the east side of the campus, near the knoll. The only other building was opposite it on the west side of the campus—the very large four-story dormitory for girls, Williston Hall.

Having arrived in Cedar Rapids late at night, there had been no chance to look about the campus before going to bed. The minute I was aroused the next morning by that 6 o'clock gong which seemed in its startling loudness to be nothing less than Gabriel's very own call, I hastily dressed and ran out by myself to find that gymnasium which the professor had told us about—the building of all buildings on the campus that led me to vote for Coe as our college. It had just better be here—I said to myself fiercely—or else! And there it was—not completed yet—but obviously well on its way. I was there ahead of the workmen and climbed around on rafters and then ran breathlessly back to our rooms to tell Ferne and Jean what I had seen. In what was that day's equivalent of today's "How silly can one be?" the two brought me down to earth, and the trio of Lees proceeded to the dining room for our first "looking over" by the other students, for practically all away-from-home students, both men and women, ate at Williston Hall.

It apparently had caused no little flurry that three sisters had come. Were they triplets? Were they a set of twins and an extra? And so, as we came into view at the head of the stairs opening into the dormitory dining room, every eye was turned on us—at least every male eye was fastened on pretty Ferne, and the others no doubt on the roly-poly prep sister with mischief written all over her face. I had no illusions about myself. I knew I was neither good looking nor interesting looking to strangers. I just had to bide my time and hope for improved appraisal after acquaintance. And it was fortunate it didn't bother me as it might have if I hadn't been so full all the time of the thoughts of all the wonderful things there were in the world to be doing. I was one of those "eager beavers" wanting to be "up and at it"—whatever "it" happened to be at the time. And so with practically all the boys who were waiting tables making one dash towards us to suggest seats at their tables, Jean spied the captain of the football team among them, recognizing him from the pictures we had seen in the yearbook which the professor had left with us. She seized us by the hand frantically and pulled us to his table. She was still so excited over seeing him so unexpectedly that when he started to place a cup of coffee before her, she turned to look at him more closely, and accidentally struck his arm, upsetting that cup of coffee all over the tablecloth and her own dress. Our first meal at college and Jean (wouldn't you know it) had disgraced us! Charlie Ball, the captain, solicitously helped us wipe her dress and clear away the mess on the table, and the idol of the campus immediately became our idol, too, and indeed, Jean, the kid sister, the prep, mooned over him all year to his great amusement.

So by the time breakfast was over I had seen the new gym, Jean had discovered the football captain, and everyone had had a look at Ferne who was to become a worthy challenge to every other pretty girl on campus. Now to find out how soon we could get to basketball which at the moment was my main anticipation in life.

Dormitory rules for women students were quite strict and completely non-negotiable. Student government was still a long way off in most such colleges of that period. The school day for those who lived in the dormitory began with the 6 a.m. rising gong and ended with the 10 p.m. lights-out bell. Study hours on weeknights were 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. and all were supposed to be in their own rooms at that time unless they received advance permission to study in another's room. The college library was not open to women students in the evenings so there were no permits for women to be out of the dormitory after 7:30 p.m. on weeknights. All library study was to be done by the women in free hours during weekdays and on Saturdays.

Sunday was supposed to be honored as the Lord's day and a day of rest. There was to be no studying and the women could be away from the dormitory on that day only to attend religious services or by special permission. Sunday

evenings there was usually wholesale absenteeism because of the great urge to attend the evening church services which was the only excuse allowed for absence from the dormitory and which one could attend if with a male escort or in the company of a group of other girls.

Confined to the dormitory as much as we were, we had to make our own fun as best as we could. And what fun we stirred up for ourselves—midnight spreads in each other's rooms by candlelight with muffled whispers, or, if in a large group such as "Second Floor Invites Third Floor to a Spread" up in the great spooky attic running the full length of the large building, or all-night small group bunk parties, and for one hilarious annual escapade (which three of my bosom pals and I thought up and pulled off all of our years at Coe), a progressive bunk party that involved all of both second and third floors except the few sleepyheads who refused to be drawn into such all-night nonsense. In fact we had such fun that unless a date for a Friday or Saturday night was to be something extra special, we turned it down rather than miss the fun at the dormitory planned sub rosa by the little clique of pranksters with whom I found great rapport.

The students were mostly from small towns all over Iowa, a few even from Illinois and Nebraska, and a few from foreign lands. Of the more sophisticated ones, most of these lived in Cedar Rapids and usually came from homes of the well-to-do. The great majority of us were small town products, sons and daughters of families who were concerned about where their children went to college—not just any old college—not to the impersonal state university as they spoke of the state school at Iowa City, but to a smaller school where they would receive much personal attention and guidance. Such a school was Coe.

Immediately I found a group of girls at the dormitory who were as wildly enthusiastic about sports as I and equally intent on having all the fun they could without interfering with studies. I also found a few boys who, too, were intent on sports and also full of fun, ready for picnics, canoeing, hikes, skating, whatever was on tap that did not interfere too much with schoolwork. All, both boys and girls, were for the most part in earnest about their study hours and classes.

* * * *

First and foremost in my memory of all the faculty was "Prof" as we called him. That appellation meant just one person at Coe College—the Reverend George Washington Bryant, a Coe graduate of 1894. During his own undergraduate years at Coe he was editor of the student paper and captain of the baseball, football, track, and tennis teams. He set records in track for the college, two of which—in the mile and half-mile races—had not yet been

broken at the time of his retirement 50 years later. When he was still an underclassman he founded, coached, managed and captained Coe's first football team. None of the boys in school in 1890 had ever seen a football game and when a former Princeton player came to town, underclassman Bryant persuaded him to give him pointers about the game and the coaching of it, and then set about establishing the sport at Coe.

Following his graduation from Coe, George Bryant went to Princeton University where he played football, went out for track and later earned the master's degree and graduated from the Theological Seminary in 1897. After two years in the ministry he was called to the Coe faculty as head of Latin and he immediately added to his duties the directorship of athletics. This dynamic man had already served five years on the faculty when my class of 1908 registered. As the five classes before us and all to follow for many years, we students, girls as well as boys, took him to our hearts at once. He was the idol of the entire student body.

His Latin courses were so popular that most students elected at least one course with him so that they might thus be considered a bona fide Coe student. He taught Latin as a living language, firing impromptu questions at us in Latin and accepting replies only in Latin. There was no "pony" in the world that could have helped the slackers at these moments. "Prof" and the whole class would shout in glee at clumsy efforts to construct extemporaneous replies to his questions.

I carefully concealed from him the fact that in my junior year in high school I had helped three boys put out a secret school gossip sheet in Latin just to while away our time in study hall. What fun Prof's classes would have had over that bit of news at my expense. A Latin class with "Prof" at the rostrum was a jolly place where all were also deeply attentive.

As a football coach, "Prof" was tops. The boys respected and admired him tremendously. He had such talent as a coach that our teams from this little college more than held their own against the state university teams. As head of athletics, he took a deep interest in girls and their demands for a sports program, not directing in any specific way but in backing up our woman physical education teacher and helping her in any way possible to smooth the path as she was blazing this new trail at Coe.

This woman we all respected and admired as much as we did "Prof." She was Charlotte Poyneer, who had attended Coe for two years and then went East to specialize in physical education at the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics. Now she was back at Coe as the first director of physical education for women,

arriving the same fall that my class of 1908 matriculated there. She was a handsome young woman of excellent posture and poise and much personal charm. In her, we girls found a wonderful big sister. She immediately became our ideal. When we needed advice and guidance, it was to her we turned rather than to our sanctimonious dean of women, and she never failed us.

These two faculty members came to mean almost as much to me as all the other faculty members put together. As the relationship born then was to continue for many more years beyond my undergraduate four years, these two played a big part in shaping my future, and the advancing years proved them to be most worthy of the affection and high regard in which I held them.

And there was Doctor George Cutler Fracker who had discovered Coe College for us. As head of psychology and philosophy, my major subjects, he introduced me to the worlds of philosophy, anthropology, genetics and psychology. I loved all of his classes and his kindly patience with us all.

Also there was Bert H. Bailey, M.D., head of biology, my minor professor. Quiet, gentle, scholarly, kindly Dr. Bailey, greatly admired and respected by us all, introduced me to the serious study of physiology and anatomy which pointed decidedly toward my later studies for my chosen career.

These were the teachers who came to mean the most to me: the two heads of my major and minor departments, and, pointing to my future, "Prof," the sports specialist, and the woman physical educator, all of whom were to open the doors for me to the career I was to follow. What a quartet they were!

* * * *

We shortly discovered that in many ways we were on our own. There were no testing programs, no one responsible for advice and protection in regard to health. For the first year there was no special adviser to guide us in registration and scheduling since the first year's program was completely circumscribed by requirements, so that upon our arrival the faculty handed us our schedules already made out. But after that we were supposed to study the catalog and learn for ourselves what the requirements were, also the prerequisites for courses we planned to take later on, and, after we had figured out a schedule for a given semester, we could then ask a faculty member to look it over and advise us. When it met his approval he then took care of the necessary registration for each course. In choosing a major and minor, we sought advice concerning these choices wherever we desired and after they were settled, we looked to the heads of the two chosen departments as our joint advisers. Also, there was no dropout system. Once we registered for a course we had to see it through either to success or failure, and as Virginia Gildersleeve, former dean of Barnard

College, says of her own college days of about this same period, also without guidance and advisers, "we quietly adjusted ourselves." ²

In spite of my great love of fun, I took my schoolwork seriously. It never entered my head that I might go to a class unprepared. So to get in the necessary study and yet all the fun, I made myself weekly charts as I had done through high school years, writing in the duties and assignments for all the hours of each day and each day of the week. Each Saturday afternoon I made a new chart for the coming week and pinned it up in my room. It was the joke of the dormitory. The girls would come to look at it and tease me about it, but I didn't let that bother me. I soon came to notice that merely by having an advance stated purpose for each vacant period, I got more done per day than most of them did. I knew exactly when I was going to study Latin, when math, and so on. Too many of the students just drifted.

As we had no particular faculty member assigned to advise us on such things, no orientation courses on how to study, how to use the library or how to schedule our time (such courses were undreamed of as yet) I wonder now how I chanced upon this planning for myself to the amusement of my sisters and classmates. But nothing deterred me. I had myself completely sold on the idea of time-planning and the habit became so strong that it has stayed with me all my life.

We were supposed to keep up our classwork day by day and to that end the college allowed no events of any nature to be scheduled on weeknights after 7:30 p.m. All were supposed to be studying on those nights. Since supposedly we kept up our work day by day, there was no need to cram for examinations, and therefore during those periods, study hours were not extended to later hours. In the dormitory, the lights still had to be out at 10 p.m. and permission to stay up later even to study was hard to come by. If one had to study extra hours, she did it on the sneak after hours, or put all the daytime free hours to good use. Knowing that we managed to get ready for exams under such stringent rules (and our exams were no snaps) never in later years of my teaching career could I evoke much sympathy for students who talked of how they studied till 1 and 2 a.m. and were sometimes all night long at it. I put them down as poor managers and procrastinators and at the same time I considered the current lenient rules that permitted such hours as poor guidance for youth.

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As far as I was concerned, nothing in college life could compare with our sports and physical education. "Physical Education!" I had never heard the

phrase before Coe College came into my life. I never knew there was such a branch in the world of education. Those two words represented much that I was blindly and unknowingly groping for. The new gymnasium was not ready for use until December but the college had added to the faculty two physical directors, one for men and one for women, and they organized outdoor classwork for fall. Little did we realize that Coe, poor as it was, nevertheless in its newly-created physical education department for women, was in step with the best practices of the leading colleges of the country. It was one of the few colleges in the Middle West to employ, at the turn of the century, a woman who had had at least a two-year professional training course in physical education, even ahead of the Universities of Iowa and Nebraska. However, it probably was more luck and chance than foresight that Coe's first director of physical education for women was one who was professionally prepared for the job, for it is quite possible that the college authorities knew nothing of the qualifications to require of a candidate for such a position and would have settled for a teacher of elocution who knew a little Delsarte work. But Miss Poyneer happened to be the daughter of parents who lived in Cedar Rapids and, at their insistence, had given up her position at the YWCA in Nashville, Tennessee to return to the parental roof where, according to the thinking of that day, a young unmarried woman belonged. So when Coe needed a woman to establish the department of physical education for women, here was one who was not only well prepared, but was also living at home and could therefore be hired at a lower salary than if she had to finance her own room and board. This was a lucky break for Coe's budget and for the women students—many schools made the most of such breaks in those days in hiring women teachers.

Beginning with the fall of 1904, thanks to Miss Poyneer, sports and dance for women were recognized at Coe as part of the physical education program. We took our good fortune for granted assuming that all college girls everywhere were equally fortunate.

Now that Coe was building a gymnasium, the men, too, were to have other physical education activities as well as sports. Louis H. Battersby was brought from the East to organize and head the work for men. He had received his training at the Normal and Physical Training School of Philadelphia, at Swarthmore College, and at Susquehanna University. But since sports for men had been going on for many years at Coe and, as in most colleges, were well organized by now, he, unlike the woman physical director, was not responsible for both physical education and athletics, just physical education for men.

The first Coe gymnasium was dedicated December 19, 1904, and the janitorial work was assigned to a couple of men student athletes to help earn their way through school—a custom I was later to suffer from in no small way for several

years. The gymnasium, although small, was a fine building for its time; in fact, as I later traveled about the country and visited gymnasiums on other campuses I realized that it had been unusually fine for that day. It was as well equipped with the best Swedish apparatus as any other gymnasium I ever knew and had for the men much German type apparatus. It was equipped with a Swedish boom, both vertical and horizontal ladders, climbing ropes and rope ladders, parallel bars, flying and travelling rings, a horse, a buck, several sections of stall bars, a vaulting box, and at gallery height a running track. I never knew who had advised the authorities on the equipment but whoever it was did a good job (probably Professor Bryant). Through the years as I kept discovering gymnasiums across the country not nearly so well equipped, I marveled at Coe's good fortune—Coe, the little college that was in those years so poor that it was hard put to outfit even chemistry labs and the library. Someone must have made a gift of the gymnasium equipment, a gift to be spent for that and that alone. Otherwise I am sure money so badly needed elsewhere would never have been spent this way. But I never heard of such a donor.

The dressing rooms for women were finer in their arrangement than in any of the other colleges where I was to work intensively throughout my professional career. When I retired after 42 years of teaching, I quit work in charge of facilities at the University of Nebraska which, in relation to the number of women students served, could not compare in dressing room facilities with what I had found at little Coe College as a student 48 years earlier. There was one shower for every two girls in an average class placed between two dressing booths so there was no passing from booths to showers. All were together with the lockers in one unit. This arrangement did not call for shower robes which were needed every other place I ever came to know personally until the era of World War II when we suddenly discovered that most girls preferred to run about in the nude—thus saving much laundry expense for all those robes.

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If physical education had been unheard of to me and my school friends in our local setting, nevertheless it had been promoted in isolated spots about the country for quite some time, particularly in the college world and in the public schools of many of the larger American cities, some of it in our own state of Iowa. But even before the Civil War, physical education had been introduced in women's colleges primarily to offset the harm arising from the supposed strain of study, and by the 1880s it was looked upon as a possible way of preventing bad health. Now with the coming of the new century, other values were becoming recognized, social as well as physical.

One of the earliest records of the beginnings of sports and physical education for women in Iowa is found in the 1878 catalog of Iowa State Teachers College

at Cedar Falls in a statement that the college urges all students to take one hour of vigorous exercise daily. The earliest record of any actual organized physical activity for girls in any Iowa college is of that same year when the girls at Iowa State College at Ames petitioned the faculty for a unit in military drill. Carrie Chapman (who later became nationally known as Carrie Chapman Catt, the women's suffrage leader), then a student at Ames was one of the leaders in this movement. The petition was granted and a company formed with none other than General James Rush Lincoln, head of the military department, drilling the girls. This activity was carried on for 19 years when, with the coming of Delsarte exercises, tennis and baseball, it gave way to calisthenics and sports.³

Practically all American schools of oratory and elocution of those days taught the Delsartian system of exercises which stemmed from the work of Francois Delsarte, a French vocal and dramatic teacher who died in 1871 and, through his pupils, had a great following in America in the 1880s and early 1890s. These exercises gave better voice control through diaphragm development and general poise and grace of movement. His graduates brought this exercise system to the United States, and thus it became known to students wishing an exercise outlet. It filled the void for that period in schools all across the country. As early as 1885 the State Teachers College at Cedar Falls was offering Delsarte work with the catalog listing a Miss Maude Gilchrist as the teacher. By 1886 it was offering marching and work with dumbbells, Indian clubs and wands to supplement the Delsarte exercises, and although this work was purely elective the faculty urged all students to take it. This is clearly the real beginnings of some sort of physical education for college women in Iowa.

Although Grinnell College established a gymnasium in the basement of Alumni Hall as early as 1882, it was 1890 before there is a record of its employing a teacher to give the girls instruction. Then the instructor of elocution offered Delsarte work, and a women's tennis association came into existence. The following summer, the teacher attended the Harvard Summer School of Physical Education and added to her title that of instructor of physical training, presumably offering the Sargent type of calisthenics and gymnastics.⁴

In 1893 Grinnell appointed to its faculty Carrie Rand as instructor of "sociology, physical culture, and principal for women." Because she is not listed as an elocution teacher, she must have felt the need of special training for her work in the exercise program for girls. In 1894 she joined the then nine-year-old American Association for Advancement of Physical Education.⁵ However there is no record that Miss Rand attended any professionally recognized teacher-training school. Be that as it may, from the very start of her work at Grinnell she established a requirement in physical education for women, setting it on an equal basis with that of other collegiate departments, thus

making what must be the state's first collegiate department of physical education for women. By 1894 she had introduced physical examinations and measurements, and added basketball to her program. In 1897 Grinnell added to its faculty one of its own graduates, Anna Belle Raymond, as associate director of physical training for women under Miss Rand, one of the earliest records of a teacher of physical education in the state who held a college degree.

In Des Moines at Drake University the women students were going to the YMCA for an exercise program in 1890. By 1897 W. G. Monilaw, M.D. (the founder of the Drake Stadium and the Drake Relays) gave them marching and work with dumbbells and parallel bars. By 1901, the school was offering exercise classes to the women through its department of oratory and elocution. Cornell College at Mt. Vernon first offered its women students some form of physical education work by 1891, listing in its catalog a course in elocution and physical culture, stating: "The primary aim in the system of physical culture taught is the acquisition and preservation of robust health . . . the system . . . is equally adapted to the physical development and culture of either sex." However, it was three years later before there was a first mention of a director of physical training for women.

By 1899 Iowa Wesleyan University and by 1900 Coe College and the State University at Iowa City had fallen into line, they, too, offering exercise classes through their departments of oratory and elocution. In 1901, the State University appointed Phoebe Lucretia Cole, who had previously taught Delsarte work at Drake as instructor of physical culture for women, but it was to be five years later (1906) before it would appoint a woman with professional training in physical education to offer such work. Coe was to appoint its first physical education instructor in 1904.

The year 1901 marks the earliest date I can find when a teacher of physical education for women who was for a certainty professionally trained for the position came to an Iowa college. She was Mae Loraine McLeod who was employed by Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa, and given the title, director of physical education for women. She was a Cornell graduate of 1892 and a graduate of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics of 1894. In 1905 Miss McLeod also became dean of women at Cornell, following the pattern set by Grinnell 12 years earlier to combine the two positions.

From an awakening in Iowa colleges to the exercise needs of women students in 1878 to "making do" with oratory and elocution teachers for the following 24 years, the turn of the century brought the realization that such needs required as teachers women professionally trained in physical education—and beyond that, if possibly available, women holding at least a bachelor's degree.

In 1902 Ames (Iowa State College) acquired its first recognized teacher of physical education, Sadie Hook, who was granted the title "instructor for physical culture" but since she developed a program of sports as well as calisthenics, it is safe to assume that she was not merely an elocutionist. In that same year, Iowa Wesleyan University added to its staff Alice Haw who was a graduate of the Sargent School of Physical Education. In 1903 the State Teachers College at Cedar Falls added to its faculty Clara Tilton, a graduate of the New Haven Normal School of Gymnastics; Grinnell College engaged Grace Douglas one of its own graduates who had studied one year at the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics to head up its department of physical education for women (Miss Douglas later became Mrs. H. Winnett Orr, wife of Lincoln, Nebraska's internationally known orthopedic surgeon); and Iowa State College (Ames) employed for its second woman physical director, Winifred Tilden, a graduate of Mt. Holyoke College who had received her professional training at the New Haven Normal School of Gymnastics. Then in 1904 Coe became the sixth Iowa College to employ a physical education teacher who was professionally trained and it, like Cornell and Grinnell, chose a student of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics. The State University of Iowa, at Iowa City, did not see the light until a few years later contenting itself with elocution teachers to give what physical education work was then offered. Of these colleges, Grinnell was the first to undertake a program of anthropometric measurements of women under Carrie Rand in 1894, the first to have a college graduate on the women's staff (1897), and the first college to offer corrective gymnastics to women (1903).⁶

From the very start at Coe, credit for physical education toward graduation was to be granted, one per semester for the first two years required. (Goucher College in Baltimore claims to be the first to grant credit in physical education for women.)⁷ The fact that we girls at Iowa State, Coe, Grinnell and Cornell Colleges were offered sports and dance in our credit classwork set our departments apart from the great run of physical education departments in other coeducational colleges and in public schools of that day. However, we little realized that we were in advance of our time. But the girls at Grinnell were luckier still for they had a gymnasium of their very own, and a very fine one at that, a most unusual thing in a coeducational college at that time. Carrie Rand, the women's physical director there, had presented such a building to the college in 1897 as a memorial to her father and brother.

The University of California (Berkeley) built Hearst Hall in 1900 as a gymnasium for women—then considered the first building worthy of the name to be erected for women's exclusive use in any university. Three years later, that school gave the girls an outdoor basketball court with tanbark surface and bleachers on both sides which was declared to be (and no doubt was) the finest outdoor basketball court in the country.⁸

But we girls at Coe knew nothing of the development of physical education for women at any other school. We took our good luck as well as our ignorance of what was going on elsewhere with a great lack of concern.

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Now that Coe had an actual director of physical education for women, she instituted physical examinations (a heart checkup by a physician and a taking of height and weight which she did in her office). But even this created a furor among some of the faculty members egged on by a few inflexible, sanctimonious women of the community who felt they had purchased the privilege of overseeing the campus morals through contributions to the college. These women ran to whatever faculty member or members of the board of trustees who would listen and protested this "immoral" requirement and "sacrilege." Kindly Doctor Crawford, greatly respected in the community and a substantial financial supporter of the college, finally brought the disturbed faculty to its senses, and the physical examination was permitted as part of the required physical education program. Doctor Crawford was volunteering his services for the heart examinations and was in sympathetic accord with the measurements to be given. In those days there seemed to be always someone on the sidelines ready to pounce on any innovation previously unheard of to them as something sinister even if not immoral.

Few indeed were schools with a school nurse or school physician. As at most small colleges, Coe had the services of town physicians who for a small fee (no doubt much of the work was straight out-and-out charity to the college) would give a sort of physical examination to athletes and physical education class members. These examinations were most perfunctory, at least those for the women's physical education classes were. Doctor Crawford gave his services for this once-a-year roundup of us girls at the gymnasium. In rush periods he was assisted by equally kindly Doctor Wentzle Ruml.

We were a fairly healthy bunch. American girls had come a long way in the 50 years since magazine editors, both men and women, had lamented the sorry state of their health. At five feet, four inches, I was one of the taller girls on campus, but instead of weighing 120 pounds or so as the others of my height weighed, I weighed only 102 pounds. In our gymnastics classes we always lined up according to height and there were only two girls in my class who ever stood at the tall end of the line ahead of me and their height was so slightly more than mine that it was subject to debate among the other girls. However, my low weight put me decidedly in the underweight class of that day. Few others were as tall and skinny as I. Even though the physically active life of high school

years had given me some physical stamina and endurance, I still remained below par in weight by the standards of the early 1900s. In the 1960s a young girl of college age won a beauty contest here in the United States with height and weight almost identical to mine of 1905. But then we were not living in a period of the cult of the skinny, and my weight in relation to my height was then considered undesirable and unattractive. With my frequent colds and occasional severe headaches I could not have been considered healthy in spite of my fierce outbursts of physical activity which probably at times should have been curtailed while I concentrated on putting on a bit more weight to support my love of activity.

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My college days were within the period when most young men were brought up to look upon young girls as fragile creatures. In many ways our parents, teachers and even the medical profession coddled us. Perhaps the coddling was greatest in the general attitudes toward the functional periodicity of women. What invalids this attitude was determined to make of us! During the first day of the menstrual period, girls were expected to remain in bed all day if such luxury could be arranged. They were most certainly free to remain away from all classes if their conscience did not loudly dictate attendance. Any girl could blushinglly whisper to any teacher after such an absence that it was "that time" and her absence was immediately canceled and no questions asked. What a gold-bricking opportunity that gave every girl who was short on a clear conscience those days!

As to classes at the gymnasium it was a firm rule that no girl could take part in any active classwork during the entire period for fear of ruining her health. Hence a goldbricker could sit on the sidelines at gym classes as much as one third of her entire class time during a semester insisting, when checked by the teacher who finally would awaken to the frequent and prolonged refusals to don her gym costume, that her menstrual periods were very irregular and long-lasting. What teacher would dare to challenge her word on this? On the other hand, those of us who liked gymnasium classwork and wanted to miss none of it (there were many of us in this group) never "sat out" classes until the teacher, noting the lack of "MPs" after our names in her roll call book—the symbol she used to mean a girl was sitting out for the menstrual period—would call us in and remonstrate that we must sit out during the "monthly period," as it was spoken of. We would look her straight in the eye and declare that with us the period was very short and very regular and always came every four weeks on a Saturday and Sunday, hence we did not need to sit out classes.

This particular group of us who fortunately had no special difficulties at these times soon discovered that activity did no harm, and we wondered about the

attitude of the medical profession and our parents and teachers who seemed to expect us to be invalids once every month. We (and probably they) knew nothing as yet of the findings in our favor of the research work of a woman physician, Clelia Mosher, in Palo Alto, California, a graduate of Stanford University and Johns Hopkins Medical School who was trying to determine what is normal periodic functioning. In our own unscientific but determined way we found out for ourselves that activity then was not harmful—at least not for us. This discovery profoundly affected my own later attitudes as a young teacher before Clelia Mosher's research work finally got across to the medical profession some 20 years later and won its acceptance, bringing release to women to pursue normal lives unhampered by the age-old fears of women's inability to take their place in the work of the world. It was not until 1930 that the American Student Health Association made public declaration that "the period of menstruation should not be presumed to be a period of disability."⁹

Psychologically conditioned by this taboo, many women actually suffered serious incapacitation during these periods—a rare few even to the extent of always needing the attention of a physician. There was scarcely a day at the dormitory but that some girl was in bed all day suffering severely from menstrual cramps—a situation almost completely unknown in college dormitories in later years. The general run of people felt this was something a woman must endure without question. But some of us, though only schoolgirls, did question, and because Clelia Mosher also questioned but with the scientific insight of a trained research worker, women everywhere are indebted to her for freeing them from the taboos from which women still suffered in my growing years and even several years beyond.

During my college days, we also had at Coe epidemics of measles, scarlet fever, smallpox, pink eye and "Cuban" itch—never sufficient to close the entire college or to send us home but enough to place parts of the dormitory and certain of the boys' rooming houses under quarantine at various times.

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Looking forward to winter classes with the gymnasium completed in December 1904, Miss Poyneer gave us patterns to take to our mothers so they could make our gymnasium suits and have them ready to bring back with us after Christmas vacation. Manufacturers of women's gymnastics costumes were as yet unknown to us at Coe.

Our first indoor classes were held just before that vacation, and the few of us who had owned bloomers in high school were permitted to wear them while the others received first instructions in Swedish gymnastics in their school dresses. Our required program now fell into its regular pattern of tennis or hockey in the

fall, Swedish gymnastics and rhythms in the winter, and tennis or baseball in the spring. Since the upper class girls had had no activities in their earlier years, most of them begged for classwork so that volunteer classes of two hours per week were set up in extra sections in sports for them in the fall and spring and "fancy steps" in the winter. Also in the winter, basketball was offered as an extra without credit for all desiring it. So many girls turned out for it that class teams were organized at once. I was so enamored of all these activities that I begged to join classes in all and thus I fixed up such a schedule for myself that I had at least one hour each day of the week in physical activity—all so good for me that some guardian angel must have been looking after me to give me this great urge for physical activity.

The bloomers of 1900 were so full and bagged so far below the knee that when the daring members of a class wished to give the others a laugh when teacher's back was turned they would slip the elastic below the knee, and the bloomer folds would fall to the ankle in full Turkish trouser effect. The fullness hung down in such billows of pleats that when jumping a crossbar it had to be cleared with much leeway if it was not to be pulled off by the bloomers. (However, we learned to twist the elastic at the knee for such events, wrapping the surplus goods firmly about the legs.) The warm high neck of the earlier styles had been replaced by a V-neck opening in the blouse but it was out of the question to permit the bare V-front of the neck to show so that a dickey (a carryover for the false shirt fronts in vogue for men in the 1870s) fitting snugly around the base of the neck, was worn under the blouse. It was of heavy white linen or piqué of double thickness and kept starched very stiff. Attached to the dickey was a harness of tapes by which it could be fastened under the arms and around the chest, thus held firmly in place.

It was unthinkable that we would appear out-of-doors in bloomers, so we needed them only for winter classes and the activities we might pursue in the gymnasium in the fall and spring. For outdoor sports we wore our school skirts which at the turn of the century were still just clear of the floor.

As to gymnastics, along with the free-standing exercises of the Swedish system, we had lots of Swedish apparatus work. Most intemperate in my enthusiasm, I worked hard on every piece of equipment. When extra practice hours were set up for those entering the first indoor meet, I worked so much on the traveling rings and horizontal ladders that the flesh at the base of my fingers on both hands was torn loose from one big palm-width blister and I went into the meet with both hands bandaged. Never had I found anything so thrilling as starting at one end of the gymnasium on the long horizontal ladder, with a peak rise in its center section, swinging from rung to rung with a body twist at each swing, facing first in, then out, and at the center third of it climbing rung by rung up the slanting peak to the level of the balcony running track and then

down to the lower level for the home stretch at the other end of the gym. It was quite an undertaking and I was determined to conquer that trick, and by the close of my freshman year I had it conquered, even if in miserable form. In my sophomore year I conquered the form and then it became much easier. I was proud that not another girl in college could equal my performance on that ladder. Queer the things that challenge young people!

One rule Miss Poyneer laid down most emphatically was that no girl was ever to practice on gymnastic apparatus alone, so when I could get no one to go to the gym to work out with me, at times when I knew the floor would be free, I would run around the balcony running track entirely on my own motivation, seeing how many laps I could work up to. No effort at speed, just running (we call it jogging now) for endurance. Since we girls had no track and field sports, I do not know where I got this keen desire to run. I had never heard of the physiology of exercise and therefore knew nothing of the relationship between endurance running and general health and stamina. I had never even heard anyone say that such running would be good for me. There was no fad for running among the girls, so I pursued this activity alone. I just had a great urge to run around the track and as I look back on it, all I can say is that some good genie was pushing me on in this physical activity which was laying a foundation of physical endurance and stamina that would stand me in good stead all the rest of my life.

In the spring we had an indoor meet and the College Athletic Board set up an award of a small "C" comparable to the men's larger letter awards, one per year to be granted to the woman placing first in this meet. The first meet was held on a Friday night late in May 1905. There had been much discussion from early April on, as to whether the boys should be allowed to attend. Some of the girls said that if they did they wouldn't be in it for they weren't going to have the boys see them in their bloomers. At that, they were not being different from college girls everywhere. But we girls who didn't mind finally talked the others into agreement and then we struck another snag—the faculty. At first they said "certainly not," but Miss Poyneer pleaded with them because she was proud of our work and really wanted all the faculty and students to see what we had accomplished in the first year of physical education classes. So finally they capitulated and everyone—indeed every one—at 10¢ per head came to the demonstration, for it was a great campus novelty.

For the opening number, 24 girls entered. As the local paper reported: "They wore bloomer costumes of dark blue and with their braids tied with black or white bows presented an attractive appearance." The events were traveling rings, forward traveling on the ladder, alternate rung advance on the ladder, side advance on the ladder, relay race, bar vault, high jump (3'9½" was the record), swing jump (5'4" was the record) and rope climb. Mrs. Glen

Averil and Mrs. Robert B. Sinclair, wives of two of the town's most prominent citizens, were the judges and for most of the events the participants were graded on form. Harriette Sessions with two firsts, a second, and a third won first place with a score of 9, and the coveted "C." She was the first woman student to wear that letter at Coe as earned on her own individual achievements. Two years before (1903), the "C" had been awarded for the first time to the members of the girls' varsity basketball team which had won in some intercollegiate matches, but that was a team award. Harriette, the winner, and I, a freshman, scored in four events but she outstripped me in total points.

The next year, my sophomore year, I won the coveted "C," nosing out a town classmate, Claire Dinwiddie, on a very close score. So the last two years in college I proudly wore that little gold felt "C" on my bulky crimson turtleneck sweater.

These gymnastic demonstrations, or exhibitions as they were called in some schools, were very popular from the early 1890s on until the Great War. Usually they consisted of a grand march, free-standing exercises, apparatus work and folk dances, ending with a series of games of low organization, relay races and a closing march.

When we Centerville girls told our college chums about the white turtleneck sweaters we had worn in high school, a group of us resolved to get crimson ones for college. But we never got around to it until our junior year. By then my old high school white one was badly worn and I pushed for a decision. When the upper-class team was slated in February of my junior year to play basketball against two lower classes for the final championship game, we put in a rush order for the crimson sweaters and the two of us who had won the college "C" proudly sewed it on the sweater, and thus arrayed led the team onto the floor. We stayed down in the dressing room until all the lower class girls had gone upstairs, then we pulled on our new sweaters and when the whistle blew for the game, we ran out onto the floor to show off our surprise outfits. The gym was packed, even the balcony running track full, and many of the boys were perched precariously on the overhead rafters to make more room for the big audience that had turned out to see the final game. The crowd yelled and cheered. We felt very important. It was probably a good thing we lost that game—and what a loss—40 to 2. Wilma Haynes of Centerville played on the other team and what a player she was! There was a new song just out and the boys sang it from the rafters: "There's never a birdie that flies quite so high, but that it comes down with a thud." We were glad to get down to the dressing room and out of sight, and I was glad as they sang that song that the college crowd did not know that my little girl neighborhood nickname had been "Birdie."

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We girls at Coe were fortunate in that our physical director considered sports and dance a legitimate part of physical education credit classwork rather than gymnastics only. Up to now, sports had been engaged in at Coe by women only under their own promotion and organized endeavors—the usual story of the beginnings of all college sports. Now there was a fresh start and the Woman's Athletic Association that the girls had organized a few years earlier without help was tried once more, this time with a physical education teacher as sponsor, and this time it was a lasting success. In my second year, I was elected WAA representative to sit on the College Athletic Board to look after women's interests, and in my third year I was elected president of the Association. This organization took over the sports competition between classes (intramurals as we later called them) and the intercollegiate games which developed later.

At Coe I discovered English field hockey, unheard of to most of us students. We took to the game with great enthusiasm, finally reaching out in my last two years to intercollegiate matches with Iowa State College (Ames) and Cornell. And I discovered correct basketball with a woman teacher professionally trained in the game to coach us and found it even more enticing than the makeshift game we had played in high school with no one in town who knew the game to lead us. And for a completely new venture at college, I discovered esthetic and folk dance, both completely unknown to most of us. Miss Poyneer was able to slip by with these activities under the titles of "fancy steps" and "folk games."

Chapter V

Choosing a Career

As a young girl I looked about my little world quietly and thoughtfully, never once discussing the subject with any of my sisters or close friends and keeping my thoughts entirely to myself, and I early came to the conclusion that marriage had little to offer most women. I sensed the drab, dreary, uninteresting lives of so many married women in our town—women who had no seeming identity other than as some man's wife or some child's mother—women who when they died were memorialized on their tombstones merely as "Mother" or "Wife of _____," not even in death recognized as persons in their own right.

As to my own mother's marriage, compared to those of my aunts and of the mothers of my closest friends, I felt that hers was as satisfying as any. In fact, I felt that her marriage was successful for she had an adoring husband, a comfortable home (better than most in our town), and four happy daughters for whom she and her husband had created a home life that was the envy of all of their friends. There was no doubt that ours was one of the really happy homes in our town. Just the same, I sensed my mother's unspoken longings through her eagerness to read and study about career women and to talk with and question the few women she encountered who were following careers that seemed satisfying. The eagerness in her eyes told me much. Perhaps I had been unconsciously influenced in all these observations by my mother's outspoken longing to have had a college education which might have opened the doors to a career. However, although she often spoke of the longing for a college education, a career was never mentioned, perhaps out of loyalty to her marriage.

Inadequate as schooling of the 1890s and early 1900s was by today's

standards, it was an improvement over the schooling of my parents—my father's in pre-Civil War years in Iowa and my mother's in early post-Civil War years in Indiana and Nebraska. In turn, their schooling was no doubt superior to that of their parents in frontier years of the early nineteenth century in Kentucky and Indiana. However, victory was not as yet complete for the education of girls. Many people, among them no less a person than President Eliot of Harvard, held that women on the whole were too fragile to withstand the demands of a college education.¹

According to the United States Office of Education, as many as 11,000 girls a year were graduating from college in the opening decade of the 1900s, but many people felt that even if they could handle the work, college was disqualifying them for marriage. As for me it did exactly that, for it gave me my chance to be independent. However, I felt no antagonism toward the idea of marriage for others, and most certainly none toward men. If my sisters and girlfriends were going to be content with a life of cleaning house, cooking and washing dishes, washing and ironing, mending and sewing, taking care of children, and waiting on husbands, that was quite all right for them, but the thought of such a life had no more appeal for me than it would have had for my friends among the boys had they in some wild dream ever imagined themselves as house and home keepers. Not that I was the masculine type—not at all, far from it! However, in my adult life I came to see, working as I did in a man's world, that when the sexes were divided on a topic, my thinking on many subjects was apt to be more in line with that of the men than of the women.

* * * *

What career would I prepare for of the few then open to women? I was not worrying about a decision. Mother was insistent that her daughters were not only to go to college, but to go all four years for that coveted bachelor's degree. There was plenty of time—four years to think about a career. However, fate was kind to me. My decision came early and suddenly, and as if a bolt out of a clear blue sky. It happened in the following manner. In December, the gymnasium was completed and we freshmen girls were to report at a certain day and hour for our first indoor physical education class. When for the first time I saw Miss Poyneer walk out of her office to the gym floor arrayed in her beautifully tailored gym suit, I knew in a flash that what I wanted above all else for a career was to follow in her footsteps. I, too, would be a physical education teacher.

Not until I had come to college did I learn that such a teaching specialty existed. Never had I heard of a woman doing such a thing. Now I knew exactly what I wished to do with my life. It was a clear-cut and final decision and never once did I waver from it. From that time on I pointed all my college work in that direction.

My two sisters took a dim view of my enthusiasm over physical education. As the year wore on and they had been subjected to classwork at the gym they discovered, as they loudly proclaimed, that they disliked it very much and took me a bit to task about my queer notion. Yet they always ended with, "If that is what you want, why not, but what an outlandish thing to want!"

When we reached the age for team sports, not one of my three sisters cared a snap of a finger for participating in any while I was wildly enthusiastic. Yet, on the other hand, when later on individual sports came to us—tennis, golf, swimming—all three liked them as did I, but whereas I proved to be a sad "dub" at them, they excelled. But they refused to look upon them as part of physical education.

Down deep in their hearts Father and Mother, I think, were a bit dismayed at my plans. Who had ever heard of a woman going into such a strange type of teaching work? I'm afraid they even felt it a bit beneath the family dignity. Why couldn't it be music or art or home management rather than this queer idea tied up with playing games!

I let Miss Poyneer know of my dream and she encouraged me. Since I hoped to follow in her footsteps, I frequently talked about my plans with her although I never dreamed that it would be so literally in her footsteps as it turned out to be.

My schoolmates sensed my enthusiasm for every phase of our physical education work and that it was almost literally true as some said that I was sitting on the gymnasium steps early mornings waiting for the janitor to open the building and had to be pushed out late afternoons so they could lock up. Because of this exuberance, I was soon the butt of campus jokes. The College Annual in a takeoff on a diary of dorm life carried items such as "Monday—Mabel spent the morning at the gym. Tuesday—Mabel spent the morning at the gym; also the afternoon." On Valentine's Day after the campus first learned of my plans, I got a flood of anonymous comic valentines depicting bulky-muscled dames at weight lifting and the like, and with verses such as was on one I have preserved:

THE ATHLETIC LASS

Oh, the girl who goes in for brawn
Who's in training from daylight till dawn,
Should from such stunts refrain
And develop her brain
And thank us for "putting her on!"

This, I was sure, came from "Fuzzy," our curly-haired baseball pitcher, whom the University of Iowa kept trying to steal from us, but he stoutly denied

having sent this valentine in spite of his particularly amused smile whenever the girls chanted the jingle at me as they did for several weeks. Then in our class list the Junior Annual came out with: "Mabel, wild with sport, half child, half woman as she was" (without bothering to offer apologies to Tennyson). I was definitely labeled. But all this ribbing I took good-naturedly for it served its bit to confirm me all the more in my thought that I wanted to specialize in physical education and teach it for my life's work.

* * * *

In my sophomore year, Miss Poyneer selected one of my close friends, Harriette Sessions, then a junior, to be her assistant (purely a volunteer task) and spent quite a bit of time training her. I begged Miss Poyneer to add me to that private training class. But only the junior was to be allowed to take over a class in an emergency. However, in late November an emergency arose when Harriette was not available, so I was asked to take over. I loved it even if I did get the class confused over my lack of skill in giving gymnastic orders. The girls were tolerant, and we laughed it off together. That wee taste served to confirm all the more my ever-growing assurance that physical education and absolutely nothing else in the world was going to interest me for a career. I finally persisted and persuaded Miss Poyneer to let me, too, assist her for the second semester. From then on I assisted all the rest of my college course.

The great majority of us girls enjoyed gymnastics so much, particularly the apparatus work, that we would beg permission to use the gymnasium floor on Friday evenings for what we called "gym parties" when we would meet at the gym and go over in a group with us two assistants in possession of the key with the understanding that we were in charge and responsible. We would lock ourselves in so none of the boys could intrude, and then we would run down to the basement and get into our gym suits and play all evening long on the various pieces of apparatus. These parties were such fun that we didn't care whether we had a Friday night date or not, and sometimes refused dates so we could go to the gym. It was at these parties that we got the idea of going up to the balcony running track one at a time and there perched on the rail, with someone below swinging the end of the climbing rope to us, we would sit astride the big knot at the end of the rope and then would push off the rail and go flying through the air to the opposite side of the balcony, then a kickoff from there to fly back to the starting point and then after several such sweeps the length of the gymnasium we would "let the old cat die" and dismount on the floor below. 'Twas childhood days all over again swinging on wild grapevines across ditches along Cooper Creek but this at the gym was a much wider and higher swing. Once started, we kept up these Friday night winter parties throughout my entire college course. (When I returned to the campus two years after graduation, these gym parties had died out.) On all those Friday evenings we only had one

accident and that wasn't serious. The former president's daughter, Gertrude McCormick, fell off the parallel bars one evening, knocking herself unconscious briefly. Since Miss Poyneer never used the parallel bars in our classes, we didn't know how to use them and so we asked the girls to keep away from them. But Gertrude and a few insisted one evening on trying some stunts they had seen some of the boys doing. That accident put an end to our use of those bars.

Miss Poyneer encouraged me from my very first year to keep a career in physical education in my thoughts but she never suggested that I give up my college work to start specialization. However, when a classmate announced that she was going East at the end of her sophomore year to take up physical education training, I thought maybe I should save Father the expense of two more college years, so I took it up with Father and Mother and they vetoed the idea vehemently. I was glad really for I wanted very much to finish at Coe. Now Father and Mother knew I was going to want more schooling beyond that, and I had offered to curtail expenses by dropping out of college for specialization after only two years.

Miss Poyneer had not finished college and here she was working in the profession. When I pinned Miss Poyneer down, she admitted that it was only a very rare girl who got her college degree before taking up this professional training. But she pointed out that she regretted she didn't have a college degree especially since she was on a college faculty, and because of these regrets she was taking a few college courses each semester in the hopes even yet of getting the college degree. So I stayed on in college serving as Miss Poyneer's unofficial and unpaid assistant, acquiring still more experience, all of which strengthened my resolve.

* * * *

In the spring of my junior year, the State University of Iowa decided to establish a bona fide department of physical education for women and offered the position of head of the department to Miss Poyneer with the privilege of bringing an assistant with her to be paid on a part-time basis. When she asked me if I would be her assistant there, I was flattered beyond words but by now I couldn't bear the thought of not finishing at Coe with my class. But before I had to decide, Coe refused to consider her resigning and matched the State University offer if she would stay. So she turned down the offer and we both stayed on at Coe.

By my senior year, Father and Mother, seeing my determination about physical education, wanted advice from Miss Poyneer about preparation for

such a professional career. What about her own school? Her coming to Coe's faculty had been heralded in the school paper thus:

Miss Poyneer has recently completed a two-year course in the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics. Miss Amy Morris Homans is at the head of this famous school which takes a limited number of pupils. The school is heavily endowed and pupils are not necessary to its existence. Applicants are given a rigid examination and the requirements are high. The system taught is the Swedish, which in the East is the accepted form of gymnastics.

A school heavily endowed, with rigid examinations and high requirements! That sounded good to Father and Mother, so they asked if she would recommend me for admission to the Boston school and procure necessary application papers for me. By late winter I had been accepted "on probation" and the die was cast.

* * * *

As to my qualifications to enter into the profession of physical education, I had several things to my credit. From the fifth to the eighth grades I had been enthusiastic over Indian club swinging; in the sixth and seventh, over track and military drill; in high school, over basketball; and in college, over field hockey, esthetic dance and gymnastics, besides basketball. All this pointed logically toward concern with physical education.

What about my college major and minor? Since psychology was at that time a rather new discipline in a college curriculum, it is surprising that I selected it for my major. I can't believe that I was prompted by any particular wisdom, but as it turned out I could not have made a better selection. And of course the biology minor, in light of stiff anatomy and physiology courses awaiting me later, was another good guess.

Dr. Fracker opened many doors for me—philosophy and anthropology as well as psychology. When he first came to Coe he was listed as professor of mental science. It was as recently as 1900 that the earlier work of Johann Gregor Mendel to determine the mechanics of heredity was brought to light anew and the scientific world began to take notice of his research work, giving birth to the science of genetics. How little I realized when I took that course under Professor Fracker in 1905 that I was having work then new to the American college curriculum

Since 1875 William James had been teaching a graduate course in psychology at Harvard entitled "The Relation Between Physiology and Psychology"

and since 1879 an undergraduate course in which he offered the first psychology laboratory work in America.² How long Coe had been offering a major in psychology I do not know. Such courses were as unheard of to me and my school friends as was physical education. Philosophy I had heard of in some vague way and at Coe it was tied to psychology as a major discipline. I was at once enthralled listening to the seniors discuss, at the supper hour at the dorm, their philosophy and psychology courses, and since there was no such thing as a major in physical education, at least not as far as I then knew, it was easy to decide upon a major in psychology and philosophy as a choice that would offer much of interest applicable to life in general.

William James' two-volume tome, *Principles of Psychology*, has been available since 1890. Whether we used his larger or shorter text I do not recall, but most probably the brief one which he wrote especially for undergraduates. (The Harvard students of that day called this brief version, "Jimmie," reserving the appellation, "James," for the two-volume text written for graduate students.)³ In my college diary I noted frequently the heated discussions in class of James' ideas on formation of character, on habit, his "Talks With Teachers," "The Will To Believe," and his idea that consciousness is a flowing stream. I was the only girl in my class taking such a major so that I was thrown with a group of young men many of whom were planning to go on for graduate work in the ministry. What arguers they were! Not a dull moment in Professor Fracker's classes with those boys baiting him constantly in friendly argumentation and he more than holding his own against them. In an earlier day, William James used, as his text in an undergraduate course at Harvard, Herbert Spencer's *Principles of Psychology* published in 1872 and he let bumptious young Theodore Roosevelt argue to his heart's content.⁴ So, too, Professor Fracker gave me and my classmates a free rein.

James' *Moral Equivalent to War* and *The Meaning of Truth* were not published in time for us to study and discuss. (It is interesting to note that William James is being rediscovered today and that his writings are being republished for today's college students. As people are having a reawakening about the importance of discipline and accomplishments as against permissiveness and the needs of the individual, I take renewed pleasure in the memories of my own college courses.)

Professor Fracker also introduced us to G. Stanley Hall's monumental study, *Adolescence*, which came off press just as I was graduating from high school.

A qualification for entering physical education most certainly should have been good physical condition. I was in many ways a poor specimen of human-

ity, still the family "beanpole." I was so full of ideas about all the interesting things there were to do in life and so little time for all that I was constantly burning my candle at both ends, getting by on sheer enthusiasm and determination, not sensing that a day of reckoning was coming.

For the four college years, I had been away from Mother's good and nutritious cooking. Never caring for green vegetables, I made out a diet as best I could without them at college since they were not appetizing as Mother's were. And since Mother had never allowed us children to drink coffee or tea until we had finished high school, and I disliked milk, I had developed the habit of drinking only water with my meals. At college I found both coffee and tea too strong for my taste and I continued to spurn milk in favor of water. No one at college ever spoke a word of advice to any of us about our diet except Mitzi Leeb, our French teacher, who offered nothing positive—just not to eat so many crackers, candy and pickles between meals. We as yet knew nothing of vitamins and calories. Our appetites and likes and dislikes were our only guides as to nutrition and, like Topsy, we just grew up.

My great drive to take part in all extracurricular physical activities available plus my conscience that drove me relentlessly to meet not only all the main class assignments but all extras as well, kept me in a constant state of fatigue. But I would give up nothing. So I finished college with deep fatigue showing in my face in the college snapshots—a fatigue so deep-seated that all summer at home was not sufficient to correct it.

If my parents were afraid that work in this profession would make me masculine (as many people of that day claimed such training would) they kept their fear to themselves. In fact, such an idea most probably never entered their heads. Could anything make this beanpole of a daughter of theirs masculine! They may have held the hope that it might instead improve her physically as indeed it did. However, many people apparently were concerned about this possible masculinization of girls, for the famous Dr. Dudley Sargent of Harvard University is reported to have replied to people raising the question in regard to sending girls to his training school: "It has been my experience in life that it is easier to tame down a wild one than to wake up a dead one."⁵

* * * *

There was one count in my favor toward the career of my choice. I had gained considerable experience in a leadership role in physical education throughout my four years in college. As related earlier, in my sophomore year I had been given private tutoring by Miss Poyneer so that I could assist in her classes and in my last three years I had assisted her without pay just to try my wings and to gain experience. In my senior year I had been hired to teach gymnastics to the girls in

a neighboring high school. I was delighted when early in that year Miss Poyneer asked me if I would like to teach a class twice a week at the high school in Marion, a town six miles distant connected with Cedar Rapids by trolley. The principal had urged her to send him a student teacher. So I agreed and Father and Mother thought it a fine idea. When I went to Marion for an interview it was agreed that I should begin in November and give two lessons per week for 24 lessons in gymnastics for \$19, out of which I was to pay whatever expenses might be incurred. We did not put this agreement into writing but as soon as I returned to my room I made note of it in my diary. Thus I earned my first money teaching, and I found much satisfaction from it.

When the twenty-third lesson was over in late February, I reminded the principal that the next time would be my last lesson and asked him to come and visit the class. He was amazed and said how could it be my last, for the winter term would not be over until the last of April. I reminded him that it had been arranged for me to teach 24 lessons and he declared he had never heard of such an arrangement. He insisted that I had been paid the \$19 and now I must come through April, which would mean 32 lessons for \$19, or \$.59 cents a lesson minus travel expenses and with each lesson taking over two hours of my time. I was highly indignant, also deeply embarrassed, to be put in a position of quibbling over a contract. Also confident that I was in the right, I was firm about it. But also always being willing to arbitrate with anyone (I had been raised in a family circle where I heard constant talk about arbitrating with miners so sensed it to be an important part of business life), I offered to come three extra times without pay and finish out the month of March but demanded extra pay to continue through April. This he refused. He was so displeased with me that he refused to visit my class, and I was relieved to have him stay away. I went the extra times in March and prayed he would keep out of my sight, which he did. But it utterly spoiled what had up to then been a happy experience, and I really had looked forward to showing off my class to him.

Of course I wrote to Father and Mother about this experience immediately, and Father wrote at once a very indignant letter and said he would like to meet that principal some day and that I had been more than fair to go the extra times without pay. And he added that he wanted me to save the money I had earned clear of expenses (it turned out to be \$14 for 32 hours of work) and purchase something that I could keep all my life as a souvenir of the first money I ever earned. So I did and that purchase has always been a reminder of my parents' faith in me.

* * * *

In no time, commencement festivities were upon us. This was no two or

three-hour ceremony as today in so many colleges and universities. In 1908 at Coe College, it was a five-day ceremony starting on Saturday morning with the traditional senior picnic breakfast up the river, courtesy of the senior class adviser, in our case, Dr. Bailey, our popular zoology professor. Sunday brought the Baccalaureate services when we seniors in our caps and gowns and the faculty in their academic robes marched the mile walk from the campus to the downtown church for the services. On Monday morning came the farewell chapel program for us seniors when again we wore our caps and gowns, as we had worn them all year long to the Friday morning chapel services. Then we seniors dashed to shed our academic robes for a last picnic up the river—this time without a chaperon, a concession from the faculty for our last get-together alone. That evening Prexy and his wife gave a formal dinner for us seniors at their home, after which we played charades and had a hilariously good time.

Tuesday was Class Day. Again into our caps and gowns for the procession from the Senior Steps at Old Main to the gym steps where we gave our farewell speeches. Edgar Carson and I together gave the class history—bashful Edgar, who many years later was to become the great-uncle of television personality Johnny Carson. That evening came the alumni banquet at a downtown hotel when we were initiated into that group with five successful graduates giving speeches, each about a career for men—no mention of a career for women on the entire program. Following this, we seniors dashed back to the campus to shed our evening clothes for picnic attire to meet again at 11:59 p.m. at the Senior Steps of Old Main swathed in bed sheets and holding lighted candles when at the stroke of 12 o'clock we planted our silver maple tree.

Wednesday morning again into cap and gown, and the mile-long walk with the faculty to the downtown church where undergraduates, families and friends were awaiting us for the final commencement ceremonies.

Following these services the college gave a luncheon for us seniors and our families, and that evening Prexy and his wife gave a reception for us, our families and the faculty, and at last the five-day ceremony and our four years of college were over. Mother in particular, but also Father, was a bit starry-eyed. They had seen their two oldest through to a college degree. Fern, the campus beauty, had majored in history but specialized in dating. She went through college in a mad whirl of social affairs, but at the same time graduated cum laude. I had spent much of my time in the gymnasium, but in spite of this graduated magna cum laude. We both had loved whatever we had been most interested in.

These were transition years, the last before the coming of the automobile in large enough numbers to change life materially. We were indeed stepping into a

strange new world—far stranger, far different than anyone at the time even dreamed!

As I look back over my own college days and compare them with those of students I have advised on several different college campuses in the many years since, I have always been thankful that, having been the sort of unsophisticated, highly sensitive, slowly developing young girl that I was, I had my college years in the setting of a small campus. There I had an opportunity to know all the faculty and students. It was fortunate for me that I had not been thrown into a large university to flounder with the herd. Ferne might have been happier in a large university where she would have been a great social success and would have found greater social challenge. Coe College and schools like it were cut out for people like me—the small town type. I had belonged wholeheartedly to Coe. It had come to belong to me, and I was saying goodbye with a heavy heart. I had worked on the student paper, the Junior Annual Board, the Student Athletic Committee. I had been president of the freshmen class the second semester, captain of the field hockey varsity team and president of the Woman's Athletic Association, acquiring excellent leadership experience. How I would miss it all and all those dear friends!

Chapter VI

Professional Training after the Boston Manner

The way in which I chanced upon just the right school for me for professional training was a happy circumstance. However, my choice was limited by my ignorance. In my neighboring state of Nebraska, the State University at Lincoln had been offering a major in physical education since 1898.—Had I known of it, I could have gone there, majored in physical education and at the end of the four years procured the bachelor's degree along with a certificate proclaiming me prepared to teach physical education. This would have saved Father the expense of two extra years of schooling for me, but I would have missed two of the most important years of my life educationally and formatively. Also unknown to me was the possibility of getting physical education training as a major at Leland Stanford University on the West Coast which had been offering such work since the fall of 1894,¹ the first college to graduate a woman with such specialization; or at Oberlin College in Ohio where a physical education major had been offered since 1900;² or at the Normal School of the North American Gymnastics Union in Indianapolis which in 1907 had been authorized by law to confer degrees;³ or at any one of four private non-collegiate schools of gymnastics, such as the Sargent School of Physical Education in Cambridge, Massachusetts, founded in 1881, the Posse School of Physical Education in Boston, founded in 1890, the Savage School of Physical Education in New York City, founded in 1898, and the Chicago Normal School of Physical Education founded in 1905. These schools (four collegiate and six non-collegiate) represented the entire field open in the United States to a woman for specialization in physical education in the opening decade of the Twentieth Century. I knew of the existence of only the two—Boston Normal School of Gymnastics and the New Haven Normal School of Gymnastics—where the college women physical directors of Coe, Cornell, and Grinnell colleges in Iowa and the Iowa State Normal School at Cedar Falls had received

*Showing off the new
gymnasium suit at BNSG and
using the only weapons handy
in absence of proper foils (1908).*



their training. Although my choice was limited, my schooling was not jeopardized in any way.

The story of the beginnings of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics is bound up in the story of Mrs. Mary Hemenway, the widow of a wealthy Boston shipping merchant, who was deeply interested in education. It was her son who in 1878 gave to Harvard the Hemenway Gymnasium, the wonder of its day. Mrs. Hemenway's own philanthropies were legion, benefiting the South in post-Civil War days as well as her own home city of Boston.

Immediately following the Civil War, Amy Bradley, a northern nurse who had served in the war and who was a friend of Mrs. Hemenway, opened a school for poor whites in Wilmington, N.C., which was supported by the Unitarian Association. In 1871 Mrs. Hemenway took over the financial support of this school. One of the teachers there was a niece of Miss Bradley, 22-year-old Amy Morris Homans of Vasselboro, Maine, who had been preceptress of a girls' seminary in Maine before joining her aunt in North Carolina. Thus, Mrs. Hemenway met Miss Homans whom she engaged in 1877 to become her executive secretary, a close association which lasted throughout the remainder of Mrs. Hemenway's life. With Mrs. Hemenway furnishing the financial resources and the inspiration and Miss Homans the organizational ability and executive skill for putting Mrs. Hemenway's dreams into action, these two remarkable women embarked upon a united career of philanthropy and education which was most unusual for its day.⁴

One of Mrs. Hemenway's and Miss Homans' first joint ventures was the saving of Old South Meeting House in Boston, an historic landmark about to be razed for lack of financial support. They organized the Old South Preservation Committee, and through a series of lectures and addresses given by notables, including Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Lee, Oliver Wendell Holmes and

James Russell Lowell, aroused sufficient public interest to save the old building where had been "kindled the flame that fired the Revolution." Of the \$430,000 it took to save the building for posterity, Mrs. Hemenway donated \$100,000.

Next, the two women established the Old South Lecture Series, followed closely by the establishment and financing of sewing and cooking classes for girls in the Boston public schools.

Mrs. Hemenway then turned her attention and financial support to the establishment of the first school kitchen in a public school in America. In 1883 she financed a "vacation" school under Miss Homans' management where gardening, sewing, cooking and woodwork were taught. In 1887, she established the Boston Normal School of Cookery under Miss Homans' management which shortly was taken over as the Department of Household Arts of the State Normal School at Framingham, Massachusetts—the first school of this type in the United States. Thus, Mrs. Hemenway came to be called the Mother of Public School Household Arts and Amy Morris Homan became the first to manage such a school.⁵ This dream realized, these two indomitable women turned their attention to the field of physical education, then little known in education.

In 1885, the 23-year-old Baron Nils Posse, son of a prominent Swedish family and a graduate of the Royal Central Institute of Gymnastics in Stockholm, came to America and settled in Boston. He immediately began a campaign to acquaint the medical circles of Boston with the principles of Swedish gymnastics. Mrs. Hemenway quickly saw in this system a possibility for bettering the health conditions of the children of the public schools. In 1888 she persuaded 25 school teachers to take a course under Baron Posse which she financed. This first course proved so worthwhile that she made an offer to the Boston School Board to finance the training of 100 teachers if it would allow them to teach this system in the schools. This offer was accepted and the heads of practically all Boston schools attended the course. The following year, Mrs. Hemenway financed a conference under the management of Miss Homans in Boston to which educators, ministers and physicians from all over the country, plus England and France, were invited for a discussion of the relative values of Swedish and German gymnastics and other pertinent educational matters.⁶

Out of this conference came the establishment of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics (BNSG) in 1889 with Miss Homans installed as director of the school and Baron Posse as head of gymnastics. Within the year, the school had to move to larger quarters and in 1891 it graduated its first class of 12 from its two-year course. Two years later it graduated 43 with 30 others receiving a one-year certificate. The starting yearly salaries of these graduates ranged from \$1,000 to \$1,800, excellent in those days. By 1899 the school had 20 graduates

in the field, 7 of them teaching in the leading women's colleges of the East, 4 in state normal schools, and 9 in public schools in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Georgia, Wisconsin and Colorado.⁷

From its very beginnings, with Mrs. Hemenway's influence and financial support, the school kept (besides its regular full-time staff) a corps of visiting lecturers from Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology—Josiah Royce, Harvard's famous professor of philosophy who lectured in psychology and pedagogy in 1891-92, H. P. Bowditch, the equally famous dean of the Harvard Medical School who lectured in anthropometry in 1891-92, W. M. Conant, head of Harvard's anatomy department who lectured on emergencies, and the socially prominent and wealthy Joseph Lee who was deeply interested in worthwhile educational projects, especially the playground movement.

Baron Posse remained with the school only one semester, then set up his own private school, the Posse Normal School of Gymnastics, in Boston, which was carried on by his widow after his untimely death in 1895. (One historian has incorrectly named Baron Posse as director of BNSG which may have resulted from the fact that it was difficult in the early years of the twentieth century to believe that a woman would be the director of a school and another that the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics became the Posse School of Gymnastics. Another speaks of the former as the Boston Normal School, appropriating the name that belonged then to a totally different school which prepared classroom teachers for public schools.) In January 1890, Claës Enebuske, Ph.D. of the University of Lund, Sweden, took Posse's place at the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics as head of gymnastics (not as director of the school as one historian claims). He stayed until 1898 when Carl Oscar Louis Collin, M.D., also a graduate of the University of Lund, succeeded him, after serving as Enebuske's assistant since 1891.

The curriculum of the school in its early days consisted of general anatomy, applied anatomy, physiology, histology, symptomology, anthropometry, psychology, hygiene, emergencies, pedagogy, gymnastics, and supervised teaching in the Boston schools. In 1892 it added rhythmic, Greek and esthetic dancing to the activities program. In its fifth year, it added physics, chemistry, comparative anatomy, embryology and sanitation. These new courses were taught by MIT professors William T. Sedgwick, Theodore Hough, Robert B. Bigelow and Louis Derr, all of whom later achieved fame in their lines of work.

At this same time (1893) basketball was added to the physical activity courses. By 1901, according to the school catalog, golf, boating and winter sports were added to the curriculum, but by the time I entered the school in 1908 these sports were no longer offered. However, by then, swimming, tennis, field



*Hockey class at
BNSG on way
to the playing
field (1909).*

hockey, baseball, cricket and folk dancing had been added to the activity program and the theory work was augmented by corrective and remedial gymnastics, offered under the supervision of the country's leading orthopedic surgeons residing in Boston.

No other school in the country offering professional training in physical education could match it in the wealth of sciences and related subjects in its curriculum nor in the wealth of top-notch lecturers on its staff from the country's most famous schools. By what a chance hung my fate!

I might so easily have missed having my gymnastic training under one of Sweden's finest teachers, my dancing from America's most famous dancing master, my correctives and remedial training from one of America's leading orthopedic surgeons, the countless lectures from professors and heads of departments of Harvard's Medical School and of MIT, and I would have missed having work the second year in the then finest women's gymnasium in all the land located on one of the most beautiful college campuses in all America—Wellesley College. And I might have missed Miss Homans! It is unthinkable that I might have missed any of these! So fate was kind to me and in the fall of 1908 I was headed for Boston, one of the 2 percent of those who attended high school who would go on to college (according to the U.S. Commissioner of Education, February 1907) and one of the 20 percent of those who went to college who would go on to professional training.

* * * *

Miss Poyneer knew a girl named Hester Carter who had been a student at the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics during my senior year at Coe. An Iowa girl and Grinnell College graduate, Hester had written me a warm, friendly letter of welcome to ENSG. She asked if I would room with her in a house on Rutland Square where BNSG girls away from home lived, and said that since

she would be a senior she would not have to report as early as I, but would write Miss Homans and tell her that we were to room together.

So that was settled—no worries about hunting for a place to live. I had the address carefully written down. It was near the school so Hester had said, and the school authorities had written asking what hour I expected to arrive and by what railroad. When I replied, they wrote again that I was to get off the train at Back Bay Station and walk up the flight of stairs to Huntington Avenue and there right across the street was Mechanics Hall (on the site of today's Prudential Center) where the school was located in the round turreted end nearest the station.

I hadn't traveled alone enough to know about porters and didn't see any anyway, so on arriving at Back Bay Station, I dragged my great heavy valise up the long flight of stairs leading to the street, pausing frequently to rest, and across the great wide street, dodging horses and carriages and an auto or two and picking my way carefully so not to get the long skirt of my new travelling suit soiled. Finally, completely worn out from the long struggle with that heavy bag, I got to the school entrance. There a porter relieved me of the bag and sent me at once to Miss Homans' office.

As I entered the door, my heart sank. There at the desk on the far side of this large room sat a gray-haired, imposing, immaculately groomed, stern-looking woman, and between that desk and myself was a vast expanse of highly polished waxed floor that gleamed like ice. The secretary near the door asked my name, and when I replied, gave me a startled look and said, "Miss Lee, from Iowa?" At my timid "Yes" she said, "Surely not!" as she looked me over with an expression on her face clearly bespeaking disappointment. It was most obvious that the secretary disapproved of me and that she had clearly been expecting someone altogether different. Why had I come? At least why hadn't I asked first to go to a dressing room to powder my nose and see if my hair and hat were properly arranged? In my excitement I hadn't given my looks a thought and now it was too late.

"Go on," the secretary said impatiently as I stood there in confusion. "go on to Miss Homans, she is expecting you." So that was Miss Homans waiting for me across that vast expanse of shining floor. As I advanced toward her she looked up and giving me full attention watched appraisingly every step I took. By the time I reached her desk, I was speechless with nervousness and for a moment I stood before her in silence swallowing hard to regain my composure.

"Well, well," she said, "tell me your name!" When I gave it, she showed surprise and asked me to repeat it. Then she asked me to be seated and inquired

if I had had a pleasant journey at which I replied, "It was pleasant, thank you, but very tiring."

"Tiring?" she asked, "Have you arrived tired?"

Then she launched into a lecture to the effect that no one who came to her school tired could expect to succeed because the work of the school was very strenuous and it was only for women with great stamina. At every word what little ego I had left was deflated more and more until I longed to crawl under her desk if that might get me out of the sight of her keenly appraising, piercing eyes.

"And, my dear," she said, at least a little kindly, "we will have to teach you how to walk. I do not like the way you approached my desk, mincing along." (Heavens, didn't she realize I fully expected to slip and fall down at every step I took and so was indeed not lifting a foot too much.) And then as an afterthought, she added, "We will teach you if you are permitted to stay."

"Permitted to stay?" I asked astonished. "I thought I had been accepted."

"Well, just on probation. You must pass the physical examination for one thing. Then there will be many other tests. And the way you look now, I seriously doubt if you can pass even the physical examination."

I couldn't speak for fighting back the tears that I was afraid any moment would break past the controls. That I mustn't let happen at all costs—not in her presence! She must have sensed my inner struggle, for after a moment of painful silence she relaxed a bit and said, "Well, we'll see about that tomorrow. Now about your room. Hester Carter has asked if the two of you might room together. Do you know Hester?"

At my "no," she said, "Now that I have seen you, I am sure it will not do at all. In the first place your backgrounds are too much alike. We will plan something else after the other new students have arrived."

She had her secretary call a Miss Blake at 52 Rutland Square and tell her to take care of me for the night in a room by myself and to see that I went to bed at once and to serve my dinner on a tray. And I was to meet none of the other girls but to be alone and quiet. Then she called the porter to get a carriage and to tell the driver where to take me. Dismissing me, she instructed me to return to the school the next morning for my physical examination. Feeling her stern, disapproving eyes riveted on my back, I managed somehow to get across that expanse of waxed floor without falling down, past the secretary's still disapproving glance and out to the door to the porter's kindly smile. He must have

sensed what an ordeal I had just gone through and that I needed a bit of "bucking up."

Miss Blake was expecting me and was all motherliness and kindness. She took me into a great back parlor on the main floor one flight of stairs above the street and called the maid who let down a folding bed and drew the portieres between the front and back parlors. She told me the bathroom was two flights up and that I should get to bed right away and someone would soon bring me dinner on a tray. Then both vanished for the night and although I heard voices of several different girls as they passed through the parlor, I saw not another soul except the maid who brought my tray. Fortunately, it was soon supper time. I was starved after all the emotional excitement of the past three days when I had scarcely eaten. This had been my first trip away from home alone and I was to be gone the full school year. Food never tasted so good before! After I felt sure I would see no one else for the night I indulged in a weeping spell that brought release from excitement and from the coldness of my reception that had cut deep—very deep for never in all my life before had I experienced anything like it. There was also release from that aching homesickness; and then interested in the hurdy-gurdy outside my window, for I had never heard one before, I soon drifted off to a long, long night of sound sleep to the tune of "After the Ball is Over" and I could even smile about it for to me it was "After the Bawl is Over."

Fifty-and fifty-two Rutland Square, Miss Blake's two adjoining houses, were but two of a long row of houses extending down the two sides of a street with a center narrow park, a lovely green oasis of grass and trees, its entire length guarded by a metal fence. In these two houses Miss Blake ran a boardinghouse for women students and an assortment of middle-aged and elderly Bostonians who had given up the responsibility of old family homes.

Next morning I awakened to silence in the great house. A hasty look at my watch told me I had overslept. I hastily dressed and stepped into the front parlor to find Miss Blake awaiting me. Fearful I would be late for my appointments, I was put at ease by Miss Blake who said that the others had gone. "The others" turned out to be girls who, like myself, were entering as new students and would also be living with Miss Blake.

"They are a jolly bunch," she said.

This was music to my ears and I was all eagerness to meet them. So after a late breakfast by myself, which the maid seemed not at all ruffled about, I found my way back to the school. At least I was to have pleasant housing arrangements and if the two meals were a sample, excellent food. But I had misgivings about the school.

"I shall be perfectly miserable, I know," I said to myself, "but don't ever let Father and Mother know it. Somehow I'll manage. This, after all, is what I chose to do. Now I must make the most of it."

As I entered the school about six to eight blocks away, I was met by a maid who directed me to the dressing room where I was handed a long piece of white muslin with a hole in the center for my head and ties to hold it in place at the neck. To be sure I was properly covered, I held the sides together with both hands. I saw girls flitting about from one examining booth to another and coming and going from the dressing room, all nodding and smiling at each other. It was only I who knew no one. They apparently had been introduced, but not a soul offered to speak a word to me. I stood about lonely and seemingly an outcast waiting for silent signals to come here, go there, be seated here, now go to that room. There were framed mottoes on the walls, one from Shakespeare's *King Lear* repeated several times: "Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low, An excellent thing in woman." And everyone was taking this one indeed seriously, for the girls only looked at each other and smiled with now and then a whispered word. The examiners and assistants all spoke in such low voices I could scarcely hear their instructions. In all, it was a very soft, low-voiced atmosphere but as for myself I wasn't too impressed that it was altogether excellent. I longed to shout and break the silence—wouldn't someone be bold enough to laugh out loud—but oh, no, not I. I wouldn't be the one to do it! Apparently all the others felt the same way. All were decorously ladylike. Not a soul spoke a word to me except the examiners but several times I caught one girl looking at me with friendly eyes and once she tossed me a wistful little smile. I decided I was going to like her. But heavens, wasn't anyone ever going to step up to me and say, "My name is so and so. What is yours? Where are you from?"

What is the matter with all these girls, I thought. Why am I an outcast among them? I had much to learn. These were all eastern girls—mostly New Englanders. They had all come in earlier than I and had been properly introduced to each other. No one had been introduced to me by the school authorities and as I was to learn later, they couldn't talk with me until introductions had been made. I had never met eastern girls before and was totally unprepared for them. I thought I was being shunned deliberately because after one glance they decided they didn't care to talk with me. So with a heavy heart I went about silently in my "angel robe," as I soon learned that the piece of muslin drapery was called. Never before had I ever been rejected like this!

As I went from one examiner to another I could tell that a few of them were none too pleased with their findings. In particular there was one who had me stand by a queer contraption with metal fingers pressed against the length of my

spine and my sternum and who called to another to come and look and in anatomical terms that were over my head they discussed my hips and shoulders, looking from rear and front views alternately while I stood with feet first together and then apart and with one knee bent and the other straight and then reversed. They then had me lie on a thing they called a plinth.

“Lie down on the plinth,” one said.

And I was thrown into confusion for I didn't know what a plinth was. As I stood looking about at cots and two or three high queer-looking objects one could lie on, not knowing which to approach, one said impatiently, “Here, lie down here!” with an expression on her face that plainly said, “Stupid!”

The two of them then measured my legs over and over again, recording figures and probing about with determined fingers in the deep flesh of my thighs, hunting for some exact anatomical spot they wished to measure from. Then one had me stand first on my right foot, and then the left foot on a paper that had been inked and had me repeat this several times with a freshly inked paper each time, and the two discussed these in terms that were Greek to me. One took my height, then my weight and called out the figures to a recorder in a measure I did not know—no feet, inches, or pounds—so I was completely in the dark as to their findings except that the examiner said to the recorder as she gave my weight record, “This will never do!”

I was completely in the dark as to anything anyone had discovered about me other than that everything about me seemed to be wrong. I was told to return to the dressing room and dress and report to Miss Homans. As I was the last to be examined and had been detained for repeats and consultations, all the other girls were dressed and gone when I arrived at the dressing room. So I dressed in silence and crept through the silent rooms and corridors to Miss Homans' office, all the time saying over and over, “I have failed the examination!” I steeled myself for the orders to leave. The trip across the long expanse of waxed floor was as difficult as the day before. I at last made it without incident to Miss Homans' desk and my eye at once caught a sheaf of papers which obviously contained the report of my examination. She studied them for a while after I was seated, and I sat there twisting my fingers, clasping and unclasping them in sheer nervousness until she looked up and said in her very low voice, almost inaudible unless you strained to hear it:

“A lady holds her hands quietly in her lap. Quit fidgeting!”

And then she resumed her study of the papers. After a while she looked up and turning to me, said:

“You are round-shouldered, have a forward head, a curvature of the spine, a flat right foot, a short left leg, and are entirely too much underweight. On a record like this we should not accept you.”

Then she looked me over for a few moments in silence, apparently to see how I was taking it. I was stunned! What was a spinal curvature? It must mean I was deformed and I had never known it. Had Father and Mother purposely kept knowledge of this from me? Why hadn't they told me? Deformed!! And then she added:

“But you have brought an excellent record of college work and you have a college degree in which I am very interested.”

And then she asked me what I planned to do with my life and settled back in her chair to listen to my plan. My plan? Heavens, I was too stunned over my physical examination record to know whether I had any plan or not. So I stuttered and stammered and altogether made a fool of myself, but she at last put me out of my misery by saying:

“Well, we will discuss this later, after you have had several good nights' sleep.”

Then giving me a friendly smile, she added, “I trust you did have a good rest last night.”

Grabbing at any straw of kindness, I said, “Oh, yes! Thank you! A wonderful rest!”

And she dismissed me with a gesture that I came to know so well. As I started to walk away, she added,

“One more thing, I wish to leave with you a thought for the day. You can always find imperfection when you hunt for it. Don't hunt needlessly.”

What did she mean? Over 60 years later I still wonder. Did she think I was being critical and needlessly so? I had not had a chance to tell a soul what I thought about anything. What could she mean? They had found many imperfections about me—many indeed and maybe she meant that they had hunted needlessly!

When I reached Miss Blake's, the house was as silent as a tomb, just like the school, but Miss Blake soon appeared and said she had been talking on the telephone with Miss Homans and that she was to tell me I was to go to bed for the afternoon, she would send me a tray for lunch but that I could go to the

dining room for dinner (it was dinner in Boston, not supper as back home) and I could be introduced to the girls but that immediately when dinner was over I was to go straight to bed—there was to be no chatting with anyone. I asked about the other girls and she said they had come in quite some time ahead of me, had eaten lunch at once and now all had gone for an afternoon of sightseeing. Sightseeing! Wonderful Boston right here! I was eager to see it yet I must go to bed. But I was tired anyway and even if I hadn't been I would have obeyed orders. I was determined to stay if they would let me.

At dinner I was introduced to the girls and now that formal introductions were over, they were friendly although there seemed to be some sort of impenetrable wall between them and me.

"Be patient," my little inner voice whispered. "Wait till Hester comes. She's Midwest. She will be different. We'll get acquainted right away."

One New Englander asked, "Where do you come from?"

"Iowa," I said.

"Iowa! Good heavens," she exploded. "No wonder you are tired," and another giving her a wilting glance called her name disapprovingly, "Bernice!" and she offered me no more conversation.

And as I timidly asked where they were from just to make conversation but not feeling too sure that such a question would be polite to these girls, I learned that all were, indeed, Easterners—mostly all New Englanders, but that a girl or two from the Midwest and one from the West Coast and one from the South would arrive on the next day, and after that the "old" girls would come and some of them, too, would be from the West and South. So I had been the first new girl to arrive from distant points. Now I could cheer up! Tomorrow there would be reinforcements of my kind of girls.

So they knew I had arrived dead tired! It was obvious that they knew I had orders to be in bed directly for no one suggested I join them for any evening plans, and I left the dining room ahead of them all to go straight to my big folding bed in the back parlor. But one girl ran out after me, and overtaking me at the parlor door, seized one of my hands and giving it a squeeze, said:

"We'll get acquainted some time soon," and dashed away.

It was the girl who had given me the wistful shy smiles at physical exams. And we did get acquainted soon, starting a rare friendship that enriched my life

for over 60 years. And that friendly gesture broke the brunt of my dark thoughts. Deformed! I was deformed!

The next morning I walked over to school with the other girls. Because we had been formally introduced, they now felt they could chat with me. The friendly one sought me out to walk with and our friendship got a start. I was ordered to a specialist whose offices fortunately were nearby, for as yet Boston was a great strange city and I would have been fearful to venture far alone. The specialist gave me a spine examination and when I asked timidly if I might know what he had found about my condition, he hesitated a split second and I asked fearfully:

“Then I am deformed?”

“Deformed,” he exploded, “what makes you ask that?”

“They told me yesterday that I have curvature of the spine!”

“But don’t you know what that is?”

No, I never heard of it before!” upon which he put a kindly hand on my shoulder and looking earnestly into my eyes, said:

“My dear girl, we don’t call what you have a deformity. Don’t you know that about 85 percent of all schoolchildren have a curvature of the spine?”

I didn’t know but it was joyous news that I was not really what he called deformed.

“Well, well, of course, you wouldn’t know yet. You’ll be studying all about it this year and I’ll show you some interesting cases when you come to the hospital, and some children, too, who really are deformed. I’ll bring some to show you at some of my lectures.”

“Will you be lecturing to us?” I asked in great anticipation, for here was a kindly and understanding soul.

“Yes, you’ll be seeing me often. Cheer up now. We’ll straighten you out in no time, no time at all!”

I was sent back to the school. This man turned out to be Dr. Robert Lovett, one of America’s greatest orthopedic surgeons of that day. He restored my confidence and put my physical condition into its right perspective. Why hadn’t

they told me these things yesterday instead of leaving me overnight to my dark thoughts?

* * * *

I returned to school from Dr. Lovett's office to find a summons to report at once to Miss Homans. Upon entrance to her office I paused for she was engaged in conversation with a tall girl whom I hadn't seen before, but the secretary told me to go in to her as she wished to talk with the two of us together. As I approached I became aware that the two were in argument.

"But I told you, I wish to have a single room. I do not care to have a roommate," the tall girl was saying, and I sensed the tightness in her back muscles as she sat there obviously belligerent. As I drew near, Miss Homans gave her a piercing glance, holding her eyes with hers, and said determinedly,

"You shall take a double room," and reaching a hand out toward me, "here is your roommate."

The tall girl, surprised at my sudden presence, turned and nodded at me and turned back saying: "I have never roomed with a stranger in all my life. I insist upon having a single room."

I was appalled at her courage and foolhardiness. I would never in the world have had the courage to stand up against what I had by now come to sense as Miss Homans' iron will and here was this girl boldly insisting upon having her own way. The two measured each other in silence—each with eyes unwavering. It was apparent that neither was willing to give in and I was embarrassed to be a witness to the clashing of these two bold spirits. At last Miss Homans, after all holding the trump card as director of the school, said determinedly,

"You will room with Miss Lee! You are both excused."

The new girl sat stiffly for a moment. Then she relaxed, and rising, turned toward me, saying,

"Well, we might as well go and see our room."

So she had submitted. And Miss Homans was to have the last word. She called after us:

"Always remember that every cloud has a silver lining!"

What could she mean by that? I had indeed seen that silver lining at Dr. Lovett's office, but here was another storm cloud. I had to room with a girl who

quite openly let me know she didn't want me for a roommate. So again I was plunged into gloom. It was embarrassing walking with her, knowing she didn't want me but I insisted on carrying her valise part of the way, to try to make up to her for having to have me. We walked, for she was angry and strode out of the building without inquiring about a carriage and once we were on the street she asked how far it was and when I said just a few blocks, she said we'd walk. But "no, no," she insisted, I couldn't help her. "You're too skinny to be doing such things."

So I trotted along at her side. She took long angry steps toward Miss Blake's as I half walked, half ran at her side. I tried desperately to interpret what she was saying for she was southern and if I hadn't been accustomed all my life to the talk of our Negroes back home, I wouldn't have been able to make out what she was saying at all, and at that I had never heard just this kind of accent before and I had to keep asking her to repeat what she was saying. This seemed to amuse her and she began trying me out on some southern colloquialisms, and after awhile we arrived laughing together.

Miss Blake met us with the word that Miss Homans had called and asked that we be given the sunniest room for I needed lots of sunshine so she was sending us up to "the third floor back," saying this with a smile in deference to the popular play of that name having a long run just then. The room was all southern exposure. So my roommate went on up to what actually was the fifth floor, although Bostonians called it the third. 'Twas a long, long climb up four flights of stairs from the street level. I stopped off in the back parlor where I had been sleeping to collect my things and when I arrived upstairs my roommate had opened her bag and was putting her things away. As I stepped in, she drew out a framed picture of Robert E. Lee and placed it on the mantel of the mock fireplace. Then suddenly wheeling to me she said,

"What did Miss Homans say your name is?" In her anger she had not paid attention.

"Lee," I said, "Mabel Lee."

"Spell it—that last name."

"L-E-E," I said, whereupon she ran to me and gave me a great big hug.

"A Lee!" she exclaimed. "To think I am to room with a Lee," and she backed away beaming at me. "Any relation?" nodding her head towards her idol's picture.

"I don't know. But we think there must be some tie someplace back a few

generations or so. I at least am getting the Lee premature grey hair," I replied tugging at my hair dress to expose the wide grey streak that by now was becoming quite noticeable when my hair was not dressed to cover it.

"Sure enough," she said and ran to me and hugged me again. "And I will call you 'Lee'."

And so it was that I was known to all the girls and Miss Blake only as "Lee" as though it were both my first and last names.

"And I didn't get your name either," I said.

"Mary Coleman," she said, "Mary Channing Coleman, if you please! Mary Channing Coleman from Virginia, ma'am!" and she came to a salute and held it till we burst out laughing. Then she hugged me again, and a friendship that was to run deep for the rest of our lives was off to a good start, at least from the second if not the first hurdle.

"Call me Coley," she added. And so it was from then on.

The next day the old girls arrived—that meant Hester. While Coley and I were getting acquainted the day before, other new girls from the Middle West, far West and South had arrived and with Coley were now being put through their tests. And now knowing where we all were to live, we could order our trunks sent up and get settled in earnest.

I was called to school and informed that they had decided that I could go ahead and order my gymnasium suit and to come and have my measurements taken for the school tailor. Apparently all the others had been accepted without hesitancy because they had been measured for costumes immediately at the close of their physical exams. Now I could order mine, too. It was happy news. But as I was ready to leave the maid gave me a message that Miss Homans wished to see me. My heart sank for by now I considered entrance into that office an ordeal. But I dutifully reported and was told that since school would start on Monday and I was so underweight I was to spend most of the weekend in bed and since I had my college degree I would be excused from night study hours for the first few weeks and was to go to bed immediately after dinner—I was not to remain in the parlors evenings to chat even though I was to go directly from the dinner table to my room. And I was to take a rest every afternoon after lunch. And on the free day I was not to go sightseeing but to remain quietly in my room. Always deeply conscientious about my studies, I expressed worry if I could not study at night, and Miss Homans informed me that she was excusing me from chemistry since I had had a college course in it and I could use that time to study. Did I understand? Yes, I understood. Good.

then she would herself explain all this to Miss Blake who would see that I complied in all details. Then that gesture of dismissal and as I rose from the chair, one last word:

“And don’t talk shop.”

As with her earlier admonitions, I wasn’t sure what she meant. I had never heard the expression before. These Easterners talked a new language to me. But I said:

“Oh, No! Certainly not!” and departed.

When I got to my room and reported all this to Coley, she literally blew up.

“Who do they think they are, anyway, bossing us around this way? We can’t call our souls our own! I’m not going to kowtow to them! You just wait and see!” The more she blustered, the louder she talked in her growing anger in my behalf until the door slowly opened and an impish face peered at us and, as Coley calmed down, the stranger advanced, saying in a dramatic whisper, “Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low. An excellent thing in woman.” At that, all three of us broke into laughter.

“I’m Hester Carter,” she said. “Which of you is Mabel?”

“Hester,” and I fell upon her as if she might have been one of my sisters. Hester from Iowa, my roommate to have been! I introduced her to Coley.

“Carter, did you say?” Coley asked.

“Yes, Hester Carter.”

“Why, Robert E. Lee’s mother was a Carter from Virginia. Are you related?” demanded Coley.

“I don’t know,” replied Hester. “It would be nice to think so. Shall we pretend?” she laughed. And Coley threw her arms about both of us drawing the three of us together.

“A Lee and a Carter,” she mused. “Wait until I write home to my family.”

Then Hester, with flashing eyes turned to me and asked, “How does it happen that you and I can’t room together? I was merely told you were rooming with a new girl from the South and that I am to room with a girl from Maine.”

“And Coley wanted to room alone and I was forced on her,” I said.

“Not just that way exactly,” Coley said. “I had no objections to you as you.” And with Hester’s evident displeasure to add fuel to the fire, Coley was off again—pacing up and down the room waving her arms and declaring that no one could boss her around like that. How frequently was she later to eat those words! I, not a fighter in my own behalf, decided from the very start that submissiveness was the path of wisdom to achieve the ultimate goal. But Coley was a blusterer, and Hester had a very square jaw. We three liked each other at once and Hester was rooming just below us.

“Good,” Coley said, “Now I can bluster all I want and not worry about who is in the room below.”

It was going to be difficult to accept the autocratic ways of this school—difficult for both Coley and me, as it had been for Hester a year earlier, but our reactions would be so different.

* * * *

Once school started, we discovered many more girls besides the 16 of us who lived at Miss Blake’s. Many lived in Boston or in the suburbs and came to school by trolley. There were more of us than the classrooms could care for but it was soon whispered about that because the school could accommodate but 75, by the end of the month’s probation period there would be but 74 of us left. As the days passed, first one luckless girl and then another was called to the office and following that, each with a grim look on her face, went directly to the dressing room, gathered her books and belongings and walked out without a glance back or a word to a soul and never appeared again. Then we knew the ax had fallen on one more. It created an atmosphere of terrific tension. A few of the girls, not wanting the others to guess they had been dismissed, returned from their summons and finished out the day’s work, throwing us off track by not leaving at once. Since I was called into Miss Homans’ office every day for something and yet was always back the next morning, I became the classic example of one who got sent for daily and yet never got “the final summons.”

We never knew as we left at the close of one day which girl or girls may have been told to withdraw, nor when our own “final summons” might come. It was a frightful tension to live under—particularly for me when I knew I had started out with so many counts against me. But as Coley would say when I needed cheering up:

“Cheer up, old girl. She will never in the world send you home for you have

the one thing she wants for this school more than anything else in all the world—a college degree!

And Hester would say:

“That’s right, Lee. I felt safe as could be all last year because of my degree.”

Hester was one of two in her class who had a college degree and there was only one other girl besides myself in my class who had the degree—Eleanor Cummings of Boston University. (Many years later I learned that from 1901 to 1907, 12 college graduates had enrolled in BNSG.)⁸ And so I would take renewed courage particularly so because now I had Coley and Hester to encourage me, and slowly, very slowly, I was getting acquainted with the other girls and I felt they, too, were pulling for me. But to all of them who didn’t understand about the degree, I was the one most likely to get sent home. And because of it, never did my daily summons come to report to the office but that a deep silence would fall over the entire room wherever the messenger found me and I would walk out with that awful silence following me step by step as I went to meet my doom. I grew to recognize that silence as a roomful of little secret prayers being sent up in my behalf and I was thankful for this growing friendliness toward me.

However, because I wasn’t allowed to stay downstairs at Miss Blake’s and visit after dinner or to go on any of the many expeditions with them on the Saturday free afternoon, I was slow getting acquainted. Only Coley, Hester and Eva, Hester’s roommate from Maine, and one other did I come to know in those first weeks. The other one was the girl with the wistful smile, Marian Watters, a Quaker from Philadelphia, an absolutely new type to me. She would, against orders that I was to see no one after dinner, slip up the four flights of stairs from the dining room and knock timidly and tiptoe in and sit on the foot of my bed, whispering with me in the dark for a while. She would wait after breakfast to walk to school with me and at noon would wait to walk home with me, and Coley, an expansive soul, would flag down the older girls for her companions, leaving Marian and me a chance to get acquainted.

I was caught in the middle of two groups—the young set just out of high school and the older girls who had been out teaching for a while or trying one of the few other things open to young women in those days. These had come to the conclusion that they must specialize if they were going to get on and, hearing of physical education as a new and promising field, decided to give it a try. There were several of these among them, Blanche Trilling, 10 years older than I, who later made a name for herself in the field, and Coley, 4 years older than I, who also became a recognized leader in our field.

"Here, Lee," Coley called out when our beautifully tailored suits finally arrived, "show me how you get into these darned things."

"Why, Coley, do you mean to tell me you have never worn a pair of bloomers?"

"Nope, I never have," she answered with a bit of braggadocio to cover up her feeling of inferiority about it. "Have you?"

"Why, Coley, I've been wearing them for seven years now. How did you know you wanted to specialize in physical education if you never tried it?"

"Oh!" in her great wisdom, "you can pick things up if you put your mind to it."

And so she proved it, as did Blanche and the other older ones. Then there was the group of "those kids," as the older girls called them, usually looking down their noses at these mere children 12 to 14 years their junior, girls just out of high school or with one or two years of college and no experience, while the older girls had been out of high school several years working at something—none of them with college degrees but at last aware by 1907 and 1908 that the day had come for special training of some sort. Then there was the third group, made up of Hester, Eleanor and myself, college graduates, who also had seen the light about need of specialization but wanted it following a liberal arts course and a college degree. We were the in-between group who enjoyed both sets but at different times and in different ways. The gap between the two end groups was too wide for mutual understanding. That group of us students was a queer mixture of ages, ranging from 15 to 32. We never did really know just how old one or two of the older ones might be.

As to my daily calls to the office, I was on the carpet for everything imaginable. I could never do anything correctly, it seemed, and whatever I did incorrectly was apparently relayed hastily to the head office, for within minutes I was before Miss Homans' desk to be corrected about it. Coley and Hester were always highly indignant about my latest scolding. I had been seen sitting in the gymnasium with my knees crossed; I had been seen with one sleeve of my long-sleeved gymnasium suit rolled up a bit; I had left the building one day before I had both gloves on (a lady doesn't pull on her gloves on the street); I had run through a corridor once (a lady doesn't run); I had tripped over a barstall stool in the gymnasium (why don't you watch where you are going?); I had laughed out loud in the dressing room and was heard in the corridor (would I please read slowly and out loud the motto on the door: "Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low. An excellent thing in woman.")

"How come I had laughed," I thought to myself, "how could one ever laugh

in this school?" Also, I had washed my hands at the lavatory and then, dripped drops of water on the floor (it couldn't have been but a drip or two but I was indeed guilty); I was receiving too much mail (she knew correctly the numbers of letters that had come to me that week to Rutland Square); I had sat slumped in a chair in the library. What all hadn't I done wrong? Miss Homans seemed to know every move I made all day long and seemed to like nothing I did. One day it was because I had no color in my cheeks and this seemed to be the most serious offense of all. This was it! I was to be sent home! This I feared! She told me she was very discouraged about my progress and I choked up, fighting not to cry. I thought I could not take one single more day of scoldings—I who in all of my 22 years before had scarcely ever been scolded by anyone for anything. Sensing that her attention was suddenly turned toward the big double doors leading into the office, I turned to see Dr. Collin (pronounced Ko-leeñ), our gymnastics teacher, standing there with his feet planted apart and his hands on his hips and a determined look on his face. He made no move to enter the room but just stood there looking Miss Homans straight in the eye. The encounter was brief but it seemed an eternity to me and I sensed that in some way it involved me. Miss Homans gave him her gesture of dismissal and he turned and walked away. Then turning to me, she said, "I will give you just six weeks to gain 10 pounds or go home."

"But how can I," I exclaimed. "I have always been underweight all my life. How can I gain 10 pounds in six weeks?"

She rose from her desk and motioned for me to step with her to a window and said: "Do you see that milk station sign down there? You go there and arrange to have a quart of milk delivered to the dressing room to you the first thing each school morning. Then after each class you go to the dressing room and drink a cup of milk. I will ask the maid to have a cup for you."

"But I do not like milk." I said blithely, whereupon I was fixed with an icy stare. Miss Homans looked me up and down slowly for what seemed an eternity and finally in her calm, soft voice, pausing between words for emphasis, replied, "You will drink milk or go home. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I said and turned and walked from the room as rapidly as I could without falling on the highly waxed floor. Once out of Miss Homans' sight, I started to run down the corridor but there stood Dr. Collin. He apparently had been waiting for me. Putting a friendly arm about my shoulders, he patted the tip of my far shoulder and growled into his great beard, "Now, now, now, now!" His very kindness was too much. I began to weep, and between all of his "now, now, now's," he muttered,

"I told her she was scolding you too much. What have you done wrong now?"

"My cheeks are not red and I have to drink milk!" I sobbed.

"Splendid, splendid!" he said, "that will be fine for you! And you are going to be allowed to stay?"

"Yes, if I gain 10 pounds in six weeks."

"We'll do it," he said. "We'll show her you can. Come now, dry your tears. It could be much worse." And then with a sudden pause, "Six weeks, did you say?"

"Yes, six weeks!"

"Then, take hope. Everyone else is on four weeks' probation. She is doing you a special favor."

He escorted me to the dressing-room stairs and sent me down with a last encouraging pat on the back and a happy chuckle that brought a smile even from me. So he knew of all those summons I had been having. That was the reason he was so kind to me in gym class—the girls had even started to tease me as his pet for he was always asking me to demonstrate for them. I thought nothing of that for, after all, I had had four years of gymnastic training under a teacher who had been a pupil of his—only two or three other girls in the class could match that record—so why shouldn't I be asked to demonstrate? And now I was sure that it was partly, at least, to try to make up to me for all the rough treatment in the front office, and I was grateful for his sympathetic interest.

So I ordered the milk, and after every class I left the others visiting in the few moments of relaxation between classes and dashed to the dressing room for that cup of milk. And here was one more setback in getting acquainted with the others. Those between-class periods were my big opportunity to chat with the girls who didn't live at Miss Blake's and I was just beginning to get acquainted. Now I must go off alone and drink milk. Was I never to be allowed to get acquainted either at Miss Blake's or at school? Well at least I had Coley, Hester and Marian and now Dr. Collins on whom I could count. So morning after morning I stood at the window in the dressing room as the 10:50 a.m. crack New York Central Wolverine train pulled out of Back Bay Station for Chicago—tears of homesickness and frustration watering that 10:50 a.m. cup of milk. Coley had let the girls know why I did not join them for the in-between-classes chats and they nicknamed me the "class baby."

And with the milk drinking came a let-up of summons to the office. Dr. Collin must have persuaded Miss Homans that she was overdoing it, as indeed

she was. As sensitive as I was and as unaccustomed as I was to scoldings, this treatment was almost breaking my spirit. I had come to dread the sight of her, even the walk past her office door which we all had to negotiate upon entering in the morning and again upon leaving the building at 1 p.m. for the day.

* * * *

Now that I was abandoned for the time being, Coley and the others began receiving summons, although none received them daily as had I. One day, Coley was ordered to learn to curb her temper and she paced our room that evening orating to me about all the things she was going to say the next time she got "called up on the carpet." And then when the next time would come, I would ask if she had made her little speech and she would meekly say, "No, ma'am," and then we would have a good laugh.

"I'm a great big coward, Lee, when it comes to facing that woman. She is the only person I have ever met in all my life who is too much for me!"

And then, after a pause, "Lee, the old girl is magnificent, absolutely magnificent! She makes me so mad I could die and, golly, how I admire the guts of her!"

Coley talked a bit rougher than I was used to, but her talk was most expressive. She was no one to take browbeating sitting down as was I.

"You've got to fight, Lee—stand up for yourself."

But there was no fight in me, not that kind of fight, not fight for myself. I could get righteously indignant in behalf of others but not for myself. Not that it was a pose—not that I wanted to be that way. That was just the way I was, and I had learned early in life that you should not try to be something you are not but to follow your own pattern. However, I envied Coley her ability to throw off these experiences lightly. There was a lot of the bully in Coley, too, which took my breath away. One day Miss Homans called in a very pretty girl who was wearing the very latest in hair dress—a flamboyant pompadour. We all admired her blonde beauty and style. When she reached the office, Miss Homans handed her a large hand mirror, saying, "Look at yourself."

Embarrassed, she looked and after an awkward silence, asked, "Now what?"

Miss Homans replied, "Don't you see something wrong?"

"No," replied the girl. "What is it?"

"Look again."

Again she sat in embarrassed silence viewing herself in the mirror while Miss Homan's disapproving gaze enveloped her.

"I don't know what you mean!" the girl finally cried out.

"Do you like your hair dress?"

"Yes," the girl timidly replied.

"Well, look at it again" and each time the girl would start to lower the mirror she was ordered to hold it up again and again to survey her hair dress. After two or three efforts to put the mirror down, the girl burst out sobbing, "It is awful, it is simply awful!"

"I thought you would come to realize that for yourself. Now go and find some other way to dress your hair."

As the girl came sobbing out of the office, Coley and I were passing by. Coley stopped the girl and asked what the matter was and when she sobbed out that Miss Homans didn't like her hair dress, Coley, raising her voice in her anger, called out, "What's the matter with your hair dress? I think it is lovely."

"Shush, Coley," I whispered, squeezing her arm and starting to pull her away. "She'll hear you."

"I don't care if she does," snapped Coley, even louder, and shaking herself loose from my grasp, she fairly shouted, "in fact I hope she does."

We walked out of the building, and I feared for what might happen to Coley for this seeming interference in Miss Homan's criticism of another student and fully expected her to be summoned to the office the first thing next morning. Coley expected it too and was steeled for it. But no summons! Nor none the next day, nor the next, in fact never one for that. Finally I said one night, "Coley, I've got an idea since you have never been reprimanded for that hair-dress affair that Miss Homans likes for you to have some spunk and not be afraid of her!"

"Do you know, Lee, I've just about come to the same conclusion. I think we've got something. Let's work on it!"

But I was perfectly willing to leave it to her. And she was equal to it if anyone was.

* * * *

During that probation period, almost everyone came in for a share in summons to the office. Everyone it seemed needed to be made over in some fashion. Miss Homans seemed determined to make us all over according to her New England idea of a lady. No one escaped those all-seeing eyes. One by one, girls kept dropping out until we were down to the quota allowed to remain. We were the lucky 75. But I couldn't say "we" with any assurance for I still had my sixth-week-weighing-in period. I hadn't the slightest idea whether I was gaining or not for there was no place I knew where I could get weighed except at the butcher shop and on the school scales, and now that physical examinations were over, the school scales were in a locked room and I was too timid to ask permission to use the scales. So the weeks slipped by. I knew I was gaining some and I was no longer coming home at 1 p.m. completely fatigued from the strenuous exercise classes, but Miss Homans had said "10 pounds." I realized that did not mean 9.99 pounds but all of 10. My heart sank every time I thought of the day that would end the 6-week period but I thought of it less and less for I was beginning to feel like a new person and was meticulously obeying all orders—a daily quart of milk, no sightseeing and to bed immediately after dinner.

That "early to bed," although it robbed me of a chance to get acquainted, brought its own pleasure, for Marian would sneak up faithfully two and three times a week and in the dark we would talk of her two years at Swarthmore College and my four years at Coe and our new schoolwork. She was the one girl who escaped the summons for criticisms, for although she was called, she never was scolded but instead just asked how her work was going and if she was happy. And her resentment that I was scolded constantly and relentlessly made it a bit easier to take for I admired her tremendously. No wonder Miss Homans didn't scold her. What was there to scold her about? The only two things I could think of were her sneaking up to my room after dinner and her giggling. What a giggler she was! That was a great part of the joy of being with her—her great capacity of seeing the funny side of everything and then getting the giggles about it. But apparently Miss Homans never learned about either of these faults, or if learning, didn't consider them really serious. At any rate, Marian was the one girl who escaped what all the rest of us had meted out to us to keep us constantly stirred up and unhappy, angry or amused, depending upon our temperaments.

Other evenings Coley would soon follow me upstairs, get out her banjo and quietly sing Negro spirituals or would read to me until I would fall asleep, then

she would return to the parlors to join the others. As I began to feel better and didn't require so much sleep, Coley introduced me to the Uncle Remus stories and read Dickens out loud to me of evenings. We fairly fell on each other's necks when we discovered we both loved Dickens, and rejoiced still more when we found that Miss Blake had an entire set and would gladly loan us her books. She, too, loved Dickens and we felt that she never gave us away that Coley was reading to me when I was supposed to be alone and asleep. At least I was resting. And now the tables were turned. After years of reading Dickens out loud to Mother, someone was now reading Dickens to me. We went through *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Pickwick Papers* and *Great Expectations* that winter—every word out loud together. Coley introduced me to Uncle Remus which she read so splendidly with all the correct Negro dialect.

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As the six weeks were almost up, I grew apprehensive.

"Stop worrying, Lee! Good heavens, she's forgotten all about it by now," Coley admonished me.

Maybe she had, for the milk-drinking had not been mentioned except once when I had a piece of very bad luck. One morning when I picked up the bottle to pour out my first cupful for the day, I did not notice that the bottle was cracked. As I released the cap, the bottle fell apart in my hands although I had not dropped it or struck it against anything. Milk poured over the front of my beautifully new gym suit and shoes and ran over the floor and broken glass fell to the floor. At my exclamation of surprise, the matron ran to help me and while she was still helping me wipe off my shoes and suit, the secretary stepped to the door and said that I was to come to Miss Homans' office at once—"At once, just as you are."

"But I can't go this way. I have had an accident. I must get my suit wiped off first."

"You are to go at once. That is what she wants to see you about."

So I went, distraught because of the accident and wondering how under the sun she had learned of it so swiftly. We never did figure out what the spy system was that got so much information to her so quickly, for her facts were almost always straight.

"You need not try to think up an explanation. I know you do not like it because I have ordered you to drink milk, but you do not need to break the bottle in your anger."

“But I didn’t break it. It just broke of itself,” I exclaimed.

“Then you were extremely careless. Bottles don’t just break. What kind of manners did your mother teach you at home, spilling milk all over your clothing and all over the floor?” Then, after a long silent look at my wet suit, “Go and clean yourself up and don’t ever let this happen again.” I was days getting over the humiliation of that scolding when it had been so unjustified especially her insinuation about Mother. However, in all those six weeks not a hint that she had remembered the 10-pound weight threat.

The day itself came, marking the end of that six weeks. By now it had gotten around the school that I had to go home if I did not gain 10 pounds in six weeks. That morning as we were in kinesiology class and Dr. Collin was pacing up and down the room shouting his Swedish-accented English at us (he was the only person there who dared to shout) the door quietly opened and Miss Homans in silent dignity floated in on the rustling of her silk skirts. Dr. Collin stopped his shouting instantly and all eyes followed Miss Homans. Not until she reached the center front of the room did she speak, and then only to say, “Miss Lee, you may come with me!” Not another word and she turned and slowly walked out of the room. My knees were shaking so that they would scarcely support me. Somehow I got out of my seat and followed her. Dr. Collin met me as I came down the aisle and with an arm around my shoulder walked with me to the door. He didn’t utter a word—not even a “now-now-now” into his great beard. You could have heard a pin drop in that room as I walked out in that terrible silence.

Without once looking back, Miss Homans sailed down the corridor to the room where the scales were kept. As I followed, I thought this must be somewhat the way Mary, Queen of Scots, must have felt as she was going down the corridor of the Tower of London to her execution. As I entered the room, there stood the examiner at the scales and Miss Homans in silence motioned for me to mount them. The examiner pushed the weight back and forth until the spring swung free and then with a poker face reported the record in kilograms. Fool that I was! I hadn’t foreseen that and hadn’t learned what my weight should be in kilograms if I had gained the required 10 pounds. So I was completely in the dark about my weight.

“You may return to class” were the only other words spoken and I returned not knowing my fate. As I entered, every eye was riveted on me. Dr. Collin rushed to me and in a low voice asked, “How is it?”

“I don’t know”, I said, and went on heavily to my seat.

His face flushed. I felt that he was angry. Then the door opened and again

Miss Homans entered. This time she asked if she might have the attention of the class for a few moments. Then speaking in a voice so low we had to strain to hear her, she said that no doubt they had all known that I had been told that I could not remain in school unless I gained 10 pounds in six weeks and she wished to report that I had gained not just 10 pounds but 12 and that she wanted to commend me for obeying all orders so carefully and for being so amenable to advice. She said she wished to congratulate me and to suggest that all the rest comport themselves as well. Then, without a glance in my direction, she left—again in silence. The minute she disappeared, I buried my head in my arms on my desk and burst into tears. Not until that moment had I realized what suspense I had been living under all those six weeks. Coley, Marian and Dr. Collin ran to me and fortunately the bell rang just then and class was dismissed.

“I knew you could do it,” Dr. Collin shouted and patted me on the back.

Fortunately, it was the last period of the morning and I was free to go home. Now I could settle down and live a normal life. I had won the first round, thanks to Miss Homans, who had beaten me into victory! The next day being Saturday, I set out for my first look at Boston and went to Vantines, a wonderful Japanese import shop near the Commons on Bolyston Street and purchased a pretty silver chain with an amethyst pendant with the money I had eamed teaching the year before—the first money I had earned myself. As related earlier, the money Father wanted me to use to buy some one thing that I could keep all my life as a cherished souvenir. I wore it proudly for years. It meant so very many things to me—my own first gym teacher—my first pay job—my Father and Mother who were willing to let me try what I wished to try even against their own good judgment—my struggle to get accepted by Miss Homans—all these are represented by that lovely amethyst pendant on the silver chain, the links of which stand for all the wonderful years since. Now Miss Homans could chalk up one more college degree on her student enrollment lists.

* * * *

When I had finished the first real physical examination I had ever had in my life and learned what a miserable specimen of humanity I was posture-wise I was shocked into a great desire to do something about it. Once I had gained a little weight, I found I could stand up straight with less effort and was not so completely exhausted after each hour of gymnastics, dancing and sports. Of course the exercises themselves had begun to build strength and endurance, too. So when I no longer had to go to the dressing room after each class for a glass of milk, Dr. Collin suggested instead that I meet him in the correctives room for a few minutes of corrective exercises a couple of times each morning. We started

on special exercises to correct round shoulders, flat chest and forward head, then on exercises for a right dorsal, left lumbar curve and a weak right foot. Now I discovered why Mother and I had had so many unpleasant moments together throughout my childhood and young girlhood days over putting hems in skirts for me. In fact, being the family meek and obedient child, this standing-up-straight and not-standing-up straight business in sewing seasons was the one cause of practically all the scoldings I ever received at home. Now I was told that I had one leg shorter than the other—the left short leg had been carrying most of my weight while I unconsciously bent the right knee to let that right hip sag to a level with the left hip in order to “feel” that I was standing straight. This discrepancy in leg lengths had resulted in a right dorsal left lumbar curve in my spine. In order to brace it the better to carry the load, I had subconsciously turned in the left foot a bit to a pigeon-toed position and thereby had developed a strong left arch, leaving the right one to sag in a still further effort to lower the right hip. So Dr. Collin sent me to a cobbler who catered to orders from orthopedic surgeons and he put a Thomas heel (named after the surgeon who devised it) on each of my right street and gym shoes. Higher on the inside and reaching over the arch, this heel held up my right arch and threw my weight to the outer edge.

Dr. Collin was also helping me with all manner of highly specialized exercises to build muscular strength to do the work properly by muscles alone, as nature intended. How I ever got through college with such poor posture and at the same time did so much in gymnastics and sports puzzled him. But with my underweight and fatigue difficulties responding nicely now to treatment, he felt we could soon remedy the other difficulties. And he worked first of all on stretching tight pectorals and strengthening rhomboid and trapezius muscles.

The first time I sat down on a stall bar bench with my fingers clasped behind my head and elbows out at sides and Dr. Collin stood back of me with a knee braced against my upper spine and swinging his great strong hands around in front of my arms grasping me by the elbows began pulling my arms back with his knee serving as a fulcrum, I cried out in pain, but we kept at it day by day until after a while it no longer was painful. Then he would have me hang from the Swedish boom while he, with his great strength, would place his hand in the center of my upper spine and pushing me upward and outward would swing me off my feet and hold me suspended with my own body weight stretching the pectorals. Gradually the too-short muscles got stretched, the too flabby muscles got strengthened, and my weak foot, forward head, flat chest, round shoulders and sagging abdomen all swung into proper alignment and I was dismissed from my special private correction work and could take my place with the other girls as a somewhat decent physical specimen of humanity. And I felt and looked like a different person. In fact, my family scarcely knew me when I returned

home the following June. And that going over by Dr. Collin giving me his daily personal attention for several weeks has sustained me all the rest of my life.

As for that double curve in my spine, the good doctor said the uneven lengths of my legs mitigated against overcoming that and since I had unconsciously compensated for it by standing with my right knee bent, for me just to keep that up, and to put full attention to keeping those muscles strong, keeping good chest and shoulder and abdominal position—items I could control by will power and exercise. It would have been so easy for Dr. Collin to have ignored my difficulties and left me to my fate. I have always felt deep gratitude to him and later on I tried to repay him by taking the same personal interest in my pupils.

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Now for the first time in my life, I was living in a world where talk of health and hygiene filled the air. I discovered height-weight charts and for the first time learned that there should be a certain relationship between the two sets of figures.

Here in Boston, one of only a few Westerners, I was no longer one of the taller girls in my class. Now when we lined up according to height for the start of gym class, there were several girls taller than I standing at the head of the class, all Easterners.

To my great surprise, I now learned that women who keep themselves in good health had no more occasion to be ill during the menstrual periods than when digesting their food. Therefore, there was no such thing at BNSG as routine absence from any class, theory or practice, for such a reason—a radical position for any school to take at the turn of the century. This was contrary to everything my age group had been led to believe in regard to this functional periodicity, yet it was in accord with what I had throughout college years come to believe but kept secretly to myself in face of the question: “Who am I to challenge the medics?”

At the time, I knew nothing of Clelia Mosher and her research into this subject, but apparently Miss Homans and her advisers did and were accepting her dictum as their guide. But no one ever mentioned Dr. Mosher and her research work to us. We were merely told that we could not take time off or “sit out” gymnastics or other activities classes, except for serious illness which was to be reported to the office at once. There was constantly ever-present in the minds of all of us a subtle sort of propaganda that students at the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics were to keep themselves in good health at all times. It took courage or sheer foolhardiness for anyone ever to admit that she did not

feel well. Positive thinking for good health we soon came to accept as ordinary routine.

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At the turn of the century gymnastics were looked upon as the "meat and potatoes" of any physical education program. Miss Poyneer at Coe had given me good training in Swedish gymnastics and this was one activity in which I excelled. After my bachelor's degree, this skill was, I am sure, the next most important of my qualifications that led Miss Homans to give me special probation consideration.

In our gymnastics work we were taught pure Swedish gymnastics. BNSG was the first training school in America to specialize in it. Vaguely we heard of German gymnastics but our teachers never mentioned or discussed this system. By the grapevine we learned that the girls at the Sargent School in Cambridge were taught the German system. Gradually we learned, also by the grapevine, that, horror of horrors, the German form of gymnastics was done to music and was not precise as the Swedish form, and it employed pieces of apparatus quite different from ours. There was always the implication that what "we" did at the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics was far superior to what "they" did at the Sargent School. For many years preceding my entrance to BNSG, a battle had been raging in education circles over the relative merits of the Swedish and German forms of gymnastics and into the first decade of the twentieth century it still raged, but, safely shut away from the rest of the world in Mechanics Hall in Boston, we knew nothing of this battle. No teacher ever mentioned it to us. So we learned Swedish gymnastics and Swedish only and it was so well taught and so interestingly presented and did such wonders for all of us that our allegiance was 100 percent on the side of the Swedish, even if a blind allegiance. In later years as I now and then encountered the German form and saw it demonstrated and studied about its merits and became acquainted with the arguments presented for and against both forms, I was again thankful that I had stumbled into a school with its strict adherence to the Swedish gymnastics which, with its strongly corrective and remedial accent, was exactly what I personally needed just then above all other forms of exercise. No amount of dancing or sports or German gymnastics could have given me the heavy dose of physical correction I so badly needed.

Also, our school was in a favored position in the Boston area since the Boston public schools system, through Mrs. Hemenway's philanthropy, had earlier adopted the Swedish system as the form to be used in all of its schools. This opened the public school doors wide to the senior students of our school who did their practice teaching there.

If the gymnastic exercises and marching were a deep satisfaction to me, the

apparatus work was ever more so for this was one physical skill in which I could excel. Why I was so good at gymnastic apparatus work and such a dud at sports I never have been able to figure out, nor has anyone ever given me a satisfactory answer. In later years, certain of my friends among the psychologists would only say, "Just as I told you—no transference of training!" But if I could achieve coordination and timing necessary to do apparatus work excellently why could I not acquire necessary skills in coordination and timing for sports? If I could master one type of skill, why not the other?

Later day educators claimed that this apparatus work in gymnastics classes was an unnatural form of exercise. Unnatural! Nonsense! This was just a continuation of my beloved childhood activities of vaulting fences, swinging on grapevine swings, climbing trees and snaking in and out of fence rail openings. In my gymnastics classes I was learning to do these things in a different form.

To me, dancing classes were not as interesting as gymnastics but nevertheless I did enjoy them as long as I could keep in the back row, and that was easy because I was one of the taller girls who were expected to stand at the rear. I was too self-conscious to let go and enjoy the work completely. I had also had esthetic dancing under Miss Poyneer at Coe, who had been a pupil of our BNSG teacher, but lessons from the master himself were something different. I loved the leaping, the hopping, leg swinging and pirouetting but not the ballet techniques in the five positions, and when it came to trying to be graceful, I was a dead loss to the class.

One of Dr. Collin's gymnastic assistants taught us folk dancing but it was not until years later that I learned that BNSG was one of the first, if not the first, professional school in the country to offer this activity. It started there in 1890. Seven years later Hull House in Chicago was offering it in mixed groups to various ethnic groups to keep alive the old world customs, and the University of Nebraska had taken it up by 1898 from a teacher who had spent a few weeks in Europe and learned dances there. The University of Chicago's Dewey Elementary school offered folk dancing in 1900, New York City public schools by 1907,⁹ and as I was preparing to enter the profession it was slowly becoming accepted as a part of education.

As soon as Miss Homans became aware of the game of basketball through one of the men students in the fall of 1893, she sent him to Springfield to confer with Dr. Gulick to get the latest information about the game as a possibility for girls.¹⁰ This is surprising in light of the fact that Senda Berenson, who had modified Naismith's rules for the use of girls, was one of Miss Homans' own students and had been promoting the game at Smith College for over a year by then. Could it be that Miss Homans had been caught napping, which seems

unlikely as, in practically everything else, she was ahead of her time, or was it that her interest in the new game had not been particularly aroused until this young man came to BNSG with enthusiasm for the game? In light of this, did the girls at BNSG first play the game by Naismith's rules or by Berenson's? At any rate, by the fall of 1908 (possibly several years earlier) BNSG was playing only the Berenson rules.

To my great dismay I soon discovered that in spite of my love of sports and my seven years of basketball and three years of field hockey, I was, compared to these Eastern girls, a sorry dub at performance. Because of lack of skills in sports activities it has always remained a mystery to me as well as to my family and friends that I chose to take up the teaching of physical education for my life's career. But we didn't take into account the fact that there is much to physical education besides being highly skilled in sports and it was this other area that drew and held me in this work. For one thing I could always as a teacher sympathize with the poor performers and knowing what I always went through to acquire even mediocre skills in anything, I had great patience with the dubs who, as I early came to see, were my greatest responsibility.

During sports classes I secretly gulped down my disappointment especially a not being chosen to play hockey, and meekly marched over with the other castoffs to the cricket grounds and learned to play this, to me, new game. But my heart wasn't in it and I would keep looking over towards the hockey field longing to be there until the cricket instructor would call me to attention. I never could stir up any enthusiasm for cricket but it may have been because it was associated in my mind with rejection on the hockey field. Nevertheless field hockey always remained my first love of all team sports. Perhaps that day some four years later when I accidentally hit a cricket ball far out to sea from the deck of the *SS Carpathia* in an impromptu cricket match for which I had been drafted, I was merely getting the last of all that hidden resentment out of my system. After two or three other cricket balls had found berth in Davy Crockett's Locker in earlier games of that ocean voyage, this was the last ball available as the pursuer announced in a loud voice as he tossed it out for play. Knowing this full well, I gave that ball a resounding smack with only the best of intentions in the world and with poor aim at the wicket sent it to my dismay sailing into the sea, thus putting a stop to the game of cricket for the remainder of that Atlantic crossing.

As to swimming, I was disgusted with myself to discover that I was fearful of deep water, and the instructor was even more disgusted. Because of my fear, he was very impatient and discourteous to me so that the learning situation was most difficult. He would strap me into a great harness contraption that was attached to a pulley connected to a track that ran overhead down the entire length of the pool, and as I would swim he would walk alongside, holding taut

the rope that held me up. Whenever he would slacken his grip on the rope I would sink deeper into the water and then would panic. He had nothing but contempt for my fear and did not one thing to help me overcome it. I learned much from him about what kind of teacher not to be.

Coley feared nothing, not even deep water, and she was furious with him because of his surly treatment of me and at times begged him to let her take over control of the harness. In those brief moments I learned all I ever learned in that class for I trusted her and relaxed and conquered the breaststroke enough to pass the course. That was the final test of the classwork—to be able to do the breaststroke in good form the full length of the pool. Since the requirement said nothing about being able to do it without the harness, Coley browbeat the instructor to admitting that I did satisfy the letter of the law and so begrudgingly he gave me a passing grade. I finished the class in early June still terrified of deep water. The instructor's constant threats to let go of the harness or to push me into the deep water from the sides kept me in a constant panic that every night before swimming class I called out in my sleep, "I was drowning." My swimming lessons were a great worry to me. I must admit that the instructor did force me to learn to do the breaststroke in good form. That skill has never left me but no other stroke, not even how to float, did he even offer to teach me—not in two hours a week for several weeks of work. He was the one inadequate teacher in the entire school.

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It was not all physical activity at our school. Far from it! Our theory courses claimed much of our time. Although our school had what was considered an excellent library for those days, few of the books were in the field of physical education because very few such books were published as yet. A scanning of publishers' catalogs of the period and of their advertisements carried in the professional magazines show the dearth of publications available. As I think back on it, it seems impossible that the profession was functioning at all on such meagre published help from its leaders. As yet, there was absolutely nothing available from the pens of the current leaders other than occasional brief articles in the few periodicals then available. The first books by W. G. Anderson and Dudley Sargent were as yet unwritten. Luther Halsey Gulick's first two books, *Physical Education* and *The Efficient Life*, were just off press before I went to BNSG and while I was there, R. Tait McKenzie's *Exercises in Education and Medicine* and Clark Hetherington's *Normal Course in Play* became available. However, we were so immersed in the study of the allied sciences that we had little time for books or magazines in our own field.

Each of us owned a green flannel bag in which we carried our books. It had a stout black drawstring at the top and, because practically every Harvard

University fellow carried one, was called a Harvard Bag. By the time we had our required textbooks stuffed into them there was room for nothing else and by the time we had given our textbooks their necessary attention there was also time left for nothing else.

Our required textbooks were: Gray's *Anatomy*, Howell's *Physiology*, Lovett's *Lateral Curvature of the Spine and Round Shoulders*, Hough and Sedgwick's *The Human Mechanism*, a physics text long since forgotten, Enebuske's *Day's Order*, and Ethel Perrin's *Rhythmical Activities*. Of these, the first two took up most of our attention. They were great thick books and very expensive as costs went then, around \$6 as I recall. (Gray's *Anatomy*, now in its 29th revised edition and over 100 years old, cost \$28.50 in the mid 1970s.) We had a triple dose of anatomy the first year, first in our anatomy class itself, then in Dr. Collin's applied anatomy class, followed by Dr. Lovett's highly specialized anatomical studies.

In 1900 the new and controversial University of Chicago had stirred up a terrific public hornet's nest by offering human anatomy to students other than candidates for medical degrees and even going as far as to permit these classes to be coeducational.¹¹ Many people felt that women had no business studying anatomy and of all things not in classes with men. But the University of Chicago stood firm, the uproar died down, and one more educational door was open to women. And so here was I at BNSG studying from the same textbooks used in Harvard Medical School. Besides this, we had an additional course two hours per week in symptomology given by a local woman physician who in lieu of a textbook gave us a heavy dose of assigned readings from the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, thus introducing us to study from a professional periodical that predated acquaintance even with our own professional magazines.

Most of us worried constantly over our anatomy lessons. We had to get them letter perfect for the applied anatomy course which Dr. Collin taught. He fired questions at us unmercifully and expected us to tell him instantly the names of the bones and major muscles involved in any given movement of the body parts and which muscles were antagonistic to the movement, which steadying, and so on. And he would be deeply disappointed in us when we didn't know, never scolding, never sarcastic, but with a look of deep regret written over his expressive face. When we did know, how he would beam at us and shout encouragement, not just smiling but throwing back his great head and laughing in glee at a good performance. There was never a dull moment in Dr. Collin's classes. He kept us on our mental toes every moment and there was always much laughter over successes and much deep sighing over errors. Because he seemed so hurt when we didn't have correct answers to his questions, we

studied even harder to please him. In fact, we talked bones and muscles for after-dinner and between class chit-chats and quizzed each other interminably. We even nicknamed our two Cora's, one Coracoid and the other Coranoid, in keeping with our constant obsession with anatomy study. Never did I have a teacher who motivated to such hard and serious work.

In those days we had no courses in methods of teaching anything but gymnastics which was at that time considered the *pièce de résistance* of any professional training course as far as activities were concerned. Courses in physiology of exercise, in principles and philosophy of physical education, or in organization and administration were as yet not in the curriculum. Hence, our efforts were concentrated on the study of the sciences fundamental to our work. And as I look back on it, I realize how lucky we were at that. These other subjects, except for physiology of exercise, we all picked up adequately enough on our own on the job. We who were interested, picked up physiology of exercise, too, on our own, as soon as adequate books on the subject were available, but teacher guidance and interpretation would have meant much. Also, there were no courses on research in physical education or curriculum planning. All such courses were as yet undreamed of.

Do not think for a moment, though, that we didn't have methods and principles and philosophy even if we didn't have courses labeled as such. We had methods of a sort by watching our teachers' methods closely and discussing these among ourselves, and, to settle arguments, by asking now and then why they did things thus and thus. Also our teachers by their examples imparted to us principles and philosophy. Sunday mornings, we girls at Miss Blake's would get into discussions about principles and philosophy (although we didn't use those terms), using what had happened that week in our classes as examples and sometimes we would argue and discuss with each other about these all morning long until it was too late to go to church. And we kept it up into our second year so that at the end of the two years, we all had developed very clear-cut ideas of where we stood on all manner of topics related to physical education and had developed these ideas on our own without faculty aid or class assignment. When I went out to teach, it was a great source of strength to have developed these strong convictions and beliefs about my profession and its relation to education in general and to the pupils who would come under my care. Yes, we had a wonderful course in principles and philosophy of physical education, informal and irregular as it was, such a course as later became the cornerstone of the formal courses I was to teach under that title—but our course was never entered in any school catalog or class records.

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The Saturday morning work at the Boston Children's Hospital was deeply enthralling. The cases turned over to me to work on during the year were three 13-year-old girls, one with a total postural curve, one with a left lumbar structural curve, and one with a right dorsal-left lumbar structural curve; a 12-year-old girl with a round hollow back; a 10-year-old girl with torticollis; a 9-year-old boy with spastic paralysis; an 8-year-old girl with a right dorso-lumbar structural curve from infantile paralysis and a 5-year-old boy, horribly deformed with a triple curve, a congenital scoliosis case. This last was a lively boy, full of mischief who loved to fool with all the apparatus at the clinic when we student-teachers and the supervisor weren't looking. I'll never forget one morning when I was busy with another child and this little boy, suspended from the Sayre head sling, managed to get hold of the ropes and pull himself up to the ceiling where the apparatus stuck. Unable to lower himself, there he hung in the neck harness, dangling from the ceiling, kicking and grunting to get attention. It took a couple of men with emergency ladders to extricate him. After that I never turned my back on him again. He loved to sneak hair pins out of my hair, causing it to come tumbling down about my shoulders when I would lean over. This caused so much merriment among the other children that I always pretended I was unaware of his trick so not to rob them of that little fun in their drab lives.

We learned to use the rocker, the roller, the Bracket chair, the Sayre head sling, the Adams Machine and the stretcher on the children. I suppose those machines have long ago given way to other apparatus in the treatment of deformities.

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One course that we had (the history of physical education) I have puzzled over through the years because of its inadequacies and thus have used it as a horrible example of what a course in the history of physical education should not be. The course dealt primarily with physical education of the ancient world with a brief discussion of Jahn of Germany, Ling of Sweden and a few others of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries in Europe and dropped us without the slightest tie-up with the modern world or one word of the history of physical education in America. Not until several years later when current workers began research in the field did I have any idea of the beginnings of physical education in America. I had been teaching 10 years before Fred Leonard, the profession's first recognized historian, published the first book on the subject.¹² After that awakening, as time permitted I did much research into our profession's history. But in my student days, we heard nothing of the work in America of Leiber, Beck and Fallen of the early 1800s or of Catharine Beecher, Dio Lewis and the German Turners of the later nineteenth century. Surely our teachers knew of the work of Hitchcock at Amherst, Sargent at Harvard, Anderson at Yale, Hartwell

in Boston and Gulick in the YMCAs—these last were contemporaries of our teachers and since 1870, had been building our profession in America.

Why weren't we told of those leaders or about the 1889 Conference of Physical Education—the wonder of its day in the way of educational conferences—the very conference that Miss Homans herself had managed for Mrs. Hemenway, who financed it. (Although we weren't told about this conference, we were commanded to purchase a copy of the book giving full proceedings of the event but no one ever checked if we had read it. My copy proved valuable to me in later years and in the end became a veritable collector's item. I never regretted that purchase.) Why weren't we told of our professional organization, then 23 years old? Not a word! Our education was not related in any way to the current professional day. We were never made to feel that we were about to become part of a living, active profession. Only recently, having co-authored a history of physical education¹³ and having lived for months in the recesses of libraries, digging out the original material for myself, have I come to realize what a wealth of rich and interesting material was available even when I was a student.

As to women in our profession, there were Senda Berenson and Baroness Rose Possé at work in Massachusetts when I was a student for two years in the Boston area yet we were never told anything about them. It would have been so easy to have arranged for us all to see them and some of the leading men and to hear them speak and, firsthand, to sense their personalities. This omission in regard to Senda Berenson is the most surprising since, as I later learned, she was one of Miss Homans' own pupils of the early years of the school and a favorite whom she sent to revitalize the department of physical education at Smith College not far away. At the time I was in BNSG, Miss Berenson was serving as the first chairman of the National Basketball Committee for Women, but her name in the basketball rules book was never brought to our attention.

Of men leaders of the profession, there were several at work in the Boston area or at least visiting Boston frequently. By the time in later years when, on my own investigation, I learned of these leaders and what they meant to our profession, it was too late for me ever to see or meet any of them. Luther Halsey Gulick, whose name bears the award which I later received from the American Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation for distinguished service to the profession, did not die until 1918. If only I could have met him or at least seen him! Edward Hitchcock at Amherst did not die until 1911, Edward Hartwell in Boston in 1922, and Dudley A. Sargent at Cambridge in 1924. Yet I never met or even saw any of them.

Although at that very time Jessie Bancroft and Elizabeth Burchenal were at work in Brooklyn and New York City, and Delphine Hanna at Oberlin

College—all these women even then of recognized ability and leadership in our field—all too far from us to expect to see them in person, not one of them was ever mentioned to us. Not until I discovered them for myself in later years did I learn of their importance, and only two of them, Jessie Bancroft and Elizabeth Burchenal, did I ever have the privilege of meeting or even seeing—the first but briefly in the 1940s and the latter becoming a close and dear friend for many years of professional work together.

Chapter VII

A Velvet Purse of a Sow's Ear

Work at the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics was aimed at just one thing—to prepare teachers of physical education—and it was intensely serious. There were no extracurricular activities, no social life. Every waking moment, five and a half days per week, frequently six full days, was taken up with classwork—lectures, laboratory work and physical activity, with one period each morning for study in the library. Since we had several activity classes during the day and all classes were in the one building, we changed to our gymnasium suits immediately upon arrival at the school in the morning and did not change back to street dress until the end of the morning session.

The north end of the huge building had been made into quarters for our school in 1897, following a seven-year tenure in the Paine Memorial Building on Appleton Street. The large gymnasium itself was well-equipped with all the finest Swedish gymnastic and corrective apparatus, and there was an unusually fine library for its day with everything available at the time on physical education and allied sciences. There were science laboratories, recitation rooms, locker and dressing rooms and showers, a rest room (the first I had ever heard of in connection with a gymnasium), and a corrective exercise room (another first for me), and several small offices for staff besides the great imposing tower room with its vast expanse of highly waxed floor which was the office of the head of the school.

At first we wore whatever gymnasium suits we had brought with us until the tailor would have our new ones ready and those few who had no old gymnasium suit drilled as best they could in their street clothes—still (that fall of 1908) long

skirts just clearing the floor. The regulation gymnasium suit was made of five yards of men's black serge suiting, the bloomers with 10 deep pleats in front and 10 in back with the fullness caught at the knee by an elastic band and the surplus length falling down in a loop to the mid-calf. The blouse of the same material had a small sailor collar and long sleeves. At the neck under the blouse was worn a white stiffly starched pique dickey which I had already become acquainted with in college. Several of these dickies were supplied with each suit, enough to last a full week so that we needed never be guilty of wearing one that was soiled or even wilted. The costume was tailor-made and cost, as I recall, \$16, quite a sum as money went in those days. That price caused some little grumbling in the far recesses of the dressing room where one girl with a friend over in Cambridge at the Sargent School of Physical Education (which I now learned of for the first time) whispered that the regulation uniform over there (described in their catalog of the period as a shirt waist and "divided skirt of black serge" or "trousers") cost only \$7.50 but it was not tailored to each girl's measurements and did not carry the label of one of Boston's most exclusive tailoring establishments. Only the best would Miss Homans accept for us. And I well recall that this suit of mine, made of the finest of men's serge suiting and so meticulously tailored, lasted for many years of teaching and made the homemade outfit which I had worn two years in high school and four years in college look sad indeed. Also the tuition at Sargent School was only \$150 per year but ours was \$175. That also caused some little grumbling, too, which I felt was uncalled for. Although I was having many unhappy moments at our school, I was coming to see that its high standards and excellence in so many ways transcended my own personal emotional discomforts, and I was acquiring a loyalty of sorts that frowned on whispered disparaging remarks made to the group in general. My displeasures were only for Coley's and Hester's ears.

The costume regulation extended even to the type of cotton knit knee-length union suit we wore, the special type of heavy-ribbed black cotton hose and the special hose supporter which fastened around the waist with a very wide belt from which dangled the long elastic bands reaching to the hose tops (garters were prohibited as unhygienic). These items we purchased at Filene's big store, asking for the special items carried there especially for our school, and we were instructed to have several sets of each on hand to last a week with daily fresh supplies. Our lockers were inspected at irregular intervals and woe to any girl whose fresh supply of any of these items seemed inadequate for the remainder of the week. Our gymnasium shoes had to be purchased at Boston's most exclusive shoe shop since only it carried the particular brand and style approved by the school (most probably Dr. Lovett's advice to Miss Homans in interest of foot health).

Those who wore their hair "up" soon learned to remove combs, rats and hairpins when dressing for gym and to anchor their hair firmly in braids or in

some simple hair style that couldn't possibly come loose during the most arduous jumping, leaping and vaulting. A hairpin or comb falling out of one's hair or hair coming into disarray during an exercise period was sufficient cause for an immediate summons to the front office and a scolding for one's careless appearance. My fine silky hair, straight as a poker, the type that held hair pins none too well, was a great source of worry to me.

Since we always left every exercise class dripping with perspiration from the strenuous exercising and the heavy woolen suit, we took a shower immediately, then got into fresh union suits and back into the gymnasium suit ready for the next class. We were allowed three minutes for this bath and change of clothing and since being late to a class was a cardinal sin, everyone managed to make the three minutes do the trick. But not one moment could be spared for a word to a soul. It was stern, serious business every second.

We were informed of no rules, which was a worry, not knowing when one would be breaking some unknown rule. There was a sense of autocracy about the whole place which made Coley, Hester and me, in particular, uncomfortable. It just didn't square up with Hester's and my middle western sense of freedom and apparently not with Coley's southern sense either. Winston Churchill once said that democracy is "the occasional necessity of deferring to the opinions of other people." We knew nothing then of Churchill but we sensed this occasional necessity only too well and bowed to it. But Coley was an objector to all authority of the stiff, formal Bostonian kind. To her, the word "Yankee" didn't include all northerners, just the New Englanders, and to her the word "Yankee" was a compound word, "Damn-Yankee." I was always trying to keep her quiet on that, but with little luck. She revelled in shocking me, and would probably have shouted around less about it if I had left her alone. Coley wanted no rules. Hester and I wanted rules but we wanted them known from the very start.

From 9 a.m. to 1 p.m., we first-year girls (now a group of 37 added to 38 seniors to make the 75 accepted for the year) spent Monday through Friday at Mechanics Hall dressed in gymnasium attire where we had anatomy three hours per week; hygiene, emergencies and sanitation, two hours; applied anatomy, two hours; theory of correctives, two hours; history of physical education, one hour; Swedish gymnastics, five hours; dancing, three hours; and games, two hours. The last class let out in time for us Rutland Square girls to be showered, dressed and back at Miss Blake's sharp at 1 o'clock for lunch if we hurried, and hurry we did. There was no fooling around for a moment at our school. Then in the afternoon we reported several blocks away to Massachusetts Institute of Technology where we had chemistry every day at 2 p.m. and physics at 2:50 p.m. Then if it was fall or spring, we rushed back frantically to Mechanics Hall to pick up our sports equipment and, on days when we were to play basketball,

also to don suits under street clothes in time to join the seniors and catch the 4 o'clock train to Riverside for our outdoor sports classes three days a week. The alternate two days we caught a trolley to Brookline Municipal Indoor Swimming Pool where we were put to work to learn the breaststroke, the school swimming requirement. (More grumbling by the grumblers, for the Sargent School had a pool in its own building.) Then back home in time for a tub bath at Rutland Square, usually the third of the day, and dressed for the 6:30 dinner hour. After dinner, it took most of the weeknight evenings to study for the next day's classes.

As soon as we were well settled into our schoolwork we were informed of the many unusual opportunities in Boston to visit institutions related to our professional interests and were given broad hints that it would be advisable to use many of our Saturday afternoons for this professional sightseeing. Some of the younger girls were irked by this but we older ones went at this assignment with a right goodwill. Everything was grist for our mill, and there was at the time not another city in all of America that offered such a wealth of educational advantages related to our field of work.

The first college swimming pool in America had been built at Harvard in 1880 and the first YWCA gymnasium in Boston in 1884. The first city to establish a bona fide department of physical education in its public schools was Boston (1891) and the first municipal golf course in the United States was laid out in Boston in 1895. The first formal meeting in the United States of people interested in starting the camping movement was in Boston in 1903 but it was still in early talking stages five years later and did not actually get underway until 1910. But the playground movement first sparked by Bostonians was well on its way. As early as 1872, Brookline, a Boston suburb, became the first town in America to vote use of public funds for children's play facilities. In 1886 Boston itself established sand gardens for children and within three years there were 21 such play areas scattered about the city.² From these developed today's tremendous system of playgrounds all over America. As the leader in this movement, Boston had the finest playgrounds in the country with Chicago pushing as a close second, the latter having been the first city in America to establish a public parks department in 1876.

In this first decade of the twentieth century, Luther Gulick founded the Playground Association of America and gave up his position as head of physical education for the public schools of Greater New York to work full-time under the Russell Sage Foundation to promote the work of this organization. The Association was but two years old when I first discovered Boston, and Luther Gulick was president of the group with his friend, President Roosevelt, serving as honorary president. With the president of Harvard University an ardent supporter of the new organization, it was off to an

excellent start, and we were seeing in Boston the best America had to offer in this line.

The very year I entered BNSG, the Duchess of Marlborough (America's Consuelo Vanderbilt) had been the guest speaker at a dinner given in New York City in honor of Mrs. Humphrey Ward who had been instrumental in the establishment of playgrounds in England, and at this dinner Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago, Luther Halsey Gulick, and Jacob Riis of New York City who had recently founded the Big Brother Movement were also speakers.³ In this same year, Woods Hutchinson, a noted medic of that day, declared: "Better a playground without a school than a school without a playground."⁴ And no one was in greater demand to supervise these playgrounds and conduct the activities than the persons trained in physical education. So we were sent all over Boston to visit its network of playgrounds, such as was known to no other city in America.

With the coming of cold weather and the closing of the playgrounds and the Riverside athletic fields, we were sufficiently prepared in our school laboratory work in corrective gymnastics that for the rest of the year our Saturday mornings were spent at the Out-Patient Department of the Children's Hospital, then located on Massachusetts Avenue, near Symphony Hall, not far from Rutland Square. There we worked with our own special patients under the direction of Dr. Lovett.

Since most of our courses were full-year courses, our schedules were the same both semesters, except that we later substituted kinesiology for applied anatomy, and histology for hygiene and emergencies.

By the standard of schedules at the general run of colleges, this was terrifically heavy, but no one complained. Accept it and get to work or leave the school. Also leave if, having accepted it and in spite of working hard, you couldn't take it. There was no letting down the bars or lowering standards to accommodate anyone. Sink or swim! Many did sink—the rest of us swam every waking hour. However, Eleanor Cummings and I had taken college chemistry and were excused from those five hours a week at MIT and since that class was right after lunch, I was ordered to go to my room and rest that period. It was a godsend to me for the two or three hours each day of strenuous—and I mean strenuous—gymnastics, dancing and sports were a physical effort for me, and I needed that midday rest. All this meant from 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. on the jump with only one of all those periods free each day for study and, for me, one for rest.

* * * *

We saw nothing of our teachers except in the classroom. Miss Homans, herself, taught no classes since her forte was purely administrative and advisory. All others, except Dr. Collin, appeared just before their assigned classes and vanished as soon as their classes were finished. As there was practically no social life at the school and all the students, except the group of us at Miss Blake's who were from far away parts of the country, lived scattered about in the Boston area there was no opportunity to encounter teachers or other students anywhere but in our appointed classes. It was a far cry from dormitory and campus life back at Coe College. Although there were only 75 of us, there were some girls, even in my own small class, with whom I spent two years and never became acquainted.

The faculty for us 75 pupils was distinguished, in every way as distinguished as had been the staff of Dio Lewis for his Normal Institute of Physical Education which opened in Boston in 1861 with the president of Harvard University serving as president and Dr. Walter Channing of Harvard as head of the department of anatomy, physiology and hygiene. Other faculty members of this first school of physical education in America were A. Bronson Alcott of Concord (Louisa Alcott's father) who offered "conversations" to the students, and Professor T. E. Leonard who gave a course in vocal culture. Edward Everett and Oliver Wendell Holmes spoke highly of the school and when it put on exhibitions of physical activities classwork at Tremont Temple (seating 2,000), the students performed to a crowded house and turned over the admission profits to charity.⁵

And so in the late 1890s and early 1900s, the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics, backed by the Hemenway wealth, had an equally distinguished faculty since the school also could afford the best that Boston and Cambridge had to offer. The full-time staff was small but sufficient unto our needs since several Harvard Medical School and MIT faculty members and local physicians taught on a part-time basis and still others came in on occasion to lecture on their special subjects. In addition, we were sent occasionally to both Harvard Medical School and MIT to attend special lectures related to courses open to us as BNSG students. Also we were frequent visitors at the Harvard Medical School Museum where our special attention was turned upon the world-famous Warren collection of spines which we were required to study.

Among our part-time teachers were Robert Williamson Lovett, M.D., one of America's leading orthopedic surgeons; Sarah Bond, M.D., a prominent woman physician of Boston who taught hygiene, sanitation, first aid, emergencies and physical diagnosis; Frederick H. Pratt, Ph.D. of Harvard University who taught anatomy and physiology after that position had been held for many years by the famous Theodore Hough of MIT; Melvin Ballau Gilbert, the most talked-of dancing master of the day who had a large following at his Normal

School of Social and Classic Dancing in Boston and taught at Sargent's School and at the Harvard Summer School of Physical Education; and Carl Oscar Louis Collin, M.D., one of the country's leading experts in Swedish gymnastics, who was head of gymnastics at the school.

* * * *

For our own full-time staff we had Miss Homans who, although not herself trained in the field of physical education, was, as the director of the school, recognized as one of the leading woman organizers and administrators in the educational field; Sarah Davis who taught our courses in correctives and massage and under a tie-up with the Boston Children's Hospital was in charge of our laboratory work in "muscle reeducation" of the crippled and spinal deformity cases at the hospital; and a couple of women who were gymnastics assistants and sports and folk dance instructors.

Miss Homans was born in Vassalboro, Maine, in 1848, and was educated at Vassalboro and Oakgrove Seminaries with additional private tutoring in history, literature and languages. The story of her acquaintance with Mrs. Hemenway, leading to the establishment of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics, has already been told. She was 60 years old when I first met her. Although none of us girls knew her age, I felt that she was much older than my mother, as indeed she was (by 14 years) and I thought of her as being close to Grandmother Aikman's age except that she had unusual force and drive which I had never associated with grandmothers of any age. She was in a class all by herself. She defied classification as I soon discovered when I attempted to describe her in my letters home. She was absolutely nothing like anyone I had ever encountered before in all my life. No one I could mention as known to me and my family would give the family the slightest inkling of what she was like, so I settled for "She is somewhat like Queen Victoria but younger. However, she isn't anywhere near as young as you, Mamma." She was in every sense of the word as elegant a lady as Grandmother Lee had been and, too, she was dignified, stern, unbending, and humorless like Grandmother Lee but she wasn't skinny like Grandmother. She was rather plump and full-bosomed, and she always looked magnificently corseted.

When in 1934 Jessie Rittenhouse's book came out containing her description of Susan B. Anthony, I could have sworn she was describing Miss Homans instead when she wrote:

Miss Anthony declared she had always made it a point to look as well as she could, that appearance was more effective than argument. . . . I never saw Susan B. Anthony when she was not handsomely gowned, usually in

silk or satin with real lace at the throat. With her tall, commanding figure and gray hair, she was a most distinguished woman.⁶

Miss Homans, too, was always arrayed in silk or satin, usually black or dark grey as Grandmother Lee, too, preferred. And for special occasions, she wore real Duchess or rose-point lace at her throat and wrists. Her petticoats must have been of the heaviest of taffetas and satins for they rustled elegantly. The rustling of those skirts proved a lifesaver on many an occasion at school to warn us girls that her entrance was imminent, giving us enough time to uncross our knees or straighten up if slouching. She was the personification of self-sufficiency and self-mastery. She was brusque and business-like, giving the impression that there were no wasted moments in her life. She ruled everything and everybody with an iron will. She was an autocrat of the first water. Although she must have believed fervently in freedom and liberty as espoused by her New England forebears, she seemed to know little of democracy in its practical application. However her authoritarianism took the form of benevolent autocracy, for her every word, every act, every deed was for our ultimate best good, no matter what bitter coating surrounded the little "pills" she made us all swallow constantly in behalf of becoming properly and professionally educated. She was determined to make not only good teachers of us but also "ladies" to set high standards for women entering the profession.

In addition, Miss Homans was uncompromising in matters of right and wrong and about the qualities that bespeak good breeding. She brooked no slang and no abbreviated words. It was to her a crude person who would say gym for gymnasium, exam for examination, and the like. Had she ever heard "phys ed" (fiz ed) for physical education, I am sure she would have considered it the crudest of crudities.

It was almost an everyday occurrence for her to stroll along the bar stalls that lined the gymnasium walls as we would be resting near them momentarily after our strenuous exercises and inspect us with a severe, piercing eye, asking first this one: "When did you last polish your shoes?" and the next one: "When did you last have your gymnasium costume cleaned?" and the next: "Whose hairpin is that on the floor?" and to others: "Your hair is disarrayed" or "The seam of your hose is not straight" or "Your dickey is not exactly spotless" or "Pull down your sleeve, it is not meant to be pushed up."

Punctuality and decorum she insisted upon with an almost religious zeal. Because of her, as one of her earlier pupils and later staff member observed, "a businesslike atmosphere of punctuality, order, decorum, serious purpose and earnest endeavor permeated the place."⁷ How truly said! Never before and never since had I experienced a place so imbued every moment with serious purpose and earnest endeavor. So serious and so earnest that the one great thing

lacking was any sense of joy. Seldom did anyone smile, never did anyone laugh. The Boston Normal School of Gymnastics was a solemn, serious and earnest experience. I was deeply thankful I had had my four happy years of college at Coe before settling down to this seriousness. I felt sorry for the younger girls just out of high school or with one or two years of college work.

Legion are the tales told through the years by Miss Homans' "girls" of her efforts to make them over in the image of her idea of what a proper and professionally well-educated teacher should be. Of the many students who particularly recall her appraisal of Helen McKinstry, who graduated some years ahead of me and later became president of Russell Sage College. Miss Homans said to her when she entered the school "I shall see that you get it." And she did. Grace Douglass, an earlier student from Iowa, that she was too much of an introvert and she wished she would associate more with extroverts—this was many years before the general run of people were aware of the writings of G. Stanley Hall and other psychologists on such subjects as introverts and extroverts.

For two summers, Miss Douglass (as she told me shortly before her death) had attended the Chautauqua Summer School of Physical Education, then headed by Yale's well-known William C. Anderson, and meeting there two BNSG instructors, she became interested in BNSG and attended for one year (1902-1903). But upon being offered the position of head of physical education at her own Grinnell College in Iowa for the next year and being homesick for her old hometown surroundings, she withdrew from the school, apparently much to Miss Homans' disappointment as I gather from the friendly correspondence she carried on for some years with this one-year student—a warmth not permitted to shine forth in personal contacts. When Miss Douglass married shortly after, Miss Homans sent her a two-volume set of *Life of Michael Angelo* by Grimm for a wedding present—a gesture to be cherished even by a graduate let alone a dropout. Miss Douglass had come to the school with a college degree. There was only one other there so favored and Miss Homans even then was courting college graduates so it was difficult to give one up once she had found her.

At the time Grace Douglass was at BNSG, Miss Homans invited the students two at a time to have lunch with her at a nearby hotel and during the year gave a formal tea for all students in her own home and on one holiday, invited the girls from distant parts of the country who were remaining in town to a dinner to which each was permitted to bring a man friend. Such intimate social affairs were no longer on the calendar when I arrived six years later other than a dinner one evening at her home for us first-year girls living at Miss Blake's—a dinner so formal and with all of us so nervous that it was to us a complete zero socially.

If we had been surfeited by a sanctimonious form of religion at Coe (never in classes but in a subtle way outside of classes) here we were completely cut off from all forms of religion as far as our school was concerned. At our brief opening morning assembly meeting there was no prayer, no hymn, no Bible reading, no religious comment of any kind. Instead, Miss Homans read to us briefly in her very low and well-practiced voice from Emerson's Essays (we were indeed in Boston). She supplied the necessary announcements and launched into some pertinent words of advice on dress, manners or social responsibilities, or read portions of letters to our graduates that would surely inspire us to increased seriousness of earnestness. Rarely did we sing and when we did, it was, as I recall, a patriotic rather than a religious song. However, I recall that at an assembly service preceding an examination one morning we were led by one of the young instructors in singing "Awake my soul, and stretch every nerve and preface thy mission" which was all that we had been doing for weeks now and which inspired me and me so much that the minute we were dismissed we made ourselves as dignified as possible, beeline for the dressing room where we shared our thoughts. When there were not too many announcements or pressing business to be made, Miss Homans would expound briefly on a thought or two from whatever essay she had read to us that day.

"Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron will."

"Hitch your wagon to a star."

"Make yourself necessary to the world and mankind will give you bread."

"Rough water can teach lessons without knowing."

Although I had discovered Emerson's essays on *Friendship* in public school days and from then on kept close at hand a little notebook in which I had copied the lines that appealed to me most, now Miss Homans leaning heavily on his essays on *Self-Reliance* led me to know him from another angle—one that I seriously needed at this particular stage of my development and I found myself eagerly awaiting the next day's message as I had never awaited the Bible readings at college chapel. I often wondered why our college professors who read to us at chapel services never hit upon any of the Bible passages I had stumbled on with meaning to me. Now Miss Homans, worshipping at the feet of Ralph Waldo Emerson, hit the nail on the head on every reading, bringing to us real meat of what Emerson, 26 years ~~earlier~~ had to say to us girls in the opening decade of a century he was not ~~to know~~—thoughts still pertinent 70 years later. I found no assurances in anything Miss Homans did or said as to where she stood about God. However, I learned some 30 years later in a letter from Miss Blake that shortly before her death, Miss Homans told Miss Blake after a clergyman had called on her that she did not "swallow all the clergyman

said" and that she would be immortal only in the good she had tried to do and in the spirit she had passed on to others.

Now and then, putting aside her book of Emerson's essays, Miss Homans would read from some of Longfellow's poems such as "Life is real! Life is earnest!"—lines dear to my mother, too. Now Longfellow was brought close to me again, as read by this Bostonian, and at the first opportunity, Coley and I set forth to find both the Emerson and Longfellow homes in Cambridge. On other days she would merely read from the passage selected and, without comment on it, would launch into a lecture, perhaps needed by all of us but brought to her mind from a chance remark overheard from some student. I well recall the day she stepped a little closer to us so that she could lower her voice even a bit more than usual and confided that she had overheard a girl say that she had been on the train two days and three nights and how happy she was to reach Boston at last so she could have a bath.

"Girls," lowering her cultured, dignified voice almost to a whisper, "let me inform you that there is a great social gulf between people who have a bath every day and those who do not. Even one night on a train is no excuse for not having at least a sponge bath. You know you can lock yourself in the dressing room on a train as well as in your own room at home. Think this over."

Well, we who lived far enough from Boston to have traveled by pullman but could not afford a private stateroom (as no doubt Miss Homans did on the rare occasions she traveled by rail that far from Boston) did a lot of talking about that absence of a lock on the public dressing room door and as practical Hester said, "Oh, well, we are not altogether dumb. Anyone who wants to can solve that problem." That was exactly what Miss Homans meant for us to do. She would state the problem and leave it to us to figure how to solve it. That statement of hers as to the social gulf between peoples was, soon afterwards voiced in a commencement address given to her own graduates by President Carey Thomas of Bryn Mawr College and quoted in newspapers across the land. America moving too slowly away from the weekly Saturday night bath habit was being nudged forward inexorably by these two highly respected women educators. But Miss Homans had no need to worry about her charges while at school. Exercise classes were so strenuous that a shower was the uppermost thought in every mind the minute the closing bell would ring. Our problem became one of not taking too many showers in one day.

Another day, Miss Homans snapped shut her book of essays and to our astonished ears declared that she had overheard a girl say that she could scarcely

wait for spring, she had "ditch" all her old clothes and get a complete new wardrobe, and she admitted:

"Girls, if I would be genteel, always dress as though you had some clothes yesterday. Think it over!"

We did think it over. We also talked it over. As Cora said:

"Lee, I always dress as though I had some clothes yesterday. I do it because I can afford to dress neither way. Now it becomes a matter of poverty but of gentility. Think that over, girl! From now on I shall wear my old clothes with pride! Isn't she wonderful?"

Yes, she was wonderful! If it seemed to me at times that I was being unduly "picked on" there was the other side to this "coin." There was one book which she ordered (not suggested but ordered) me to buy—not to procure from the library but to buy to have at hand all the time in my room. Why, of all the girls, only I was ordered to buy that book I never figured out, but no matter, I was the gainer, for the book was Arthur Christopher Benson's *At large*⁸ which was just then off press, and I had to wait for my order to be filled. For over 60 years now that book has been at hand on my bedside table and of late years on my lonely breakfast table and of summers on my porch. It has gone on trips with me for pullman-berth reading to change the trend of thought when tense over upcoming speaking engagements. It shows its over 60 years of wear and it is as worthwhile today as it was those many years ago. I have always been grateful to Miss Homans for ordering me to buy a copy and to read it all as quickly as possible—this was during my six weeks of probation.

I obeyed this order meekly and found in the book much that has enriched life for all of these many years. I regret that I never thought to tell Miss Homans in later years how much pleasure she had brought to me by introducing me to that book which I may not have discovered otherwise. Did she like the book herself and have a spark of an idea that I might, too, and she would thus learn something about me? Or did she size me up as uneducated in good literature (not knowing how much good literature I had read from my earliest childhood days) thinking she would introduce me to some? I have never known why she selected me. Never did she check with me about the book in any way and I stood too much in awe of her and was too uncomfortable in her presence to breach the topic myself. I saluted Benson (a Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge) in memory later when I visited that college in 1931 and again in 1954.

Benson had said: "It [mediocrity] was to be the destiny of most, why were we haunted in youth with the sight of that cloudy, gleaming crown within our

ready, that sense of assurance, that phantom of nobleness?" "I lead it to Coley, and putting down the book, said:

"Coley, you're not going to settle for mediocrity, I'm sure."

"You're dead right, Lee," she said. "Certainly am not! You aren't either! Or are you?"

"I don't want to, but I am so afraid of so many things and that can spoil everything."

"What are you afraid of ~~that~~ that can spoil things?"

"Miss Homans! She scares me to death every time those piercing eyes turn my way."

"Lee, you've got to conquer that fright. She scares the very daylight out of me too, but I am not going to let that get the better of me. Look at it this way. Maybe she thinks you're worth salvaging."

That was a new thought, and so Coley brightened my spirits. How wise Miss Homans had been to throw us together—we were good for each other. I to help tame Coley's desire to "get the bit in her teeth" and she to try to put some spunk into me.

If Miss Homans gave each of us much personal attention, she still had time to spare for outside professional interests. Twenty years before, as related earlier, she had organized and engineered the first privately-financed "public" conference on physical education ever to be held in the United States. It had been attended by several college and university presidents, public school officials, state boards of education, medical directors, college professors, scientists, philanthropists, and of course the leading physical educators of the day. The United States Commissioner of Education, William T. Harris, presided over the conference, and Pierre de Coubertin, then secretary of the French Educational Reform Association (later the founder of the modern Olympics), was one of the many notable speakers.¹⁰ The American Association for the Advancement of Physical Education was then four years old but its conferences were not aimed at the lay public as was this one which Mrs. Hemmaway financed as one of her education promotion ventures.

In 1908-1909 (as reported in *The American Physical Education Review* reveal), Miss Homans was a recognized leader in the national professional association and, like Barness Prosser, was a frequent speaker at its conventions and a member of its council. When highly important decisions were to be made,

she was frequently the one woman listed on the special investigative committee along with the leading men physical educators of the day. Yet, we students knew nothing of her professional contacts; we did not even know a professional association existed.

At the very time we were there in Boston in school under her tutelage, she was working on a very important committee to consider affiliating the American Physical Education Association (the earlier American Association for the Advancement of Physical Education) with the Playground Association of America. The former was then 24 years old and had 1,001 members and the latter but a few years old with 1,008 members. Since the founder and president of PAA, Luther Halsey Gulick, had recently served for five years as president of APEA and since a large number of the outstanding leaders of PAA were at the same time the outstanding leaders of APEA, it was only natural that with such equal national membership, there arise the thought of amalgamation. When it came to final deliberations, Miss Homans sat in on the committee with Dudley Sargent of Harvard, George Meylan of Columbia University (president of APEA), Thomas A. Storey of the College of the City of New York, E. H. Arnold of New Haven Normal School of Gymnastics, and James Huff McCurdy of Springfield YMCA Training School. At the same time, the young American School Hygiene Association, with many of its leaders also working as leaders in APEA, was struggling for its place in the sun and claiming much attention from APEA leaders. With most of the leading physical educators of the day being medical men with degrees from the country's finest medical schools, their leaning toward the medical aspects of physical education rather than recreational aspects was strong, and the committee decided against affiliating with PAA.

For one of the committee meetings it was decided to meet aboard the train bearing all the members from New York City to Philadelphia for the spring APEA convention of 1909, but Miss Homans discreetly excused herself from the meeting. It is easy to imagine that she could not permit herself to be the only woman meeting with a group of men in so public a setting as a railroad train. Decorum was her constant guide. At this convention the graduates of the Sargent School gave a banquet in honor of Dr. Sargent, and the Philadelphia area graduates of BNSG, not to be outdone, gave a musical tea in honor of Miss Homans and invited all the delegates at the convention. It was a brilliant social affair (so I learned many years later) and quite an innovation for a convention.

Also at about this same time, Volume 5 of *Who's Who in America* came off press listing Miss Homans as one of America's leading women. This was a great honor both to Miss Homans and to the school, as few women made that register in those days. However, nothing of why she was absent from the school

at the time of the convention or of the listing in *Who's Who* ever reached the attention of us students. We were told nothing of her work in the outside professional world. We lived in a great impersonal world of work and study and in a world of benevolent autocracy where Miss Homans made the decisions and gave the orders. But her decisions were always wise, her orders well-chosen and well-placed. She was the personification of wisdom and competence. Her desire was that the young women graduating from her school went out as young ladies of culture and refinement as well as teachers of real ability founded on a fine scientific foundation.

With all her ability and efficiency, Miss Homans was not considered a feminist. She seemed to be more interested in working with men than in competing against them.¹¹ As to the soft, low voice which she so ardently desired for her students, she practiced what she preached. What has been said of Emmeline Pankhurst, the much talked-of English suffragette of this period, might equally well have been said of Miss Homans:

Even at her most emotional she had never shouted, always relying on her magnetic presence and charismatic face to achieve absolute quiet.¹²

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Although there was no opportunity to get acquainted with our teachers, I have never forgotten how the personalities of three of them shone through during class hours. One was Carl Oscar Louis Collin, M.D., mentioned earlier. He was born in Söloesberg, Sweden, in 1866 and came to America immediately following graduation from the University of Lund in 1888. He was kindly, fun-loving and somewhat noisy, refusing to let Miss Homans dominate him. I felt that her high-handed ways challenged him for I would swear I caught a little wicked gleam of satisfaction in his eyes on the few occasions he rescued me from her attention, probably feeling that she mistook me for the rough daughter of a rough frontiersman who could stand rough treatment and might profit from it, whereas he saw in me, and correctly so, the sensitive child of determined pioneers who had all her life been shielded from rough treatment. I looked upon him as my rescuer and felt deep gratitude. But I soon noticed that all the other girls held him in great esteem, too, and I felt more comfortable about my admiration of him. He always smiled readily—the one person about the place who seemed not afraid to smile and he would greet us in a loud, blustery “Good morning,” that caused some of the girls to whisper back to him as if in hopes of quieting him down before he would call Miss Homans’ disapproving emergence from her office, but he would only laugh and roar out his greetings all the louder. Coley and I loved this performance, and Coley would shout back at him to his great amusement. We loved his insistence upon independence and his sense of humor.

What a gymnastics teacher he was! Superb! How I thrilled at his shouting and barking orders for the day. It fitted his personality for he was big and gruff and had a huge voice. In contrast to the extreme formality demanded by German gymnastics teachers, Dr. Collin was informal. After I had seen a few demonstrations of German work in the Boston area, I was glad Dr. Collin did not have us stand stiffly at attention while in squads awaiting our turn on a piece of apparatus, or stiffly clicking our heels together and making rigid right-angled facings and marching away formally from the apparatus back to our place in line. Nothing of that sort did Dr. Collin ever require of us. In no time he had us new girls drilled into a beautifully co-ordinated machine. What delight to be one of a group working together in such harmony and precision! Never in all my life have I forgotten the thrill of it!

In the final analysis, it was Dr. Collin who helped me most in my speech reeducation. While Miss Homans called my attention to my speech faults, Dr. Collin had the opportunity to do something positive about it. That chance came in laboratory work with our methods of teaching gymnastics. To give gymnastic orders properly it was necessary to give the first part of the command, calling it out clearly and slowly, paying attention to enunciation, and then pausing a moment before giving the command word for execution of the action. Working at this tended to slow me down in speech. I had talked rapidly all my childhood years, pouring out words in a torrent as if I feared I might lose my audience, and I always had so much to say, unless there were strangers at hand, when I lapsed into silence. Then, too, I enunciated words poorly. Talking rapidly contributed to this in large measure with much slurring of words and dropping the "gs" of words ending in "ing." No one ever took me to task about this until I met Miss Homans and Dr. Collin, but it was he who attempted to correct it.

Although Dr. Collin had come to America in 1888, immediately after his graduation from the University of Lund, his Swedish pronunciation of many English words confused us at times. In his early years of teaching at BNSG (1892 to 1898 as assistant to Claës Enebuske, successor to Baron Posse) he pursued his medical degree at Harvard Medical School. By the time I arrived in Boston, he had had his M.D. degree for 10 years and for all that time had been head of gymnastics, combining teaching with private practice.

He had deep personal concern for each of us as an individual. He worked us in class for all we could possibly stand—no mollycoddling—but at the same time he watched each one of us carefully for signs of undue fatigue and was quick to order anyone off the floor at once, the minute he saw any such signs. I can see him now taking a stolid stance at one end of the gymnasium and after maneuvering us into a single-file run around the room, he would look closely into the face of each as she flashed by. How relieved I would be on the days

when I was tired to have him sense it almost before I myself would and order me out of line, as all too frequently happened in the early weeks of work. And then back in the lecture room he would painstakingly try to get through to us all the signs he had seen in us as we ran past him—changing color in cheeks, changing expression of face, labored breathing, changing look in eyes, slumping of shoulders, etc.—trying to alert us so that we would have for our pupils the same deep concern he felt towards each of us. Bless him!

I had enjoyed gymnastic classes at Coe, but this was an entirely new experience with a master teacher—a man, with a great resounding voice who radiated strength and vigor. How sternly he held us to his commands and to faultless execution of the exercises. He would call out the orders to us in his Swedish-accented English. How he would shout “No! No! No!” getting louder with each “No,” making the rafters ring when we did things incorrectly. (At such moments we expected Miss Homans to appear any minute to slay him with an icy stare, for she would brook no shouting. But she never came and he shouted all he wanted to.) Then what a joy to catch his happy smile and hear his soft purring “Dot’s right!! Dot’s right! Dot’s right!” when we did things well, each succeeding “Dot’s right” getting softer and softer until the last one would almost be lost in his great beard, amidst the look of deep satisfaction all over his expressive face. Sometimes if he had been particularly pleased and a bit surprised at our perfection, he would do an awkward pirouette, throw his hands high overhead and then double over to clap his hands on his knees. He would stand thus adding a final word in a great stage whisper “Dot’s fine!” How we loved to please him by doing good work and he always demanded of us our very best.

Since I was never able to carry a tune and my sisters all sang fairly well, I had been left out when it came to singing in the church choir, in school groups and even on picnics, bobsled and hayrack rides. Although a member of these groups, I never really was one of them when they started to sing for I sat or stood by in silence getting what vicarious enjoyment I could out of listening to them.

But here in our gymnastics drills at last I found an opportunity to experience the joy of “oneness” with a group. According to certain modern educational theories, all of us who found pleasure in these exercises were exponents of undemocratic totalitarian methods and were completely servile by submitting to the will of another. We were submerging ourselves, our personalities, heading for individual oblivion, fast becoming mere automatons. And our teacher could not possibly be up to any good ordering us around like that and demanding that we submit to his will. How many, many times through the years have I heard these arguments against formal gymnastics ad nauseum! And although they convinced the great majority of educators for many years following the Great

War, they never fooled us who were fortunate enough to receive our physical education in a day when training for followership as well as leadership was valued, when it was still deemed wise to school oneself to discipline for a greater good and to be willing to submerge oneself in a group for the sake of group action. From experiencing it, I learned personally in these gymnastics classes that group action, brought to a degree of perfection, holds great satisfaction.

I never put in one single hour of gymnastics under Dr. Collin's skillful management that I did not get a spiritual as well as physical uplift from my disciplined efforts. I always came off the floor after his last command "At Ease" breathing deep, my head high, with a sense of physical well-being such as I had never in all my life before experienced and, added to it, a great sense of oneness with all the others who, with me, had been parts of a whole that had produced a satisfying bit of group action. I thrilled to that sound of every right heel hitting every left heel at the same exact instant at the teacher's call of "Attention!" and of every right foot coming down hard on the floor at the same exact moment after Dr. Collin's "Forward—Muck!" (that is what we made out of his clipped word, "March"), and we all stepped forward as one person with that resounding first step and then marched on from there quietly. What intricate figures he would put us through in marching! We wheeled in twos and fours and sixes, and marched and counter-marched, and did columns left and columns right, and to the rear, and, and, and! How we loved it!

Later in the year, as we acquired skill, he would hurl the commands at us fast and furiously, trying to mix us up and catch us off guard. The better we performed, the harder he would try to confuse us and some days when we had been particularly good and he had shouted commands at us until he had become breathless, he would suddenly swing us into one great rank coming down the floor all abreast, bearing down on him in absolute silence except for that perfect beat, beat, beat of our feet pounding the floor in unison, and as we would draw near to him he would crouch with his hands on his knees and stand there seeming to defy us to run him down, peering at us impishly like some giant Puck and then as we would be almost upon him, he would suddenly straighten up and throwing his arms overhead and laughing in pleasure at our performance, he would shout, "Halt!" when every heel clicked to attention in faultless rhythm. A bout of marching with the others like that was a rare and valuable experience no child should miss. I was out of college before I experienced it in such perfection, but I wouldn't have missed it for anything. It surely ranks well with the "oneness" experiences of playing in orchestras and bands and singing in glee clubs and choruses, where children submit to the will and command of a leader without "educators" stirring up a great rumpus, declaring it undemocratic. Why such "oneness" experiences in the field of physical education were so bitterly attacked in the 1920s and 1930s by some educators and yet accepted

in the field of music I never have been able to understand, particularly when it offers such experiences and opportunity to non-musical children.

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Then there was Dr. Robert Lovett, professor of orthopedic surgery at Harvard University, consultant on orthopedics to New York State Department of Health, and chief of staff of work for crippled children of Boston Children's Hospital, the kindly, friendly man to whom I was sent for special consultation immediately after my physical examination to see if there was a possibility of salvaging this flat-shouldered, round-shouldered, spinal curvature case for the teaching profession. He pronounced me worthy of a gamble and so I made the first high hurdle.

This busy, important man lectured to us once a week on the cases we would work with at the hospital on Saturday mornings under our own regular staff. There Dr. Lovett led us into a strange new world of children suffering from all manner of crippling diseases—children who, under his compassionate and skillful supervision and with our amateur help, were to be treated by exercise in whatever ways exercise could help bring them to some semblance of normalcy. I found this experience so soul-satisfying, so stimulating, so all-absorbing that I lived from Saturday to Saturday eager to get back to the children who were my special exercise charges for the year.

In no time I had decided that medical gymnastics was to be my special calling and on the few occasions when I could claim a few moments of busy Dr. Lovett's time on the days when he was with us, I began quizzing him about where I could go to study intensively for this work. I was dumbfounded when he told me there was no place in America where I could get any better training than what I was getting right there at BNSG and for full-time specialization I would have to go to Sweden. My hopes were dashed. I couldn't ask Father for additional study in a foreign land. But I surmised the disappointment which after all was probably not too deep for I was such an eager beaver that I was sure I wanted to specialize in everything.

In the fall I was certain that nothing in the world would be so wonderful as to be a playground director, then my enthusiasm turned to a desire to be a medical gymnastics expert. But later in the year I was all for becoming an administrator of physical education work, such as Miss Homans was. However, in all my enthusiasms never did I aspire to specialize as a dance or swimming or sports teacher.

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The last of the trio of teachers who interested me the most at BNSG was Melvin Ballou Gilbert, Boston's famous dancing master, who came to the

school two mornings each week to teach esthetic, ballroom and square dance. In his early sixties, he was the personification of elegance in his teaching costume—black satin knee breeches, black silk hose, black kid ballet slippers, white ruffled shirt front, black silk skullcap on his bald head. Tall and slender, he was quite the dapper gentleman with much dignity and graciousness of bearing.

Miss Poyneer at Coe had taught me esthetic dance but she had not offered ballroom or square dancing, so I had surprises when I met Professor Gilbert.

Although I had liked esthetic dance, I was never as enthusiastic about it as I was about sports. But now under Professor Gilbert's superior teaching I discovered for the first time a form of dance with at least the beginnings of creative value such as would later develop in a large measure in the forms of dance that would succeed it. Following the great changes in all forms of education that came as an aftermath of the Great War of 1914-1918, one of the first charges against this early form of dancing is that it had no creative value and was too formalized. The latter I agree with but the first was not true—at least not as Professor Gilbert taught esthetic dance. With an array of isolated steps and a method of notation to record them, which he taught us, we were required to compose dances and perform them before the class. This experience in creating dances gave me the courage later as a young teacher to put on ambitious pageants and to create all the dances myself until I could train a few students to help. But never can I forget the embarrassment of having to perform my creations before him and my classmates. I had sufficient confidence in the dance itself but none whatever in myself as the performer. I had absolutely no feel for esthetic dancing as dancing. As long as I regarded it merely as exercise I got along satisfactorily, for Professor Gilbert was patient, understanding and encouraging to all alike—never cynical, amused at poor performers, or unkind.

It was in his ballroom dancing that I recall him most vividly. Never can I forget the day he singled me out in class as an example of how not to waltz. That day marked the first time I had ever been aware of the real waltz, and I thought I had been waltzing for years. Using me as an example of what not to do, he gave us intensive work on the fundamentals of the correct waltz: "leap, glide, cut," as he called it, and all the time telling us over and over that you can tell at once whether dancers are doing a correct waltz by checking that the feet are apart on the second count of the 1-2-3 beat of the waltz music. In a two-step, the feet are together on the second count of the "glide-together-glide" while the waltz is "glide, glide, together"—although Gilbert would never—no, never—have called it in terms of either slide or glide. He demanded much knee action on that count of one—the leap—for correct waltzing. And he reminded us constantly that when dancers are waltzing correctly, there is a decided falling and rising

movement of the entire roomful of heads as they whirl about the room, with the ladies always whirling facing forward, the gentlemen moving backward.

The Eastern girls, amused at our Western two-stepping to waltz time, practiced with us and evenings those of us who lived at Miss Blake's waltzed a bit after dinner each night until we had mastered the correct form of this dance.

Professor Gilbert moved us on to the wonderful world of polka, mazurka, schottische, and the waltz galop. I enjoyed the last above all ballroom dances until Irene and Vernon Castle almost a decade later gave us the enchanting hesitation waltz.

A still greater shock awaited me when Professor Gilbert announced that we would now take up square dancing. Ah! This I knew! I had been square dancing since I was in grade school in the 1890s and through high school years, but I feared I had forgotten the dances since no one at college except us southern Iowa girls knew square dances and they had no part in our college life. But what was this? Quadrilles, lancers, cotillions? I had never heard these words before. Thus, were we "westerners" introduced to the New England form of square dancing.

We non-New England girls never discussed Professor Gilbert with the easterners, sensing that they would not interpret our remarks correctly, not knowing first-hand the backgrounds from which we came. And we all laughingly admitted that we would never think of attempting to describe or interpret him to our fathers or boyfriends back home. Dance masters and dignified ballroom dancing had for many generations been a part of the eastern seaboard scene in America, but not in the new parts of the country that had recently opened to settlement—the parts we others came from.

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There was no social life connected with the school other than one or two stiff, formal receptions when a few of us juniors were asked to serve as ushers to show the guests to their seats before the musical part of the evening's program would begin. The affair would be put on by the full-time faculty of the school, and the guests were distinguished lecturers from Harvard and MIT who served the school and an assortment of other distinguished members of those faculties and prominent citizens of Boston. At one of these affairs when my friend Marian and I were serving as ushers, Miss Homans presented us to William James, just returned to Boston after a series of lectures at Oxford University. Having used his textbooks in my psychology courses at Coe College, this was a rare treat for me, one, however, more fully appreciated as the years passed. Only a few months later, the great man died in his 68th year.

But as far as social life for us students was concerned, we had to make our own entertainment as best we could. We girls at Rutland Square soon discovered that we were the most content on weekends in our own little cliques which meant Coley from Virginia, Hester and I from Iowa, and Eva Washburn from Maine, on our side of the big double house making fudge and reading and talking together, with the older set on the other side going their own way and the "young things" on that side giggling in a group together. There was an occasional theater party with all of us going in one large group, usually to Castle Square to see our favorite stock company.

One big party at school in the spring was in honor of President Hazard of Wellesley College—a sort of get-acquainted affair since BNSG was to be taken over the next fall by Wellesley as its newly organized department of hygiene and physical education (as related later).

Now and then my Coe classmate who was doing graduate work at MIT took me sightseeing about Boston and to see Christy Mathewson play at the baseball park in the Fens. And a hometown friend of childhood and high school years now at Yale came to town frequently for weekends and gave me a merry whirl of theater, dinner at the Parker House (then the favorite with the Harvard set) and auto rides with a hired car and driver. Not even the Yalies of that day had cars. But these activities with male escorts were kept as secret as possible by both Hester (with her several Grinnell friends now at Harvard and MIT) and myself since we both sensed that Miss Homans frowned upon dating men as not compatible with preparing for a career.

One evening, Miss Homans invited Marian Watters and a small group of Bostonians, which included our bachelor physiology professor on loan from the Harvard faculty, to a social gathering at Mrs. Hemenway's home. Mrs. Hemenway had been dead for 14 years but her townhouse was still intact and open to Miss Homans on occasion. None of the rest of us students as far as either Marian or I knew were ever invited there. At the same time, I also learned that Miss Homans frequently invited Marian to go walking with her in the Fenway, and after the first such venture Marian had written in her diary: "Now I can radiate my glory on the other girls." But she never divulged this secret and none of us ever suspected her of being the recipient of special favors. As far as I ever knew, Miss Homans never invited any others of our class to go walking with her, or to socialize with any of her faculty, particularly not with the one bachelor.

Lu Crum, an old Coe schoolmate, was at Clark University at Worcester, Massachusetts, doing graduate work in psychology under G. Stanley Hall. She came into Boston now and then on weekends and stayed with me at Miss Blake's. On one of these evenings she took me to hear Dr. Hall lecture and after

the lecture took me to the platform to meet the great man. I was deeply impressed. I knew of him as the author of the two volumes on *Adolescence* which were required reading for us psychology majors. And here I was meeting the author of those books—my first time to meet an author face to face and I was quite overcome. However, the uneasiness of the moment was quickly dispelled by Dr. Hall who asked me in a most friendly way what had brought me to school in Boston and what I was studying. I had already learned to be chary in answering that question, for I early sensed that much of the educational world looked down on physical education. I had learned to equivocate a bit with superficial people to ward off unwelcome, tactless remarks, but one look into those kind eyes and I knew here was an educator I could be forthright with. So I held my head high and boldly replied, "physical education." I was deeply curious about the response this would bring. To my delight he beamed at me.

"Fine! Fine!" he said. "We need lots of good physical education teachers. I hope you are going to be a good one!"

"I shall do my best," I replied.

"Good, who can ask for more?" and he turned to others waiting to talk with him.

Would that I had known at the time that he was physical education's staunchest friend in all the world of education, an ardent supporter of our professional organization, a frequent speaker at its conventions, an adviser and close friend of its officers and an honorary member of the organization.

One weekday in mid-May the student government organization of Wellesley College gave a reception for the junior class of our school who were to be on their campus in the fall. Twelve were excused from classes to represent our group. I was happy to be one of the 12 for I had recalled the brief glimpse of that beautiful campus as the incoming September train from Chicago skirted its wooded knolls shortly before reaching Boston and I had longed for a chance to visit it. Now we 12, including Coley and Marian, expectantly dashed for the suburban train and, with hats and gloves discreetly in place and our shoes freshly polished and traveling suits carefully pressed, joined Miss Homans for the 15-mile journey. Some Wellesley students had carriages awaiting our arrival at the station and quickly whisked us to the huge, magnificent, turreted College Hall where by the statue of Harriette in the great entrance hall (whoever she was I never learned) we were received by President Hazard and the student government officers. To my surprise an old Cedar Rapids friend, Katherine Bingham, who had attended the Academy at Coe, was there as one of the student officers as was Mother's friend, Mary Bowen, an English faculty

member from Centerville, Iowa. Miss Homans was deeply impressed that two of our hostesses turned out to be Iowa acquaintances of mine. She gave me a new look of appraisal at this turn of events, and I was pleased, but Coley teased me about it for days. Why hadn't I told them I had friends at Wellesley?

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As the school year wore on, we new girls gradually became aware of subtle discord between the Sargent and Posse Schools of Gymnastics and BNSG. Nothing was ever openly said in any of our classes or by any of our teachers, but a few of our classmates who lived in Boston knew students at these other schools and they brought gossip about professional jealousies and contention that was whispered about in the dressing room.

When Baron Posse died in 1895 the Baroness, an American woman, Rose Smith of Newburyport, Massachusetts, whom he had met after coming to the United States and married in 1887, carried on his work. Lacking records of her previous training in the field of physical education, I presume that her husband had given her private tutoring for she had worked with him in the eight years before his death. We girls at Rutland Square passed twice daily the Posse School of Gymnastics, with its school name over its main entrance, and we wondered about it. (Coley even dared me one day to enter and see what it was like but I talked her down.) Since this school was never mentioned by any of our teachers, the silence seemed to be more than chance so that none of us ever inquired. Years later, I learned that at the very time I was passing her school door daily, the Baroness was not only directing the Posse Gymnasium but was also serving as one of several vice-presidents of the American Physical Education Association by virtue of her presidency of the Therapeutic Gymnastic Society which she had founded within the mother organization and that she was a frequent speaker at the conventions of this organization. Shortly before this (in 1904), she had remarried. The new husband was Mr. William Strong of Boston but she insisted upon retaining her title of Baroness as head of the Posse School.

Even *Who's Who in America* bowed to this dictum and listed her under "Posse" with the title. I can well imagine this refusal to give up a foreign title was looked upon by Miss Homans, and no doubt many others, as an affectation little becoming an American. Even the American-born Duchess of Marlborough relinquished her much more important foreign title upon second marriage, as did Lady Churchill, Winston Churchill's mother, also American born, who gave up her title upon her second marriage to George Cornwallis-West after the death of Lord Randolph Churchill. But not American-born Rose Smith! She clung to hers!

This refusal to give up the foreign title would I am sure have been anathema to Miss Homans and may in itself have been sufficient cause for the boycott. Whatever the cause, it was as if she and her school never existed as far as BNSG was concerned. Yet the Baroness was apparently highly respected and favorably accepted in our national association circles.

Then, too, Baron Posse had been the first head master of gymnastics under Miss Homans' direction when the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics was founded, but after only one semester he left to establish his own school. Had there been unpleasantness over that? Miss Homans had no real cause to worry that this other school would eclipse hers. While Miss Homans had strong financial backing for her school, the Posse School was frequently in serious financial difficulties, according to news items in our professional journal of those years. Then, too, the Posse School leaned so heavily toward training in the medical aspects of gymnastics that its graduates never enjoyed the wide range of work in general educational fields as did BNSG graduates.

In these early days of the private normal schools of physical education there was much jealousy between the schools and no doubt between the various directors, enough to lead Luther Halsey Gulick, then editor of the new magazine *Physical Education*, a private venture, to editorialize in the June 1896, issue upon one of the several revivals of the Boston Physical Education Society:

It is likely to exercise an enlightening and humanizing influence in the future upon the somewhat crochety and short-sighted partisans of rival schools and systems of doctrine who have been wont to vilify and oppose one another in rather amusing and ungracious ways in the past.

Not satisfied with that alone, the editor went on to say that it was interesting to note that the women pupils of the normal schools turned out zealously to professional organization meetings for the election of officers but made a poor showing at other meetings. Obviously thrust at the Sargent, Posse, and Boston Normal Schools of Gymnastics. Even the famous G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University and staunch friend of both Gulick and Sargent, urged the Bostonians to forget their rivalries and unite for the advancement of physical education,¹³ a field in which he took deep interest.

In later years when I met women who had graduated from BNSG before me and learned that these earlier students had joined the national professional organization, I was all the more amazed at the "blackout" which we students encountered in my own training years. But in later years, as I delved into research in the organization's past when commissioned to write the history of its first 45 years for its 75th Anniversary, I discovered the story of the tensions

within the profession during those very years and came to appreciate some of the forces that shaped Miss Homans' decisions at the time.

Reminiscing about the early years of these schools, Sargent of Harvard later said, "During this period the partisan spirit of the rival schools and gymnastic systems was rampant."¹⁴ This spirit even carried over into the professional organization so that at the time I was pursuing my postgraduate work, the professional workers of the Boston area had withdrawn from the national organization, then under the control of a New York City clique. That no doubt accounts for the fact that we students at BNSG of 1908-1910 were not introduced to the periodical put out by the national association nor informed of professional meetings. Within the struggle between the Boston and New York City factions there was at the same time an inner struggle going on within the Boston group itself. From a scanning of names of national professional officers, I find during this period the name of Baroness Posse, the only one from the Boston area. So she was "playing ball" with the "enemy" as all the others stood aloof. This may have fanned the flames of disagreements.

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As for women in the physical education field working in the national professional organization (begun in 1885 under the enthusiasm of Dr. W. G. Anderson of Yale and headed first by Dr. Edward Hitchcock of Amherst), they had been recognized from the very start. Immediately on the birth of the organization (then called the American Association for the Advancement of Physical Education), Helen Putnam of Vassar College had been elected one of three vice-presidents. She served for three years, succeeded by Caroline Ladd of Bryn Mawr College for two years, who was followed by Dr. Eliza Mosher of Vassar, who was followed by Dr. Alice Hall of Woman's College of Baltimore. Then in 1892 two women were elected vice-presidents—Dr. Mary Bissel of New York City and Amy Morris Homans of Boston Normal School of Gymnastics. These last two were the first women so recognized who were not members of a college faculty. Miss Homans was the first woman head of a private professional school so honored. She served in various capacities for seven years (1892-1899).

Baroness Posse, a second woman head of a private school, flashed upon the scene following her husband's death, and from 1899 served for 16 years in various offices of the organization. When I was at BNSG, she was the only woman officer in the national organization, serving under Dr. George Meylan of Columbia University who was the prime power behind the New York City faction, so it is quite possible that the Baroness was considered a bit of a professional traitor to the Boston clique. If so, that would have been one more reason why we were never told anything about her. Since the Posse School

specialized in medical gymnastics, it could not in itself have been in particular conflict with our school which was training teachers for schools and colleges rather than for doctor's assistants and hospital workers as was the Posse School.

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However, by the student grapevine we heard a lot about Dudley A. Sargent—mostly unfavorable which was unfair, for after all he was one of the giants of our profession. But according to gossip, he and Miss Homans were feuding at the time I was there, which only proved them both to be quite human. Not that Miss Homans ever said anything derogatory. But just the same we got the idea that she highly disapproved of his school of physical education which in Cambridge was our close neighbor and definitely a rival. Dr. Sargent was so involved with his major work as head of Harvard's department of physical education and athletics that he had little time for his girls' school so that, as I was led to believe, it was run for the most part by his subordinates. In some ways the curriculum at that school was broader than ours. They had anthropometry and a course in construction of gymnasia; in physical activities, the girls were given the Delsarte system of exercises, drills with dumbbells, wands and Indian clubs besides both Swedish and German gymnastics. Also offered were rowing, canoeing and ice hockey, and the year I went East, Sargent had added a course for playground leaders. In 1904 the Sargent School had moved into a new five-story building, with its own pool in the basement and two gymnasium floors, an assembly hall, and a sun parlor besides numerous lecture rooms and laboratories. It had a considerably larger enrollment than BNSG which doggedly held its enrollment down to 75 as the number it could handle efficiently. Word seeped through to us that many of the girls rejected at BNSG by the end of the entrance month's probation went to the Sargent School and were welcomed with open arms. But BNSG was backed by the Hemenway endowment and was not dependent financially on fees as was the Sargent School.

These two arch rivals, Miss Homans and Dr. Sargent, were both born in Maine, the first in 1848 and the latter in 1849. In later years I learned that Dr. Sargent was in constant controversy with someone over something, with his feud between himself and Harvard alumni over his efforts to clean up football being his greatest and the most drawn-out struggle of them all. Shortly before this, President Eliot, driven by alumni, had demanded his resignation, but Sargent sat tight and was still there.¹⁵ In fact, he stayed until his retirement 10 or more years later. As to BNSG, he openly complained to his own professional training students that BNSG students were discouraged from attending his summer school of physical education at Harvard¹⁶ which was open to both men and women and very popular across the country. It is true that his summer school was never mentioned to my class.

In later years I became personally acquainted with Carl Schrader who, from 1905 to 1922, was on both the faculties at the Sargent School and Harvard under Sargent. In his 87th year, shortly before his death, he wrote me several pages of confidential reminiscences in which he took note of the ill-feeling that existed between Doctor Sargent and Miss Homans, attributing it to their differences of opinions over which system of gymnastics was better for American schools, the German or the Swedish. Although Carl Schrader, born in Germany, was a product of the German system, he and Miss Homans got along splendidly so that this "battle of the systems" could not have been the sole reason for the enmity that existed between the other two.

He told me that one day shortly after he joined Dr. Sargent's staff, Miss Homans invited him to be her guest at a professional luncheon in Boston. Sensing trouble between the two, he told Dr. Sargent of the invitation and asked his advice, whereupon Dr. Sargent urged him by all means to accept, saying, "Perhaps some good will come of it—good for both schools." So he accepted and for the entire luncheon was well aware that he was being closely watched, with every word and gesture carefully noted by the meticulously correct Miss Homans. During the program following the luncheon, Miss Homans was called upon for some remarks and she arose and to his dismay informed the audience that she had brought as her guest the young man who was to be Dr. Sargent's right-hand man on the faculty of his Normal School and that she felt it would be splendid to hear from him about his ideas for the professional training of young girls. There was nothing for him to do but accept the challenge and, without a word of warning, he made an impromptu speech, with Miss Homans' piercing eyes and eager ears following every movement, every word. It was an ordeal, for he knew he was being carefully measured in every dimension. He said he never forgot the terrific emotional strain of these few minutes, nor the later release when, at the close of the meeting, thanking her for her courtesies, he offered Miss Homans his hand, and grasping it cordially she warmly placed her other hand over his and smiling up at him, said, "I think you will do very nicely, young man." And as Carl wrote me so many years afterwards in relating this experience to me, "That, from Miss Homans, ardent follower of Ling of Sweden to me, Carl Schrader, a dyed-in-the-wool follower of Jahn of Germany, I, who was even born in Germany! She was the personification of graciousness and friendliness!"

After the luncheon, Dr. Sargent jokingly assured Carl Schrader that he certainly had "hit the bull's-eye." After this, upon Miss Homans' earnest invitation, he frequently took the Sargent School girls to visit BNSG but there was no such visit during the two years I was there and thus there was delayed for me for many years the first sight of this young assistant of Sargent who in later years was to prove an interesting and friendly professional acquaintance. In the

letter written to me shortly before his death, he lamented that he had not been able to bring Dr. Sargent and Miss Homans together.

When in later years I discovered Sargent's writings for myself, I was immediately attracted to one of his statements made the very year I entered the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics—such a statement as we should have been exposed to at once as from a recognized leader in the profession. This particular statement is as follows:

What our American students of today should strive for is neither to be victorious athletes, prize gymnasts, nor champion strong men, but to have some of the strength of the strong man, some of the alertness and endurance of the athlete, and some of the grace and skill of the gymnast, all combined with the poise and dignity of the gentleman.¹⁷

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Things were going badly at home with the coal business. Now and then, word of Father's financial worries leaked through to me between the lines in a letter from home so that I resolved to seek a position for the next year, but when I gathered up my courage to talk with Miss Homans about it she was very displeased with me. I would be wasting my life she told me if I did not finish the two-year course. Whereas she had seemed early in the year to consider me poor material indeed, now she seemed eager to hold me.

With no possibility of help from the school in getting a position, I set about on my own to find one, but it was a trial-and-error method for if there were any placement bureaus or teacher agencies in existence I had never heard of one and no one told me of such possibilities. So I sent out feelers here and there blindly and unearthed nothing. But before spring was far along, the mine strikes were averted or settled, the financial worries at home were eased, and Father wrote that I must plan on having my second year of professional training. I did not inform Miss Homans of this, feeling a bit jubilant that perhaps I could worry her a bit in case she was anxious over the possibility of losing one of her two bachelor-degree students. And this tactic brought considerable surcease of unpleasant summons to the office.

One day at morning assembly Miss Homans talked of the plans of Wellesley College to take over our school the next fall and to take over all the students en masse without need of individual applications for admission. And she concluded with the remark that she hoped all of us would be sensible in our plans and then to my utter amazement, added: "And I want to call your attention to how very sensible Mabel Lee is. In fact I consider her one of the most sensible students who has enrolled with us in the 20 years of Boston Normal School of Gymnastics."

I was stunned and literally speechless. As Coley said to me when we were safely home and alone in our room that afternoon and I was writing of this in my diary:

“Lee, she is surely courting you, fearful that you won’t be back. She will fight to keep you because of your degree!”

Shortly after that, Miss Homans called one evening at Rutland Square and asked for me. I descended to the parlor dreading an unusual scolding since the occasion brought her to my home. But she was kindness personified. She said she was out for an evening walk and passing my way decided to inform me that she was holding a lovely room in the village at Wellesley for me for next year and that it was very important that I return to finish the course. Another day just before our closing examinations, she sent for me to come to the office and when I arrived in a cold sweat of apprehension over what I may now have done wrong in her eyes, I was dumbfounded to have her tell me she wished to assure me that it had been a great pleasure to have had me in the school this year. She had hurt me deeply many times and I was at an utter loss as to how to cope with this changed attitude. All my life since I have been filled with regret that I was so inadequate to rise to the occasion and meet her at least halfway. At any rate, the closing weeks of the year were relaxed and free of fear of her harsh treatment.

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Also Miss Homans relented a bit towards the Sargent School and we girls, full of curiosity and not feeling free to visit the school, were delighted when we were informed that perhaps we would like to attend the gymnastic exhibition to be given by the students Saturday evening, May 1st at the Hemenway Gymnasium in Cambridge. We went in a body and what a demonstration! We thought we were good but the Sargent girls left us breathless over their precision in drill and their skill in difficult physical feats. These girls were trained in both the German and Swedish systems of gymnastics and gave demonstrations of both besides dumbbell, Indian club and military manual drills, and exhibitions of fencing techniques. On the souvenir program still preserved in my scrapbook is listed a number designated as “rocking races” and another as “long poles.” I haven’t the slightest recollection of what either of these activities were. Their names mean nothing to me today.

For the few remaining weeks of school we talked of nothing but the superior physical performances of the girls at Sargent but as we kept reminding ourselves, theirs was a three-year course while ours was only two. We checked out other courses against theirs, and BNSG came off readily the winner in every

category except actual physical prowess. True we had no one on our faculty trained and educated both in medicine and physical education theory who could in national acclaim hold a candle to Dr. Dudley Sargent. He was known throughout the country as the controversial head of physical education and athletics at Harvard University and was a recognized leader in the physical education profession, having, before this date, served three times as president of the American Association for Advancement of Physical Education (today's American Alliance for Health, Physical Education, and Recreation) although we at BNSG at the time knew nothing of this latter achievement. But, then, they had no one on their faculty equal to Miss Homans who, unlike Sargent, had no other irons in the fire and gave her full time to our school. True, she was not professionally trained in our field but she brought to her staff those who were, while she confined herself entirely to the tasks of organizing and administering the school, of public relations and promotion, and of cultural education with the great responsibility of making ladies and worthy citizens out of her girls. The Sargent School had no one comparable to her and although she kept us in constant emotional turmoil in her efforts to make us all over by some better pattern, we realized this was for our own best good and deeply respected her for these efforts. Indeed we openly admitted that we felt sorry for the Sargent girls who had no Miss Homans to set high goals for them and to insist that they meet them.

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At the Friday evening commencement and reception of our seniors, Marian and I again served as ushers. It was a modest little graduation ceremony with 26 girls graduating and 12 held over for a third year. No caps and gowns, just fresh white dresses. No procession as at college. No special audience other than the parents of some of the New England senior girls and a scattering of local friends. Several of the seniors who graduated that June at BNSG married shortly and, as was the custom then, were lost to the profession. I soon lost track of all but two who had lived at Miss Blake's. These were the two who quickly made names for themselves in our profession, Hester Carter and Blanche Trilling. Hester had accepted a position as director of physical education for women and dean of women at Bates College in Maine. Texas-born Blanche was going to the University of Missouri as director of physical education for women under Clark Hetherington, head of all physical education and athletics there. Hester later went to Wisconsin State College at Oshkosh and after that to Carleton College in Minnesota, teaching summers at the University of Wisconsin and California before going to China to head up the physical education work for the International YWCA in Shanghai. Before going to China, she was offered the directorship of the departments of physical education for women at the Universities of California, Illinois, Iowa and Michigan but turned them all down for the foreign service. She had been in China only a short while when she

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returned home to marry Chauncey Pitts, an attorney of Alton, Iowa, who later became an Iowa District Judge. So after only 11 years of professional work, she gave up the profession for marriage, but in those 11 years she had become somewhat of a legend as an outstanding young woman in the profession. Had she not married, she would without doubt have made herself recognized both nationally and internationally in our field.

Blanche Trilling stayed with the profession and rose quickly to recognition. After a year at the University of Missouri, she left when Clark Hetherington did, going to the Chicago Teachers College briefly and then on to the University of Wisconsin where she carried on the work started there by Abby Shaw Mayhew.

Someway we all seemed to sense that these were the two who would make their mark professionally and how right we were! However, our little circle in Miss Blake's house No. 52 never came to know Blanche from her house No. 50 as well as we did Hester. Blanche, who was 10 years older than Hester and me and 6 years older than Coley, seemed to look upon all of us as mere children. Not being of a gay, fun-loving disposition as were Coley and Hester, she never took part in any of our fun. But we all had deep respect and admiration for her seriousness of purpose and her dogged determination in her early thirties to take up a new field of work after several years of first trying other fields. At first, music had been her main interest but she decided that the newly-opening field of physical education offered better opportunities for her and, like Miss Homans, she made her mark in the profession as an administrator and organizer.

The school year finally came to an end and we were saying goodbye to Boston, Rutland Square and Miss Blake. But not really a final goodbye, for we were to be near Boston at Wellesley College next year. Miss Blake had been so kind and understanding throughout all my frightful attacks of homesickness and so eager to make it easy for me to see and be with old friends when they came to town (even though Miss Homans seemed unwilling for us to have outside friends, especially men) that I felt so drawn to her that I kept in touch with her. In fact, we corresponded for the 39 years afterwards until her death in 1948 at the age of 90. I always held her in deep affection.

I didn't see Rutland Square again in spite of many trips to Boston, until 56 years later when staying at a hotel near the new magnificent Prudential Center standing on the site of old Mechanics Hall, I strolled over to Columbus Avenue one evening just at twilight and intent upon locating Rutland Square I was deep into a slum area before I realized it. But I doggedly set aside my apprehensions until I had located 50 and 52 Rutland Square, then converted into a hotel, with its neat and well-kept outside appearance belying the rest of the block with its

rows of broken windows and ill-kept exteriors. The little park and its metal fence were still there but the drought of the summer of 1965 (and perhaps years of neglect) had left it a sad little spot indeed. Even the ghosts of the youth of two generations earlier who had inhabited the neighborhood had departed—at least so it seemed as I looked into the faces of all the so obviously poor black people living there who seemed surprised at seeing me there, enough so that I felt most uncomfortable and turned and hurried back to my more comfortable haven on Huntington Avenue. Why had I come there? I had been drawn back to it as inexorably as a criminal returning to the scene of his crime.

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By mid-June of 1909 I was home again for a long lazy summer. And I was going to have a sixth year at college. Father and Mother were seeing to that. Before we went for a first year it had been Mother who was fiercely protective about it and now it was Father who was adamant that I go on for this second year of professional training in the face of both Mother's and my strong feelings that I should drop out and get a position of some sort. Although I disliked much about the school, I knew deep in my heart it was giving me by far the finest training I could get anywhere in the entire United States and that was what I wanted above everything else. The unpleasant features I could put up with. Now, back home, far removed from the school, I was beginning to get a new perspective about even the unpleasant features. They, too, had contributed to my development and were for my ultimate good. It was the trials I had to face to which I owed my greatly improved physical condition. In spite of my shyness with strangers and extreme sensitivity I was a queer mixture with a lot of "roughneck" in me. This needed toning down and Miss Homans was the one person in all the world who could do it and would take the trouble to do it. Throughout the summer I came to have a different feeling toward her and her efforts in my behalf. Before fall, I found myself eagerly looking forward to the year at Wellesley. I think I must have felt towards BNSG much as did the few boys I knew who attended military academies and hated the stern discipline, yet deep in their hearts respected it and were thankful for it.

Yes, I was going back for more making-over—but next year I would be in beautiful Wellesley!

Chapter VIII

The Triumph That Was Amy Morris Homans

Father and Mother were seeing to it that I was to have the sixth year at college so that, since I was determined to follow a career, I would have not only the coveted college degree but two years of additional study in my field. But I was not too favored beyond my sisters. Ferne, after a year of teaching history in high school, also felt the need of specialization and was to enter the University of Chicago to start graduate work in history, Mother's favorite subject. Jean, after four years at Coe specializing in violin (the only thing she was interested in) and one year back home giving private violin lessons, was to attend the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, and I was to be in Wellesley College. Our youngest sister, Madge, after one year at Coe, was going to stay home for a year with Father and Mother.

Ferne had left for Chicago a week ahead of me, and Jean two weeks earlier. So fearful was I of repeating the performance of the previous fall when I arrived tired from my journey that I went a day early and stayed with Jean at her dormitory at the Conservatory of Music. I took a nap the afternoon of my arrival and was in bed by 7:30 p.m. so that when I caught the suburban train to Wellesley the next morning I was rested and ready to face Miss Homans.

She was pleased with my appearance and told me so, but immediately broke the charm by informing me that Coley and I had been prone to be too much together the last year and therefore were not to room in the same house and that now that we were seniors, we were each to room alone. I asked if I might live, then, in the same house with Marian Watters and that, too, she refused on the grounds that we, also, were apt to be too much together. Marian was to live in a



Aesthetic dance class at Wellesley College (1910).

third house, she informed me, admonishing me to make other friends this year. Since Miss Homans' word was law, I dutifully took a single room at 17 Cottage Street, to live with an entirely new group of girls at a private house in the village, spoken of merely as "Miss Townsend's."

The story of the taking over of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics by Wellesley College is an interesting one. It seems that the far-seeing and philanthropic Mrs. Hemenway, abetted by Miss Homans, her equally far-seeing private secretary, sensed that the day was fast approaching when teachers of physical education as well as of other branches in the educational curriculum would need a college degree as well as specialized training. Mrs. Hemenway had stated in her will that her endowment should sustain the school for 15 years, after her death as a private independent school while its trustees

should be seeking collegiate affiliation. If such affiliation should be found, the endowment would finance the new affiliation; if not, the school was to be closed and the money turned into other channels.

As the fateful 15th year, 1909, approached, several colleges were vying to take over the school and its rich endowment. The choice finally simmered down to Simmons College in Boston and Wellesley College 15 miles away. Both offered opportunity to retain contact with Harvard Medical School, MIT and the Boston Children's Hospital.

After long negotiations, the offer of Wellesley College to make the school its department of hygiene and physical education was accepted and Mrs. Hemenway's endowment was transferred. The trustees of BNSG made available a large sum of money to be used toward the erection of a gymnasium building to be called Mary Hemenway Hall. An anonymous friend of the school contributed another large sum of money and other friends and graduates added their contributions.

In absorbing the school, Wellesley agreed to take over BNSG's entire faculty and for the transition year, the student body also, without question as to admission qualifications, these students to be classed as special students. Wellesley was to give up its former department of physical training and substitute BNSG as its new one.

The transfer of BNSG to Wellesley College went unnoticed in the professional literature of that day. Perhaps the withdrawal of the Boston group from the national organization because of some professional disagreements accounts for this. The transfer made important history in the upgrading of our profession in the general world of education as the first private school of physical education to acquire collegiate status. There was a complete blackout of news of the then-so-wonderful new gymnasium—Mary Hemenway Hall at Wellesley. Not even the informal News Column of *The American Physical Education Review* carried one word of the transfer or gymnasium. Was Miss Homans' displeasure with the professional association at that time so great that she would not release the news to them or was she in such disfavor with the ruling clique that they chose to ignore her and her projects?

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I was as eager in the fall of 1909 to discover Wellesley as I had been in the fall of 1908 to discover Boston. When word got about that there was a new group of students at Wellesley, all meticulously decorous on the campus and in the

village, the various Boston newspapers began sending out reporters to interview us. Standing in awe of what Miss Homans might think of any of our actions, the first of us girls to encounter these inquisitors at various approaches to the campus (for they apparently felt unwelcome within the campus itself) refused to say a single word that could possibly incriminate us in the eyes of Miss Homans.

No wonder we were targets for reporters trying to ferret out a sensational story for while the regular college girls invaded the village hatless and gloveless, we "Norms" never stepped outside our boardinghouse or even Mary Hemenway Hall, unless to go to a sports class, without first donning hat and gloves. There was no drawing on gloves as we walked out the door or once entered the street or campus. Miss Homans was leaning over backwards to have the college and outside world recognize us as ladies, and our unorthodox manner in the country village caused comment. These reporters wanted pictures of us so meticulously outfitted. In those fall days before the building was completed, with our bulky gym suits under our street clothes, with our sports paraphernalia and gym shoes dangling from our arms and books clutched in our green felt Harvard bags—the entire ensemble, topped off by hat and gloves, we must have been laughable sights! We rushed to report to Miss Homans every attempt to interview or photograph us. That dignified lady was horrified at the very thought that any of her girls should be publicized and we became adept at that day's equivalent of "No comment" on the frequent occasions when we were annoyed by persistent reporters. A stern "Go away," as I recall, was our usual admonition and since we adamantly refused to pose for a picture the reporters and photographers soon gave up and annoyed us no more.

Although the regular college girls did not appear outdoors in bloomers, even with all their privacy on that so-isolated campus, we former BNSG girls were allowed to play out-of-doors in our bloomers on a special dispensation for the fall until we would have dressing rooms available for appropriate out-of-door sports costumes storage. Come spring, we were outfitted with short pleated skirts (short means mid-calf length). These we wore for outdoor sports with Lombard sailor blouses. In 1909, street skirts were at ankle length but too long for sports participation.

Unwelcome newspaper photographers were not the worst of our reception in the fall. Almost immediately we became aware that the college welcome mat was not out for us. Many of the faculty members looked down their noses at us quite obviously, and the students spoke of us as "those norms" with much disapproval in their tone of voice and with voices raised so that we would be sure to hear. Apparently the academic world of the liberal arts, especially the world with the Boston aura, was not ready to accept the "vulgar herd" that

might smack of utilitarianism. However, from its very start the college had taken in what it called "T Specs." Mature women with college degrees who had been teaching were allowed to come and study whatever they pleased.¹ So older BNSG students should not have been novelties within the heritage of the college although the custom of accepting "T Specs" had long been dropped.

At least we were not totally neglected by the Wellesley establishment. The houses where we lived in the village had proctors assigned to them by the Student Government and now and then some young thing dropped in to beg for donations for campus ventures or to check if we were obeying the rules, all of which amused us no end since these student government proctors took themselves so very seriously.

One great compensation for the lack of welcome and our cold reception was that we were going to school in such a beautiful setting. As far as I was concerned, that alone made up for the lack of hospitality.

If I found Boston far different from anything I had known before in Iowa, here I found a college world altogether different from the small coeducational, church-oriented one I had come to know back in my home state.

There was a wealth of organizations to which regular students could belong, however none was open to us special students. There were welcoming parties for the new regular college students but we were invited to none. The president's home was open apparently to all except us "specials." But in our free hours we had our own fun apart from the others, although the girls who had looked forward to being part of college campus life soon learned to stand resolutely "on the outside looking in" and not be too hurt at being rejected. We older ones had had our college-age fun.

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Wellesley College of 1909 was of predominantly New England students and was set in a small village. Its large wooded campus on the shores of beautiful Lake Waban and its handsome buildings held me enthralled. Even yet today, I still think it is the most beautiful college campus in all America, and I have seen many of the finer ones all over the United States.

The college was chartered in 1870 and opened its doors in 1875, so that it was 34 years old when I discovered it. It had been founded by Henry Fowle Durant, a successful Boston attorney who in 1854 had purchased land for a country estate in that beautiful woodland and lake setting, and in 1870 gave 300 acres of

his estate on the north shore of Lake Waban for the establishment of a college for women which he himself founded.²

If other new students at Wellesley were given talks about or informed of literature revealing the college history, we 75 specializing in the newly-organized department of hygiene were overlooked. We who were interested picked up here and there about the campus what information we could. I learned of the Durant and Hunnewell families as the chief benefactors of the college, but Wellesley was not meticulous in this respect as BNSG had been about keeping the story of Mary Hemenway alive.

The Wellesley College I found in 1909 had a student body of 1,378; 71 percent of the 264 seniors were from the Eastern states, 20 percent from the Middle West, and 9 percent divided about equally from the Western states and the South. Of us 75 BNSG girls, 74 percent were from the East, 12 percent from the Middle West, and 7 percent each from the West and South.³ While the 264 regular college seniors were from 29 states, we 75 BNSG girls were from 23 states, Canada and Hawaii.

The faculty of that day numbered 156 (all but 9 were women)—16.6 percent held the rank of professor, 24.3 percent were associate professors, and the rest were instructors or other special designations. There were 24 departments listed in the catalog. Heads of 19 departments held the rank of professor; 3, associate professor; 1, instructor; and 1, our own Amy Morris Homans, was listed as only director without academic rank.

Of these 24 heads of departments, 9 held the doctor's degree; 10, the master's; two, the bachelor's; and 3, no degree, but all 3 of these had professorial rank,³ proving that it could not have been Miss Homans' lack of an earned degree that stood in the way of a professorship for her. (As early as 1896 the University of Michigan had granted a full professorship to Eliza Mosher, M.D., in the multiple position of director of physical education for women, dean of women, and women's medical advisor. Like Miss Homans, she was administering a department of physical education for women although not trained in the field. In 1903 Oberlin College had granted the rank of professor to Delphine Hanna, M.D., but besides being educated in the field of medicine she was at the same time a bona fide physical educator. It was several years before any woman's college in America followed the lead of Michigan and Oberlin.)

The women's colleges in general were also slower than the coeducational colleges in granting the title of "director" to their heads of physical education. But Wellesley College, with the taking over of BNSG, did grant the title of director to Miss Homans who by then held an honorary M. A. degree conferred

by Bates College the spring before BNSG closed its doors in Boston. But it was to be another six years after Miss Homans joined the Wellesley College faculty before that college recognized its responsibility to her and granted her the academic rank of professor—this in 1915. However, Wellesley College was the first of the leading women's colleges to give this rank to a director of physical education.

The president of the college was Caroline Hazard (the fifth president), a native of Rhode Island who, according to *Who's Who In America*, had been educated exclusively by governesses and tutors at home and abroad, and at a private girls' school in Providence. She had been president for 10 years by 1909. She was the granddaughter of a wealthy woolen manufacturer of Rhode Island and in 1902 had presented the college a home for its president, a home set in quiet isolation on a lovely hilltop in the midst of the campus. Word got about that sometime during the school year every student would be invited to the president's house for some occasion but we special students were never included in any of the invitations. To President Hazard we did not exist.

The dean of the college was Ellen Pendleton of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, who the following year was destined to become Wellesley's sixth president. She held the M.A. degree and while serving as dean was associate professor of mathematics.

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The new department of hygiene and physical education actually was not a new department, merely a reorganization of an old one with a change in title and a new feature added—professional training. In fact, physical education work of some kind in the curriculum was as old as the college itself. The very first catalog announced that "a large gymnasium is provided and students are instructed in calisthenics." The registrar, Ida Parker, was listed as both "registrar and teacher of gymnastics." Could she have had some training under Dio Lewis or one of his pupils or even with Catharine Beecher? Be that as it may, Ida Parker taught calisthenics at Wellesley from 1875 to 1881 in the large gymnasium in College Hall, the great main building of the campus perched on a high bluff overlooking Lake Waban. Then a Miss N. M. Plimpton took over this work for one year, followed by Lucille Eaton Hill who for the next 27 years (1882-1909) taught not only calisthenics but developed a department of physical education which encompassed a great variety of sports and dancing in addition to gymnastics. It was she who had crews at work on the lake as early as 1882 and who established Field Day and much of the ceremonies surrounding Tree Day and Float Night.⁴

In the 1880s the Wellesley girls were introduced by Miss Hill to Sargent's machines for exercising, and they used wands, dumbbells, Indian clubs, vaulting boxes, chest weights and flying rings. In 1892 she introduced Swedish gymnastics and began taking anthropometric measures and through them appraised the physical condition of her pupils, thus marking one of the earliest such records for women in any school in the country. At about this time she introduced 8-oared barges to the crews but as yet did no racing with them.⁵

As gleaned by the few of us girls who chanced to know some of the regular students, Miss Hill was a very popular member of the faculty and when she published her book in 1903⁶ she "put Wellesley and its department of physical education on the map" in the collegiate world. But neither she nor her book were ever mentioned to us special students by any of the BNSG staff. We were left completely in the dark as to the history of the department up to the year of the BNSG takeover. Did the silence mean that there had been unpleasantness over her leaving?

We were totally in the dark as to whether she was old, middle-aged or young or how long she had been head of the department or even whatever became of her. Because she was never known to be about the campus, we presumed that she had left the community. What little I have unearthed about her I have learned over 50 years later through my own digging into old catalogs and records and in finding her name listed in programs of our early professional conventions.

The college was happy to receive the Hemenway endowment of \$100,000 plus an extra \$100,000 for the erection of Mary Hemenway Hall. As to normal training students, the college held to the former enrollment of 75 enrollees but gone was the period of probation. Once accepted, each student, except for the most extenuating circumstances, was permitted to stay out the year. This 75 consisted of the few from the class of 1909 who had been arbitrarily informed they must return for a third year (not necessarily the poorer students but the younger ones who, so Miss Homans felt, needed a bit more maturing before going out to teach), those of us who had entered the previous fall and had survived, and 28 new girls.

We old BNSG girls did not have to register along with the regular college students since we were taken in as a group vouched for by Miss Homans and had registered and paid our advance fees in the spring in Boston—\$175 for tuition and \$275 for board and room plus several small fees.

Miss Homans and Mrs. Hemenway, long before other workers in the field, had seen the handwriting on the wall. Now BNSG had become the first private school of physical education in the country to achieve a collegiate tie-up.

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After we girls who entered Wellesley College from earlier registration at BNSG were graduated, those who entered the department of hygiene and physical education directly from high school as candidates for the teaching certificate did so as full-fledged freshmen at Wellesley College, meeting all its entrance requirements and destined to take a five-year course (as did music majors) in order to procure both the bachelor's degree from Wellesley and the certificate from the department. Those entering with the degree already earned, registered as graduate students for the two-year special course in physical education leading to the master's degree.

Because the pressure was on from the year we entered Wellesley to accept for this highly specialized training only older women with the bachelor's degree already earned, the doors were closed to the older women without the degree who had been doing classroom teaching or had been in the business world for some years. Hence, the school from 1909 on missed opportunities to take in people like Senda Berenson of the Smith College faculty, Ethel Perrin, the first woman physical director of the Detroit public schools and the second woman in America after Jessie Bancroft to head a physical education department of the public schools of a large city, Helen McKinstry, president of Russell Sage College, Blanche Trilling, for many years director of physical education for women at the University of Wisconsin, and Mary Channing Coleman, director of physical education at Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, all of whom became women of distinction in the profession. Coley was one of the last of such older applicants to be accepted when the school was still in Boston. What a loss she and these others would have been to the distinction of the school's alumnae rolls! Wellesley College became the first school in America to offer professional training in physical education only on the graduate level.

But it was several years after my class entered until all the red tape was properly unwound and due consent of all necessary Wellesley authorities obtained before the department actually conferred these master's degrees (1923 to be exact). The few of us already with the bachelor's degree who attended Wellesley in the earlier years of this tie-up took the same courses as the later entering bachelor-degree girls but we did not receive the master's degree.

Again Miss Homans was many years ahead of her day—in fact, many decades. The five-year requirement for the bachelor's degree involving a major of a highly specialized nature proved an excellent idea in light of the many hours such students needed to acquire skills in many physical activities which were not permitted to cut into the more important hours devoted to the physiological sciences and life-enrichment courses.

The official title given our old school by Wellesley was the department of hygiene and physical education. However, the college yearbook, the *Legenda*, listed it as hygiene and physical training. We thought the title with hygiene added was new in educational circles but many years later I learned that Oberlin College had been using this designation at least since 1892, 17 years or more ahead of Wellesley.

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The staff of the department of 1909 was listed as consisting of Miss Homans, M. A., director, seven instructors, one assistant and the college resident physician. Not one was given professorial rank, not even as associate or assistant professor, even though three of them were M. D.s—Dr. Collin, Dr. Pratt, our physiology teacher, and Dr. Blanche Sterling, our emergencies and symptomatology teacher. Dr. Sterling came out from Boston for her few lectures but the other two were now with us full-time. Dr. Pratt was listed also as a member of the staff of the department of zoology and physiology, there too only as instructor, along with two other M. D.s and one Ph. D. Of the other four instructors, all women, only two held a college degree. One of these was Annie Chapin Stedman who taught history of physical education and was the department librarian and who, in a confidential mood one day when I asked for her help in seeking references on Harriet Beecher Stowe to send home to Mother for some club program, informed me that she was a niece of that famous woman but that I was not to tell this to anyone as it was not known even to Miss Homans. This secret I have kept all these years up to now. The other college graduate was Estella Ferron who taught esthetic dancing and assisted Mr. Gilbert. She was a holdover from Miss Hill's staff the year before and taught the regular college students. The other instructors were Edna Williams and Marion Hartwell both of whom taught sports and dancing and also assisted Dr. Collin in gymnastics classes. Then there was an assistant listed as Margaret Kreutz whom I recall as the department pianist but maybe she taught some classes also.

Although Mr. Gilbert still taught our esthetic dancing classes, coming out from Boston as scheduled, his name is not on the faculty roster. How well I recall one morning in May 1910 when we girls waited in the gymnasium for our esthetic dance lesson. It was unheard of for him to be late. Perhaps the train from Boston was late, but that, too, was unheard of. Finally Dr. Collin came to the room and informed us that Miss Homans had just received word that Professor Gilbert had been stricken by a heart attack and had died just before he was to leave for the train to Wellesley. We were all shaken as we felt deep respect and admiration for him.

To have taken dancing lessons under Gilbert's personal instruction was a

memorable educational experience because he was the personification of Victorian and Edwardian eras and at the same time the embodiment of the best of French and Russian ballet excellence in his personal mastery over techniques.

In this our second year, we seniors took advanced physiology all year and a semester each of symptomatology, psychology, anthropometry, pedagogy, advanced kinesiology, theory of gymnastics, and daily all year, practice teaching, Swedish gymnastics, dancing of various types and various sports. This meant per week for each semester 18 hours of lecture and recitation work plus laboratory work and 15 hours of physical activity. On top of all this came the study hours. No wonder we were busy from early morn to bedtime, for our science courses were particularly demanding. In later teaching years how amused I would be at big sturdy girls who had the temerity to insist that to add even as much as three hours a week of physical exercise to their schedules of 14-15 hours per week of classwork would jeopardize their health. Of course such talk never impressed me who, in spite of an inclination towards frailty, carried a schedule of 18 hours plus 15 hours (not just 3) of strenuous physical activity weekly and came out with greatly improved health!

For our practice teaching we took over the physical education work in several suburban village schools which were along the trolley line serving our village. Marian Watters and I were the lucky ones assigned to the Wellesley village high school classes. Thus we had a chance to pursue our friendship which had been greatly disrupted by our not being permitted to live in the same house. Also I was thus saved the need of riding the trolley cars to some nearby village which usually resulted in motion sickness. On the few occasions when it was necessary to ride them, I usually stood out on the rear platform in the fresh air so not to create a scene by sudden attacks of nausea. However in Boston I had discovered smelling salts, which saved me many an unhappy moment and from then on for many years I never boarded a trolley car or train without a bottle of those salts in my purse. In memory I can see those bottles now although they long ago disappeared from the druggist's displays. They were pretty in the gay colors of liquid in which the salts were immersed. Following World War I, ammonia ampules came on the scene to replace these bottles thus easing the worry of carrying a bottle of liquid in my purse. With World War II came a variety of tablets to replace the ampules. It has been a life-long battle against motion sickness whether in trolleys, trains, steamships or airplanes.

We physical education majors had taken baseball, basketball, cricket, hockey, swimming and tennis the year before in Brookline and at Riverside. This year, dropping swimming, we added to our schedule archery and fencing. Wellesley was blessed with hockey fields of thick green turf, a cricket field, an archery range and a long stretch of clay tennis courts all near the gymnasium at the western reaches of the campus, and down at the lake a bath house and a boat

house, and to the eastern edge of the campus a small golf course, all surrounded by wooded knolls. 'Twas luxury then and still is today compared to the women's sports facilities in the great run of colleges—particularly coeducational ones.

Fencing I took a great fancy to although I could never be classed as good. Anyway I enjoyed it and after each of us seniors had our private session with the French fencing master who came out to Wellesley from Boston a certain day each week, we would challenge each other to bouts in order to get in our required practice before the next lesson. Since the master spoke no English we had to practice the French terminology used in class. I must have written home enthusiastically about this sport for when it came commencement time Father sent me extra money with instructions to purchase a pair each of foils, plastrons and masks for my graduation gift, so that wherever I would be teaching I could continue the sport having at hand an outfit of my own and one to loan a partner. (How many years these outfits hung on my office walls from Wisconsin to Oregon! How many bouts I had with them with faculty members, students, and other friends until at long last as I was on the verge of retiring I passed them on to one of my own graduates who also was enthusiastic over fencing. As a recreation director with the U.S. Air Force, first in Germany and later in the USA, she took my foils and accessories to various Air Force bases—the last one in the wilds of Alaska. She informs me those Air Force boys have enjoyed them, too!)

As if our heavy weekday schedules weren't enough we were frequently ordered to Boston on Saturdays to attend special lectures at Harvard Medical School or to work in the Medical Museum there, and on many a Sunday morning we seniors who lived at Miss Townsend's would gather in the parlor after breakfast for a chat relaxing from the rush of the week just ended and in a way summing up our week's work. Invariably there would arise the interminable arguments over anatomy and kinesiology.

"No, no, it isn't the pectoralis major! Not for that exercise!" With that matter settled, another argument: "I say it is the triceps femoris!" "No, that's the antagonistic force." And later: "Show me a good exercise where the trapezius is a steadying force!" followed by more argumentation. We seniors would hold forth stubbornly sticking to our subject until before we would realize it the morning was gone and again, as the year before in Boston, we had not gone to church, in fact hadn't even made our beds yet. This was the usual Sunday morning pattern for weeks on end. How Dr. Collin would have chuckled over those Sunday morning sessions of ours, continued from the previous year's Sunday morning gatherings at Miss Blake's!

Occasionally we changed the subject on Sunday mornings and delved into

principles and philosophy of our chosen profession, the blind leading the blind since we still had no course in the subject and as far as we knew no book to guide us. (Had we but been introduced to Miss Hill's book that had been off press for six years by then we would have had excellent guidance as I was to learn many years later when I accidentally came across a copy of that book in a secondhand book store and for the first time learned of its existence and her philosophy. To my great pleasure I found that it matched my own.)

Unaware of Miss Hill and her philosophy, we girls nevertheless discussed these intangibles at great lengths in our impromptu Sunday morning disquisitions and critiques, fashioning therefrom a splendid amateur course in principles and philosophy. The first book on the subject in our field was yet over a decade away. Perhaps since we had in our curriculum as yet no courses in the methods of teaching sports and no course in philosophy and principles there was no reason for calling Miss Hill's book to our attention. Thus, the oversight may quite possibly have been merely incidental.

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Mary Hemenway Hall was the wonder of the day as a gymnasium for women. There was nothing anywhere in the country that could match it in its various details of construction and equipment and in its adherence to the laws of sanitation and hygiene. The front wing was a three-story structure which contained the classrooms, laboratories and library for us majors, and the offices of the staff. The rear wing was two-stories high with the dressing rooms and showers on the ground floor and the entire second floor given over to the gymnasium proper with its high-peaked roof and skylights and with its many large windows on three sides making it light and airy. All along the walls below the windows in the gymnasium was a wealth of gymnastic apparatus, and suspended from the ceiling beams were many climbing ropes and both rope and Swedish ladders. It was the only exercise room in the building other than a special small room for corrective work for small groups which was on the ground floor of the front wing. The day had not come yet when it was considered necessary to have in a gymnasium building a dance studio and a swimming pool besides a gymnastics floor, let alone a bowling alley, indoor golf and archery practice ranges, volleyball courts and the like.

The most unusual feature of the building was the dressing- and shower-room arrangement with its unique costume storage facilities. It was the first we had known of central-control showers or of electrically controlled doors and we reveled in this luxury. While we were in the booths following an exercise class

shedding our gym suits for shower robes the woman in control of the baths had from her control box swung closed the great metal doors leading into the shower rooms. Then she turned on steaming hot water supposedly sterilizing and disinfecting the entire shower room. Then she gradually lowered the temperature of the water until it had reached the proper temperature for a warm bath when she would release the locks on the doors and ring a bell, the signal for us to march in. We had by then donned our shower robes and stepped into the aisle waiting for the signal. With our dressing booths assigned according to our height and our keeping in place outside our booths we then marched in, the tall girls first marching through the shower room aisles fast clearing of steam and going to the rear of the room where the higher shower heads were installed with the shorter girls the last to enter to take their places at the lower shower heads in the front booths.

As each reached her previously assigned shower booth she would reach in and try the water until it was the desired temperature and then she would step in to the side where the water did not strike and remove her robe and throw it over the shower wall. It was unthinkable that a girl would remove her robe out in the aisle. All the time the temperature of the water, centrally controlled, was gradually growing cooler and each stayed in for the desired coldness. For the return trip, each left the shower when she wished and returned to her dressing booth without waiting for a formal march back. When the temperature reached a certain degree of coldness the matron rang a warning bell for no more soaping and shortly turned off the water and the shower period was over. Shortly after this closing shower bell came a third bell which meant all should be dressed and ready to leave the dressing room at once. Three minutes were allowed us from the time a class entered the dressing room until that last bell rang. Woe unto the girl who was late to a next class.

Another unusual feature of the dressing room was the drying and disinfecting room for the costumes. Each student was assigned a large wire basket in a numbered wheeled cart of tiers of baskets grouped by classes. When a given class was due to arrive the attendants wheeled out the cart containing its baskets. Then when we were through with our costumes for the day, we replaced them in the baskets and the attendant wheeled the cart into the disinfecting room where all were heat-treated in a way that was never explained to us and about which we had not enough curiosity to inquire. We were taught, however, to fold our great full bloomers and place them on the top in the basket and it was a wonder to us all how if we were careful they always came out of that baking without a wrinkle. A wrinkled suit would never have been tolerated on the drill floor, also not a crumpled dickie.

By December 13th, 1909, the building was complete enough that we could enter and have lockers and dressing booths assigned and could move in our

belongings and use the library and recitation rooms before Christmas vacation but it was January 6th before we had our first gymnasium classes and February 1910, before we could use the showers. What a joy that wonderful new building was once it was ready for complete use.

One feature about the new building that particularly delighted us was the remoteness of the dressing room from Miss Homans' office. After the last class of the day at the building when we were changing to our street clothes, we dared take time to relax a bit and whatever fun we had in the dressing room we had then when we would "harmonize" a bit as we dressed. How we loved to sing the latest hit, *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now* when we were sure Miss Homans had already left the building or when we had been careful to station a guard at the entrance to warn of any "impending arrival" or when we knew that Miss Homans was out of town. On one such occasion my friend Marian wrote in her diary: "School regular except that AMH was in New York and consequently the whole building was on a toot." (This was read aloud to me during a reunion 56 years later.)

Although we were motivated to visit facilities all around the Boston area, nothing was ever said to us about the special and unusual feature of our own new building. Once at work in the sunny big gymnasium how we reveled in all the new apparatus there and how Dr. Collin in his generous laughing way of giving encouragement spurred us all on to ever better performance.

And so I moved with the old Boston Normal School of Gymnastics to Wellesley College and had one more year under the influence of Miss Homans, a year I sadly needed in order to consolidate whatever personal professional gains I had started to achieve. But it was to be one more year of not having the leaders of that day (so many of whom were close at hand) presented or even mentioned to us.

In contrast to this approach, in the fall of 1965 when I made a tour of 12 New England colleges and universities to investigate their archives (for AAHPER) in relation to physical education, at almost every institution I was invited to meet the physical education staffs and to talk to the professional training students. I was introduced as I wish the professional workers of the early twentieth century had been introduced to me and my classmates.

* * * *

Miss Homans was so deeply absorbed at Wellesley with added responsibili-

ties and in getting our school adjusted to the new situations that she had much less time than before for individual attention to us girls. This was a great relief to me for I still stood in great awe of her and lived in fear of a summons to the office. However no sooner had classes started than the inevitable summons came. With that familiar feeling of goneness in the pit of my stomach, I reported to the office only to find that Miss Homans, eagerly scanning my face for any tell-tale expression, asked how I liked it at Wellesley. I could wax eloquent on that subject for I had fallen in love with the wooded countryside and the beautiful campus and the little village. Miss Homans was pleased with my enthusiasm and said she was happy with my response, and dismissed me. Probably she had been bothered by tales of the unfriendly reception which we were receiving on the campus and was sounding out various ones of us. I didn't like the attitude of the regular students toward us but it was so dwarfed by the glories of the place that I felt it too unimportant even to mention.

After this she delighted in a special favor for Eleanor Cummings and me. Many years later I learned that she had waged real battle with the college authorities before she could get Eleanor, a graduate of Boston University, and me classified as graduate students. She stubbornly fought for this recognition for us and stood firm until it was granted. Not until she had won her victory did we know one thing about this struggle for recognition for our department.

A few years later Miss Homans took the next step and waged battle for the college graduates who entered the department to be registered as actual candidates for the advanced degree with our own course itself recognized as graduate level work. With this first step she had patience and the wisdom not to press for too much at one time. But when she had won this first step of victory she called Eleanor and me to the office and informed us that we were from then on classed as graduate students and that she hoped we would join the Graduate Club and let the campus see that there were two of us in the club from our department. Since she confided in us nothing of what this meant to her as a real victory and what its significance was, we took the announcement in a matter-of-fact way and wondered at her elation that we were now privileged to join the club since neither of us cared an iota about joining it. But sensing that she very much wanted us to join, we kept our thoughts to ourselves and accepted the invitation.

The graduates we met there were absorbed in their pursuit of literature and the classics and were a bit inclined to look askance at the two of us who proclaimed our chief academic interest to lie in the realm of the biological sciences. They were as ignorant as the undergraduates about our professional training course and they, too, seemed to look down their noses at it as being something not quite worthy of attention. But we were happy to keep up our

membership once we learned that it brought us immunity from the student government rules. This alone was a great boon to Eleanor whose home was in Boston and to me with a sister living in a dormitory in Boston where there was always a spare cot on weekends. Freedom from student government rules meant that we could run into Boston Sunday mornings or return from Boston on Sunday evenings, a privilege denied the Wellesley undergraduates since the rule forbade riding on anything with wheels on a Sunday—bicycles, automobiles, trolleys or trains. And there was much of interest going on in Boston that was available to us once we got that graduate status.

* * * *

Miss Homans also made overtures to me in other ways but her adamantly critical attitude toward me over much that I did the previous year had raised a wall between us so that I did not now fully appreciate her change toward me and was not aware of the overtures. Apparently she was sensitive, too, and would make no further move at achieving any sort of *rapprochement* with me unless I showed some sign of desiring it. This I was blind to, and no doubt also I was a bit stubborn and unforgiving for she had, time and time again, hurt me deeply and I felt on several occasions most unjustly so.

This year at Wellesley I was still luckless on occasion as for example in the following incident. Usually very prompt, I had for some emergency one day arrived late at the first class and as it was a lecture dashed in still wearing my hat and street dress. And that would be the very day and hour Miss Homans would choose to come to class and ask the instructor for a few moments to read a choice selection from Emerson's essays. Immediately spying me not in professional dress, she gave me a chilling glance, proceeded with her reading, then snapping the volume shut, walked slowly down the aisle to where I sat and in a very low voice said, "You may report to the office at the close of the period."

A few days later, having an unexpected holiday and eager to see the new gym, Hester came to spend the weekend with me from her position at Bates College in Maine and she insisted I go with her to call on Miss Homans. I suffered all manner of pangs even at the thought of going for I still smarted from that last scolding when I had not been allowed to explain why I was tardy, but Hester was adamant. No graduate ever returned without calling on Miss Homans the first thing. At her pleasure over seeing Hester, she kissed us both and the surprise of it flustered me so that I sat throughout the call idiotically mute. I could not think of a thing to say that wasn't inane and knowing how much she preferred silence to inanities I sat there speechless. And as we took

our departure she invited us to have dinner with her the next evening and turning to Hester she announced that some day she hoped I would go "tramping" with her. I stuttered something and fled. However, the idea intrigued me for we all knew through Dr. Collin that she hoped to take a long walk each day and to get in at least a five-mile walk once a week. And I loved tramping. She had probably heard of this and thought to test me out—in fact only the last weekend I had been trying to get all the girls at Miss Townsend's to go exploring with me around the inviting countryside. But tramping to me meant long strides, swinging one's arms, really covering ground and I had never seen Miss Homans walk in any but a slow sedate gait in her long rustling silk skirts. I lived in horror of her actually asking me to go with her some day and wondered what we would talk about. I foresaw it as a great embarrassment. But I might have spared myself that worry for she never mentioned it again.

As I look back, I think she may have longed for a little companionship from us young girls, and if she had any thought of trying me no doubt the thought was quickly dispelled by the expression she must have seen on my face at her suggestion. Would that I had not stood in such fear and awe of her, for thereby I closed a door which she was probably ready to open—a door she did open to Hester and Marian for they responded correctly to her advances.

One day in particular I became aware that she was testing me in other subtle ways. There was one piece of new apparatus in the gymnasium that particularly caught the fancy of all of us students. Fastened to a cross-beam near the ceiling were a dozen or more ropes which when drawn out filled the entire width of the large gym floor, hanging from ceiling to floor like a giant rope portiere. Dr. Collin eyed those ropes day by day with a bit of a gleam in his eyes and one day he exclaimed:

"Soon now I am going to call on some one of you to mount that first rope to the west and changing ropes as you climb mount to touch the rafter at the center rope and then descend changing ropes to dismount on the last rope at the east wall."

We gasped. We had been climbing up on one rope but never dreamed of such a challenge as this. Then a day or two later as we were seated on the floor resting after strenuous apparatus work, Dr. Collin suddenly glanced up at the ropes, broke into an impish grin, then did a mock pirouette whirling to face us with an index finger pointing straight at me. I protested violently but to no avail. He was adamant that I was at least to try it.

"I will walk along with you from rope to rope and will be right there to catch you should you fall."

So I arose and began the ordeal. Slowly I mounted higher and higher. You could have heard a pin drop anywhere in that huge room as the girls sat on the floor breathlessly watching my progress. Not a sound but Dr. Collin's calm voice, now and then encouraging me, and his footsteps as he moved from rope to rope keeping just under me. Finally I reached the center rope up at the rafter and I let go with one hand to reach up and pat it to assure myself I was really up there, and then I looked down and suddenly everything went blurred.

"Hold tight," Dr. Collin shouted to me, "take it easy. Stay there where you are and rest a while." And he turned and whispered something to one of the girls and she arose and ran from the room. In a few moments she returned with Miss Homans who, in her usual stately manner, walked slowly down the room and stationed herself back of the girls seated on the floor. Dr. Collin then called to me, "Come on down now." Again in absolute silence I tackled those ropes, this time descending and working my way to the east side of the room. When at last I reached the last rope and dismounted I crumpled into a heap on the floor. The girls broke into relieved laughter. Dr. Collin picked me up and then turned to Miss Homans and with a rather defiant note of triumph in his voice said, "I told you she could do it!" Miss Homans let out a begrudgingly acquiescing "humph" and turned and slowly walked out of the room in deep silence except for the rustling of her elegant satin petticoats as they swished along the floor.

It was now apparent that I had been the subject of an argument, Miss Homans apparently confident that I did not have stamina enough to stand up to such a physical challenge, Dr. Collin sure that I did. Never have I forgotten that string of ropes and the day I stubbornly conquered them!

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There had been heads of physical education for women in colleges for several years but no one had ever called them together to discuss common problems and to get inspiration from united efforts. Now that Miss Homans was one of the college group, and an organizer above all else, she at once set about to bring them together. She invited all women physical directors of New England colleges to visit the new Mary Hemenway Hall at Wellesley on a Saturday in March 1910. When this gathering was reported in our national magazine (years later),⁷ the write-up said that student presidents of the athletic associations were invited as well as the college directors. This puzzles me since I saw the group and there were no undergraduates among the guests insofar as either my memory or my diary records the incident.

However, since Wellesley College did have a very efficient Woman's Athletic Association at the time it is within probabilities that Miss Homans may have drawn undergraduates into this history-making gathering. If the published account (written from eight-year-old recollections of the one interviewed) is correct, then this first coming together of representatives of college women's athletic associations antecedes by seven years the founding of the Athletic Conference of American College Women discussed in a later chapter. However, as a general rule in those days, students were not invited to sit in on deliberations with faculty although in an earlier day at Wellesley President Alice Freeman had taken the seniors into her confidence on many occasions and reported that she had found them a great source of help with the younger girls.⁸

It was a small group of directors that gathered at this historic meeting of 1910—historic because Miss Homans' thought to bring them together for mutual help was the first step that led to the birth of today's National Association for Physical Education of College Women. At this first get-together, six New England colleges accepted the invitation—Bates, Colby, Mt. Holyoke, Radcliffe, Smith and Wellesley. How well I recall that first gathering as a curious bystander. One day early in March, Miss Homans asked for a few minutes from one of our theory classes for an important announcement. In memory I can see her now standing before us in her lovely dark gray satin dress with its collar of real lace. As she spoke in her low and well modulated voice, she fingered the long silver chain which she usually wore as the one piece of jewelry for business hours (a lovely thing I later came to know as typically Florentine and which she is wearing and fingering in the usual manner in her portrait later painted by Joseph DeCamp which hangs in Mary Hemenway Hall at Wellesley). She told us that the coming weekend she was to have as her guests a group of directors of physical education for women from neighboring colleges and she hoped that we would look closely to our manners and above all remember that "Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman."

So we tiptoed around on that Saturday, which was a regular school day at Wellesley with Monday off, (as I recall, they came one morning and were in conference until late afternoon). Even Dr. Collin lowered his booming voice and tiptoed around with us. We must have made Miss Homans proud for we were, indeed, all of us on our best behavior. The building was as quiet as a tomb. Who the various individuals were and what their mission was we were not told. Not one was presented to us nor were we presented to them. They entered the building and quickly vanished into Miss Homans' office to reappear later for a tour of our new building. At the close of one class hour Coley and I, more curious than the others, tiptoed to the door of Miss Homans' office and peered at the strangers through the opening of the door, slightly ajar, prepared if

caught to declare that we were on our way to the library. But we weren't caught and we took turns peering in, safe as we were not being in Miss Homans' line of vision. We wondered who they were and from what schools. Eight years later I learned of the importance of this meeting through the pages of our national magazine and that the purpose was "to ascertain the present status of physical education in the colleges of New England and to discuss problems involved in enlarging its scope and getting for it just recognition as an essential part of a well-ordered college curriculum." So that was who those mysterious visitors were.

How little in 1910 did Colèy and I, as we peered through the opening in Miss Homans' office door, ever dream that 14 years later in a hotel room in Kansas City, Missouri, this meeting would blossom into a full-fledged national organization with me one of 18 present at the formal birth of the group. I would serve as its third president. How very much it would have meant to us girls who were on the verge of a career in the profession, to have had these women introduced to us and to have known that the pretty short one was none other than Senda Berenson whose name meant much to us as the one who adapted Naismith's basketball rules for women's use and thus initiated basketball for women.

So it was that Miss Homans was the one who first dreamed of bringing together the college women physical education teachers to study the needs and experience the joys of joint efforts in behalf of one branch of education of American college women.

* * * *

If there was practically no social life connected with the school at BNSG the previous year in Boston there was also none available to us special students at Wellesley, at least none of any special interest. Although there were many organizations on the campus, none that we knew of was open to us. What diversions and fun we had, we again had to make for ourselves but we were equal to the challenge. Oh! There was a hiking club that invited us to join them on their hikes but their idea of a hike was to cover maybe five miles in an outing. This seemed mere peanuts to us. Until our building was completed those of us who liked to hike would bring our lunch and in the nice fall weather would hike as far around Lake Waban as we dared, to get back in time for our afternoon classes. This developed into a hiking club of our own which on many Mondays (the free day at Wellesley) took ambitious hikes of 10, 12 and 14 miles about the lovely winding roads of that area, working up to the 15-mile hike to Boston where we would get lunch and return home by suburban train.

Now and then my home-town friend, Joe from Yale, came to Boston for the weekend and put up at the Parker House, where the action was for collegians in those days. I would get away from Saturday assignments at Wellesley in time for dinner at the Parker House and theater afterward. I would spend the night with Jean at her dorm. Sunday morning Joe would hire a car and driver, and he and Jean and I would have a merry whirl out into the country for dinner at some wayside inn and back to town in time for him to escort us back to Jean's for my suitcase and to take me to the suburban train for Wellesley before he had to catch the evening train back to New Haven.

The one big excitement Joe gave us for the year was the Yale-Harvard football game that fall. As a rule the entire country would be eagerly awaiting the outcome of this one game for it was generally the game that determined the national championship for the year. Nearly always there were several All-American players on both teams.⁹ For this one contest each year many special trains poured into the host city, Boston or New Haven. What excitement sitting on the Yale side, proudly waving a Yale pennant and wearing a huge corsage of violets—Yale's blue! And what a climax to the day, meeting that evening Ted Coy, Yale's victorious captain.

I had seen that day the two famous coaches in action, Walter Camp of Yale and Percy Haughton of Harvard. (Fifty-six years later on a weekday morning I was to make a lonely pilgrimage to that then-deserted Harvard stadium to see the Percy Haughton monument created by R. Tait McKenzie, our physical educator-sculptor. Some 30 years earlier I had promised Dr. McKenzie I would see his monument on my next visit to Cambridge. I was belatedly keeping that pledge. By the time of my lonely quest, Walter Camp, Percy Haughton, R. Tait McKenzie, Ted Coy, even Joe, my friend from childhood days, were all long dead. As maturer years sort out the memories I find there remains above all an other memory of that November day in 1909, that of the fleeting, close glimpse I had of Dr. Charles Eliot, Harvard's famous and then recently-retired president. With the others in that dense throng wending our way into the stadium, I obeyed the orders of some man who shouted, "Stand back, folks. Let the great man through."

For Christmas vacation Coley and I went to New York City together, and I had my first glimpse of that great and much talked-of city.

* * * *

A few happy weekends that year were spent at Clark University when I

visited Lu Crum, the fellow in psychology whom I had known in her undergraduate days at Coe and who had frequently visited me in Boston the year before. Her romance with Harry Chase, another fellow in psychology at Clark University at the time, had deepened and not wanting their little circle of graduate students at Clark to know, Lu frequently came out to Wellesley to visit me as she had done the year before in Boston when Harry would follow her on a later train and they could be alone together. Lu was still the vivacious, petite, curly-haired, personality-plus young girl I had first met as a freshman at Coe when she was a senior. Once they both arrived in Wellesley they roamed the winding wooded pathways of the college campus and explored the paths around the lake and in West Woods and were alone together in that beautiful setting to their hearts' content just as 23 years before, Alice Freeman, president of Wellesley, and George Herbert Palmer, the Harvard professor, had pursued their courtship in that same setting.¹⁰ Then we would have Saturday evening together at the Inn and later Harry would go on into Boston for the night. Then he would return to Wellesley on Sunday morning and the two would have another day alone together until time for the first to depart for Worcester, the other to return on a later train.

At this time Harry was holding a part-time professorship at Clark University, then the center of the child study movement in the United States, directing the newly-founded clinic for subnormal children (the first such in the country) and at the same time he was completing his work toward the Ph.D. degree under G. Stanley Hall, the university president. Dr. Hall had recently invited Sigmund Freud, of Vienna, and Carl Gustav Jung, of the University of Zurich, to come to America to lecture on psychoanalysis. Both were then little known in America, and Dr. Hall hoped the medical profession would become interested in their ideas on mental health. At this time they introduced to America the terms "inferiority complex," "subconscious," "repressive," "thought reaction" and "free association" and also some interesting "thought reaction" tests.

The few graduate students working in psychology at Clark University at that time were special protégés of both Dr. and Mrs. Hall who opened their home to them for informal and impromptu get-togethers. On one particular Saturday evening when Jean and I were spending the weekend with Lu and went with her to the Hall home, Dr. Hall was in his upstairs study with closed door, no doubt putting finishing touches on his two volumes of *Educational Problems* which came off press the following year, or at work on his *Founders of Modern Psychology* which came out two years later, or at some task relating to his editorship of one of the three psychological journals he was involved with at the time. Mrs. Hall, busy upstairs with affairs of her own, had turned the house over to this group of young graduate students.

After a period of giving each other all manner of "psychological" tests made up on the spur of the moment as take-offs on their serious lab work and having become suspicious that Harry and Lu were becoming quite interested in each other, they proposed a "thought reaction" game to which Freud had introduced them earlier in the year. Sensing a trap was being laid, the two begged off but to no avail and the others dared them to play the game. Gradually the "testing" led to questions that began to bother them. The others were at last definitely "on the scent" and thrilling at the probability of a kill when Harry suddenly pushed back his chair from the great round dining room table where we had gathered and exclaimed, "Let's have some charades." Lu and I seconded the suggestion. Mrs. Hall, hearing the joyous laughter of the group trying to pin Lu and Harry down to a confession of their interest in each other, had come downstairs and was watching the battle of the "thought reaction" game. At once her motherly instincts rose to their defense for Harry was a great favorite of hers.

"Yes, why not a game of charades," she exclaimed. "Help yourselves to the old clothes in the trunks in the attic."

So we chose sides and planned our charades and then dashed to the attic to find the needed costumes. They were the most unusual charades I was ever involved in. The best ones Mrs. Hall asked to have repeated and she insisted that the doctor put aside his work and come and hear them. He came out of his study begrudgingly but, a good sport at the interruption, gave applause and a "Bravo" for each performance and then returned to his work.

Would that I could recall the topics and the proverbs we chose to act out. That was without doubt the most brilliant group of young people I ever was thrown with in all my life. We did not use first names in those days except with close friends of long standing so my diary records the names of that group only as Mr. So-and-So and Miss So-and-So, to go with the several snapshots I took of that group on our hikes and picnics. One woman about my own age was a Miss Gulick. At that time the name meant nothing to me but later it was to take on great significance in my field of work. Could she have been Louise Gulick, a daughter of Luther Halsey Gulick, the founder of the Playground Association of America who was at the time director of the department of child hygiene at the Russell Sage Foundation and that very year was to found the Camp Fire Girls of America at his camp in Vermont? Mrs. Luther Gulick had been a pupil of G. Stanley Hall¹¹ and a great friendship developed between the Halls and Gulicks which brought G. Stanley Hall into close association with the physical education world so staunchly supported and promoted by Luther Gulick.

That evening so long ago when we ransacked G. Stanley Hall's attic for

costumes for our charades, we were a gay, light-hearted group with the academic greatness that was to fall upon some not even yet a dream. At a late hour Dr. Hall joined us for hot chocolate and cookies and before we parted, the group agreed to meet early the next morning for a five-mile hike and breakfast in the woods.

As we hiked down the country roads the next morning one of the fellows who had had gymnastics training at the Springfield YMCA Training School walked now and then on his hands or catapulted ahead of us in a great series of somersaults, convulsing us with laughter at his agility and *joie de vivre*. (I often wondered if he entertained his psychology classes in later years thus when on picnics.) When I returned to my own classes the following Tuesday as our gymnastic class was coming onto the floor I told Dr. Collin of this acrobat and he replied, "The German gymnasts take great pains to learn the skill of walking on their hands while they neglect the more important skill of learning to walk correctly on the feet as Nature intended."

"Oh, but he walked very well on his feet, too," I countered at which Dr. Collin let out a great roar of laughter and turning to our class shouted "fall in" and there the matter ended. It never entered my head to tell him also that I had been a guest in the home of G. Stanley Hall.

Before the school year ended, Lu and Harry announced their engagement and the following Christmas vacation were married. Within a few years Harry had made his mark.¹² He took Lu as his bride to the University of North Carolina where he was professor of psychology. Later he became president of that university, then president of the University of Illinois, and finally chancellor of New York University, a position he held until his retirement, garnering several honorary doctorates on his way.

* * * *

There was interest for weekend fun in other directions, too. Jean had found a little group of girls from the Middle West at her dormitory in Boston who were attracted to each other at once, and their hometown boy friends who were attending various colleges in the Boston area fitted in nicely with each other and this group of girls. This year the young brother of my Coe classmate who was at MIT was at Harvard, and he hunted up Jean and so met her New England Conservatory friends. Shortly, he brought along to join the group a newfound friend, a Minneapolis chap who was a Harvard classmate and that friend brought into the group a senior at Harvard Law School. When they included us

two (the older brother at MIT and the older sister at Wellesley) there developed an interesting New England Conservatory-Wellesley-MIT-Harvard group, and we managed to have quite a bit of socializing in spite of the dearth of social life available to us at our own schools.

Since the dormitory of the New England Conservatory was near the Fenway, one of Boston's parks, our little group prowled about in the park weekends, sometimes getting rather boisterous challenging each other by couples to all manner of games. Perhaps it was some subtle unrecognized influence on us of the nearby unconventional "Mrs. Jack" (Isabella Stewart Gardner), mistress of Fenway Court, that magnificent Italian palace then quite new and much talked of, and now a Fenway museum. Whatever it was, a stroll in the Fens by our group usually wound up in a game of follow the leader, when we raced madly around the winding paths in couples, leaping over ditches, hurdling benches, all of us shrieking in laughter and winding up with us girls frantically rescuing loosened combs and hairpins and tumbling hairdos, and bemoaning rents in the hems of our long skirts. If anyone inquired what the noise was about surely someone could explain it—"just those crazy Middle Western students cutting loose as if they were back home." Such goings on! How shocked Miss Homans and Wellesley would have been!

But we could behave beautifully at concerts and operas when we donned evening dress and, sitting together in a group, were as sedate as our Eastern acquaintances. Little did we dream as we "cut loose" those evenings in the Fenway that we had a future vice-president of Chase National Bank of New York City, a future national leader of Boy Scouts, a future head of important national projects for the Presbyterian Church of the USA, and a future highly-successful corporation lawyer. These were the boys who were so enthusiastically swinging us girls over ditches and park benches and otherwise behaving as the great run of normal young men of the Middle West comported themselves when out on dates with Middle West girls in the first decade of the twentieth century—even in a public park in staid Boston—if they could be alone, away from the easily shocked Easterners.

Naturally social life at the New England Conservatory of Music centered about concerts, recitals and the opera. With an empty cot always available for me at Jean's dormitory any weekend, I could have Saturday evenings and Sundays with this group weekend after weekend and, free of Wellesley rules against travel on Sundays, I could return home Sunday evenings with no one at Wellesley knowing anymore than that I had been visiting my sister.

It was easy to work in Wednesday evening dates with the Conservatory group since Wednesdays were popular at the Conservatory for concerts and recitals,

and Wednesday afternoons were the most approved hours for special lectures which Wellesley physical education majors were invited to attend at the Harvard Medical School and for special trips in guided tours through various sections of the Medical Museum. I would stay for the night with Jean at her dormitory and arise early enough Thursday morning to catch the "milk train" back to Wellesley in time for my first morning class.

Together this little group toured Harvard Yard on occasions but it was unthinkable that we would enter a man's rooming house, even in a group. And we visited together the new wing of the Museum of Fine Arts first opened to the public that spring. With graduate student status, I was free of the Wellesley rule that no student could enter Harvard Yard without a chaperone.

Come spring one of the Harvard fellows of our little group invited me to go to the Harvard-Williams baseball game and to have dinner with him afterwards at the new Harvard Union. Dinner at Harvard Union! The building was still quite new—the first such building on any college campus in America, a great innovation and widely acclaimed—and I was eager to see it.

"Of course I will come but let me check my schedule," I replied. "Yes, I can catch the first train after my practice teaching class. The Journal Club meets that evening but I'll cut that."

"Should you cut it?" he asked anxiously. He was so conscientious about his own school work that he did not wish to interfere with mine.

"Oh, I hate it! It is something new and extra they have wished off on us once every two weeks when we seniors and various faculty discuss articles assigned us in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*. I'll take a chance on cutting it."

But a blow struck just as I was about to leave for the train to Boston. Miss Homans' secretary called to inform me that there had been changes for the evening meeting of the Journal Club and that I was to preside—"And be sure that you are there well in advance of the opening of the meeting." Not a chance to protest or to say I couldn't do it. I was furious at such summary treatment. I would have to cancel the dinner engagement but it was too late to call off the meeting at Harvard Square. Already my date had gone to his last class and from there would go directly to the Square to await my trolley. I knew of no way to get a message to him at this late hour so there was nothing to do but go on and at least go to the game. I wondered if that was just an unlucky circumstance that I of all the girls in the senior class was the one selected at that late hour by Miss

Homans to take on that assignment on that particular evening. I strongly suspected that I may have in some unguarded moment told someone I was having dinner that evening at Harvard Union and the word had leaked to the front office. It was uncanny the way that office knew so much concerning us girls in spite of all our efforts to keep some things secret. Wellesley students were not supposed to be on the Harvard campus evenings without a chaperone, and I suppose throwing a monkey-wrench into any girl's plan to ignore that rule seemed legitimate to the faculty. I dared not refuse to preside at the meeting and Miss Homans knew it.

So, deeply disappointed over having to give up the plan for dinner at the Union—an invitation any young girl cherished those years—I hung up the receiver and ran for the train to Boston. When my escort met me at the trolley, I told him at once that I must leave immediately after the game. When I told him my suspicions that my plans had become known I blurted out that Wellesley girls were not supposed to be on the Harvard campus in the evenings without chaperones and that I felt this ordering me to preside at this meeting was only a ruse to compel me to cancel the engagement for dinner at the Union.

"A chaperone to have dinner together at the Union?" he exclaimed in amazement. "Why didn't you tell me and I could have arranged for one."

"Oh! No. I wouldn't let you go to that expense! Anyway it is ridiculous. We don't need a chaperone! We are not children just out of high school," I added.

But we were caught in the last grip of the Victorian and Edwardian eras. We fumed and fussed as has been the way with students through the years when caught up in rules they do not like, but by the time we had crossed the river to the baseball field we settled down to enjoy what was left to us of that lovely spring day.

The game over, one glance at a watch told us there was no time to spare if I was to be back at Wellesley in time. It would take the dinner hour to get into Boston and then out to Wellesley and to Mary Hemenway Hall in time. At least there would be no dinner for me but my escort wouldn't think of letting me return to Wellesley alone. I protested but he wouldn't listen. We missed a trolley and after a long wait caught another into Boston and then transferred down Huntington Avenue and dismounted at Mechanics Hall just in time to hear the next train thundering in at Back Bay Station. We ran down the steep stairs at top speed, I clutching my big hat with one hand and my long skirt with the other and my escort holding me by an arm as we madly raced downward. How we made it down those steep stairs, running as we were, without hurtling down head over heels and I entangled in my long skirts I never understood. He

helped me aboard just as the train started to pull out and swung himself on as it was gathering speed. We were too out of breath for conversation for quite some time.

At Wellesley village square there was not a cab in sight. I begged my escort to leave me to run alone the many blocks to Mary Hemenway Hill but not realizing my great eagerness not to be seen with a date, he insisted I would make it in better time if he ran with me. There was no time to waste. I was already late for the opening hour so with his pulling me along at his quicker pace we made it in what must have been a world's duo record for that distance but I arrived completely winded. As I couldn't go in to face the meeting so out of breath, I paused in the vestibule to collect my wits and my breath and, as fate would have it, my physiology professor was also late for the meeting, and stepping into the entrance just then was astonished to stumble upon the leader of the meeting disgracefully late herself and obviously making no haste to go in but seemingly taking her time at dismissing her escort. Greatly upset over this turn of events and fearful that I might inadvertently let my escort know that his gallantry in trying to help me had now turned into an embarrassment, I hastily dismissed him and followed Dr. Pratt into the meeting as quickly as possible. When I arrived he was whispering to the obviously displeased Miss Homans. All the others were sitting in cold silence awaiting my belated coming. Some way I got through that awful hour and at its close Miss Homans withdrew without as much as a glance in my direction. But the next morning she sent for me.

"I am very displeased over your tardiness of last evening," and when I started to speak, she made a gesture for silence and added:

"You need make no effort to explain. I know that you were out with a young man, forgetting entirely your responsibilities toward your professional duties. You may go now, and do not let this happen again!"

And so I had again been judged without opportunity for one word of explanation. I never let my Harvard friend know the trouble he had plunged me into by his refusal to let me go from the station alone. His sense of gallantry would never have permitted him to understand the situation correctly, just as his sense of fair play would never have permitted him to understand the dictatorial world I was living in in Mary Hemenway Hall at Wellesley.

In a few evenings my Harvard date was out again to learn how I had fared for he had seen the disapproving look on the face of the physiology professor. I tossed it off as nothing and he asked if I wouldn't like to go canoeing. He knew of a boat house a short trolley ride from the village. When I told him I had gone

canoeing a lot back in Iowa but that I had never learned to handle a canoe myself he offered to teach me. And so my lessons began on the Charles River. In the long spring evenings after that whenever he could work it in around studies he would dash out on the suburban train arriving just in time to catch me as I would be finishing my practice teaching at the village high school, and we would pick up a picnic supper from the village grocer and then catch the trolley to the boat house. Soon I had learned to maneuver a canoe in and out of the narrow winding stretches of the Charles River along the backs of the lovely country homes that lined the river. By using a stretch of the river several miles away from Wellesley I was able to keep these adventures secret. Thus I got in an extra activity that spring and could add learning to handle a canoe to my professional achievements.

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If there was some play, there was also a lot of school work. From Tuesday morning until late Saturday afternoon our noses were at the grindstone. Even on the weekends if there was socializing on tap for Sunday in Boston or at Clark University, Monday was reserved for intensive study, and if Monday was scheduled for some relaxation then Sunday became a study day. It was a rare weekend when there was time for play for both days. Since our building had been so delayed in completion, many class activities had to be put off in the fall term and added to the regular schedule in the February term. This meant for several weeks a schedule of 32 hours per week in class—a back-breaking load by today's standards, but with our heavy doses of physical exercises to keep us fit we all made it, but there were blessed few spare moments for anything else during that one block of several weeks.

As the year wore on, the thought of a position for the next year began plaguing us seniors. Upon my early return from the Christmas vacation in order to have long uninterrupted time to work in the college library which we seldom could go to while school was in session, I found awaiting at my room a note asking me to report to Miss Homans immediately whenever I would be back in the village.

"What awful thing have I done wrong now that can't even wait for college to reopen?" I asked myself. No summons from her ever hinted at the reason. We were always on tenterhooks and much of the time well might be. But this one turned out to be a pleasant surprise. Rockford College, a girls' school in Illinois, was in search of a physical education teacher and was offering a salary of \$800 plus lodging in the dormitory quoted at \$300 which made it the

equivalent of \$1100—as Miss Homans said “a very excellent offer. I would like to recommend you for it but I doubt if I can honestly give you a good recommendation because of the very poor English in your last physiology paper.” (She knew everything! I hadn’t received the criticism yet from my teacher.) But she was willing to give me a chance and said if I would produce a well-written letter of application she would recommend me.

Did I want that position? It was back in my part of the country. And an excellent salary! And a fine school! Wouldn’t Father and Mother be pleased! So I worked hard on that letter. I wrote and rewrote it. Then the next morning I trudged back with it to the Mary Hemenway Hall. ’Twas 16 degrees below zero and a damp wind was blowing inland from Boston harbor 15 miles away. Miss Homans was busy with other things and couldn’t see me. I returned to my room sick from suspense for fear she would not approve of my letter. The next day brought luck for I saw her and she liked my letter, sending me home to recopy it and post it, saying she would write a recommendation at once.

I knew absolutely nothing of salaries. Such things were not commonly published in papers as today and apparently what anyone got anywhere was very hush-hush. But many years later I discovered that at about this time women physical education teachers in the New York City public schools were paid from \$900 to \$1200 per year (men from \$1200 to \$1600) so the Rockford offer was excellent for a first year out. However, the New York City schools did not require a college degree and I did have one. A week later I heard from President Gulliver of Rockford saying she was interested in my application and would write later about details. Ten days after that I received a long letter from her asking me many questions about the Swedish system of gymnastics as compared with the German and suggesting a salary that was considerably lower than the one she had mentioned to Miss Homans. When I showed this letter to Miss Homans she was highly indignant at the change in salary and advised me to refuse the lower offer. But she was delighted at the many questions and felt it was excellent experience for me to put into writing my impressions of Swedish gymnastics as compared with the German system. I was appalled for although I had experienced Swedish gymnastics I knew little of the German system. It had never been formally discussed with us in any class. But when I expressed my ignorance Miss Homans was equal to the occasion.

“Didn’t you purchase those books I asked you to buy last year?”

“Yes, all of them.”

“Good, you will find all you need in them. Why haven’t you been studying them?”

I had long been wondering why we had been ordered to buy those books. No one had ever mentioned our reading in any of them and with all our specific assignments I had not opened them as yet. So now I dashed to my room and pulled out of my desk Gulick's *Physical Education By Muscular Exercise* and *The 1889 Physical Training Conference*, the latter was filled with speeches about both Swedish and German Gymnastics (for the conference centered around an appraisal of the two systems which resulted in the Boston Public Schools adopting the Swedish system.) There too was my trusty Enebuske from which we prepared our practice lessons. In later years, I never prepared a speech for a convention (and what dozens and dozens of them I have prepared) nor did I, after retirement, work on the revisions of Rice's old book, *Brief History of Physical Education* without recalling the hours I spent preparing my own appraisal of why I would teach the Rockford students Swedish gymnastics in preference to German if given the opportunity. And I concluded the letter with a statement that I would not consider any salary lower than \$800 per month and board.

I took the letter to Miss Homans the last thing in the day and she was busy but asked me to wait. At last she saw me after everyone had departed and the building was closed. There alone with her, even her secretary gone, she first questioned me about the other girls at Miss Townsend's and about Miss Townsend herself. Did she actually wish information or was she testing me in some way? Unhappy to be placed in such a position and also uncertain as to her motives, I froze up and had nothing to say except glaring and inane generalities that could have meant nothing to her if she were looking for definite information so she quickly changed the subject. She went over my "essay" painstakingly and approved of it and advised me to drop around the village post office and get it off at once.

A day or so later Miss Homans entered one of our classes unexpectedly when as usual we all jumped to our feet immediately. This day as she motioned for us to be seated she asked for a few moments to read a letter to us. It was a letter asking her to recommend a teacher for an unusually fine position. The inquirer wished a young teacher with a long list of such qualifications that anyone who could measure up to them would indeed be a paragon. As she finished, she slowly folded the letter and placed it in its envelope and then after a moment of dramatic silence asked, "Who of you feels competent to apply?"

Of course no one responded.

"Do you mean to tell me that all of our efforts to train you, to make ladies of you, have been in vain?" Still no response.

“Very well, then. Will each one of you examine herself to see wherein you fail and try to remedy your faults as quickly as possible?”

You could have heard a pin drop as she majestically glided out of the room. How imperfect we all felt. Could we ever come even near to attaining the perfection she sought for us all?

That letter was the subject for much dressing-room and home talk for many days to come. I, for one, felt it a bit ridiculous but I kept that thought to myself except for Coley who agreed with me. And yet in later years when on a few rare occasions I had suffered from poorly qualified teachers on my staff who had been highly recommended and in no way lived up to the recommendation, I fear I was equally guilty of writing similar letters of request hoping against hope to fill these positions with just such paragons. And some times I found them, too! They have existed and do still exist. The problem is to find them.

Before many days had passed, I received a reply from President Gulliver of Rockford, offering me the position and at the higher salary, and to my surprise I found I had lost all interest in the position. Now that the prize was mine I didn't care about it. Amazed at this reaction, I tried to analyze it and I decided what produced it was the president's effort to get me to accept less than the amount first offered as if I had proved not to be as good as she had hoped for. This showed a lack of confidence in me before we had even met, and to me boded no good for future relationships. Then, too, there were very few girls in the entire United States with a college degree prepared to go out to teach physical education and for a college position this should have increased my value even more. She had not requested the candidate have a degree—no doubt because it probably never entered her mind that such a one might be available, and when she learned one was available and well recommended she responded by suggesting a lower salary. I felt this was a bit “shabby” and so I would go to the position with my confidence in the president shaken before I had ever met her. This I was none too happy about.

By now the tables had turned and it was I, the candidate, who was examining the qualification of the employer. I was ashamed of these thoughts as unworthy, yet they existed and I had to acknowledge and face them. But I most certainly kept them entirely to myself and I tossed on my cot at Miss Townsend's in the dark hours of the night pondering what to do. Should I refuse the offer and maybe not get another? Would I anger Miss Homans so that she would again refuse to help me as she had done a year ago when I felt I should drop out? How could I ever make her understand how I felt about the position now when at first I had been so deeply eager about it? It was a strong feeling for which I had no words. Wanting a few days to ponder it longer, I didn't tell Miss Homans of the final offer. A whole week passed and each time I asked to see her she was not

free. Fate was playing on my side. Exactly one week later when I knew I simply could not put off final reply one more day, I received a letter from "Prof" at Coe College telling me that Miss Poyneer was resigning to be married and that they very much wanted me to return to Coe to take her position in the fall. Was it for this that fate had kept me stalling? I was jubilant. This was what I wanted to do above everything else in all the world—go back to dear old Coe! The flood of homesickness that I had kept bottled up for one and a half years broke over me. I was amazed. I never dreamed that way down underneath I had longed so much for the kind of life, the kind of friends, the kind of fun I had known back there. I talked it all out with myself.

"Don't be a fool! Your school-day friends are no longer there. Even Miss Poyneer will be gone. You'll have to go to chapel every day—Oh, I won't mind. I really didn't mind before. Minding was just a pose we all adopted. It was *the* smart thing to pretend we didn't like going to chapel. Why that was our daily chance to see everybody all together and to get all the news and make our dates and to look the faculty all over critically once a day as they sat there in solemn rows on the platform before us. We wouldn't have missed it for anything. That was college."

I couldn't talk myself out of wanting to go back to Coe. Another little voice inside said, "Don't be a fool and pass up this chance! Rockford is another girls' school. Coe is coeducational. You know Coe is more like real life—men and women, boys and girls, all living and playing and working together—not shut off apart."

I had already seen enough of silly girls at Wellesley never meeting any young men their own age and putting young men up on pedestals as if they were all heroes and Apollos. Let them go to a college where they could meet lots of boys and eat three meals a day with them as we did at Coe, and attend classes with them and work and play with them, and they would soon put them in their right niche in life? Just normal, human beings—some you do not like at all, some you like in some ways and not in others and some you think are wonderfully fine. Whenever I heard those silly girls talking and I heard many of them (oh, yes, there were silly girls at Coe, too, and less excuse for them for they had a chance to get acquainted with boys as they really are) I was always glad I had played all my life and gone to school and college with boys and so was prepared to accept them as a normal part of life. Many of these Eastern girls had even gone to all-girl high schools. That came as a shock to me when I first met such girls and came to realize their narrow outlook on much that was real life. In fact it positively seemed un-American to me to allow boys and girls to be educated apart from each other. So I longed to escape from the world of an all-girl school.

After all this self-quizzing my mind was made up and I went at once to Miss Homans. She was thunderstruck that I would think of refusing the offer that I had earlier worked so diligently to procure. Also thunderstruck that I would consider returning to a small church-sponsored, coeducational college in Iowa in preference to a distinguished woman's college in Illinois. Illinois was at least one state closer to New England. She made no bones about telling me some very sharp things about people who bury themselves out in the uncouth Middle West. She asked what salary Coe had offered me, and to my utter amazement I realized for the first time that the question of salary had never entered my thoughts, and I was embarrassed to have to say they did not mention salary and I had no idea what they might offer.

“What a fool you are!” I felt she was thinking of me from the look of incredulity on her face. She suggested that I wire at once and ask them about salary. Wire them? I had never sent a telegram in my life nor had I ever received one. Telegrams were for death messages! Why a telegram when a letter would do? I told her that regardless of the salary I much preferred Coe to Rockford and she told me I would be making a grave mistake but that after all, the decision was mine to make. I asked if it would be bad manners for me to withhold a reply to Rockford for a few days longer while I thought over all she had said and she told me by all means it would be quite correct since they had in turn waited so long in replying to me. The following day President Gulliver of Rockford telegraphed me demanding an immediate acceptance or refusal of her offer. I sent a telegram informing her that the decision was colored by another offer received since last writing her.

In the meantime I had sent a telegram to Coe requesting a salary offer. So now I wrote two letters to President Gulliver, one accepting the position and one refusing it and held both hoping for a favorable reply from Coe but ready to jump either direction when the deadline of last mailing period came for the day. I had the envelope ready with special delivery stamp (no air mail those days) and at 7 p.m. I would drop one of those letters in the postbox. No reply came from Coe so I went to the post office resolved to accept the Rockford position after all and just as I was putting my acceptance in the envelope I was seized by a sudden compulsion and withdrew it and inserted in its place the refusal—quickly sealed it, dropped it in the postbox and fled for home.

So Coe it was! When I told Miss Homans my final decision, I was deeply relieved that she didn't ask what salary had been offered by Coe. She would indeed have thought me a fool, for sure! But I was happy over my decision. Later word from Coe said they were glad I was considering them but that they could not make a salary offer until a later meeting of the board of trustees but that I could count at least on the salary that Miss Poyneer was getting. Since I hadn't the slightest idea what she was getting that told me nothing. But it

bothered me little. Never has salary been a decisive matter in any of my positions. I have always felt that there were other considerations worth so much more, and I apparently had this feeling from the very start.

So I was settled about next year and I timidly asked Miss Homans if she might interest Marian in the Rockford College opening. She was an Eastern girl brought up in girls' schools and she had had one year at Swarthmore College. Many years afterwards Marian told me that Miss Homans had told her she hoped to place her in a college position where in a few years she might move into a deanship so she was probably glad to push Marian for this position. Apparently she had no dreams of a future for me and had recommended me only because it was a Middle West college and I was a Middle Westerner. As it turned out, Marian did take the Rockford position at \$700 plus room and board. Rockford was lucky, for she was far better for that position than I ever would have been.

Now things began happening to the other girls. Coley accepted a position with the Detroit Public Schools at a salary of \$1,200 (unusually good for those days and she without a degree as yet) to work under Ethel Perrin whose book on *Fancy Steps and Rhythmical Exercises* we used in our classes and whom we had heard of as one of the leading early graduates of our school. Eleanor, the other college graduate, was going to a college in New England. As we drifted towards commencement all were finally placed—that is, all who were graduating.

Many students considered immature by Miss Homans were arbitrarily ordered back to the school for a third year even though they had done satisfactory work and had completed all the course requirements. My own Miss Poyneer at Coe College had been another so ordered (as I learned later) but she had refused to return for a third year and therefore was never listed as a graduate, only as a former two-year student. But most heeded the summons and returned, filling in with such courses as the staff devised for them. Miss Homans was a dictator but a benevolent one for most of these girls were indeed immature, just out of high school and slow in blossoming, and the third year brought them out.

As for me, although the *Coe Courier* had announced my return to take Miss Poyneer's place, I watched and waited all spring for a contract or even a letter from the college president or the board of trustees telling me officially of my appointment and what my salary would be, but no such letter or contract ever came. I was embarrassed when the others talked of their contracts, and when I heard indirectly that a prominent businessman in Cedar Rapids was hoping to swing Miss Poyneer's position to the daughter of a friend, my heart sank. Did I

or did I not have a position? I kept my dark thoughts to myself. I would rather have died on the spot than have Miss Homans ever find out my predicament. In fact, I left for home without definite word. And to the very last I felt Miss Homans' disappointment in me. Some 50 years later, Mrs. H. Winnett Orr of Lincoln (Grace Douglas, *ex-BNSG 1903*) told me of Miss Homans' disapproval of her returning to her own college (Grinnell) in Iowa to teach but this disapproval was coupled with regret that this college graduate was leaving after only one year at her school.

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In the last days of school Miss Homans meted out to all of us final scoldings. We didn't fold the blanket neatly at the foot of the cot after a rest period (a rare occasion). We were overheard using slang. We spoke in abbreviations saying "gym" instead of "gymnasium." We chewed gum (an unpardonable sin). We raised our voices. We crossed our knees when seated. We had a loose button on our gymnasium blouse. We had a torn shoelace. Our shoes were not properly shined. Our hair was not well-dressed. At least we couldn't be scolded about face powder, rouge or lipstick—no one but loose women used any of these items. Our faces and noses shone righteously and our cheeks and lips proclaimed only the color nature bestowed upon us and I, in particular, was forever on the carpet for my lack of color.

The several framed copies of Shakespeare's lines on the soft and gentle voices of women had been moved from Boston to Wellesley and were now hung in even more conspicuous spaces than before. They had achieved their subtle purpose quite well for most of the girls needed few reminders about their voices any more. However, having grown up in a family where we had to shout to be heard by a grandmother and two aunts who were quite deaf, this soft and low voice dictum was especially hard on me. I had learned early in life to speak out loudly to accommodate these relatives and at times to hold my own in the hubbub of many children. This stood me in good stead when teaching gymnastics in a large gymnasium floor or when conducting sports classes out of doors. Pupils could always hear me. And when I began speaking in public I was one woman who could be heard at the back of the room, which was always a good recommendation for any speaker—especially a woman—but my far-carrying voice has always been an embarrassment when talking privately. And so I was frequently on the carpet.

"I heard your voice from out in the hallway. Can't you tone it down?" was an oft-repeated question but try as I did, I never seemed to be able to get it "soft, gentle and low."

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Shortly before final examinations all of us physical education majors went to see the annual gymnastic meet at Radcliffe College in Cambridge and although it was an excellent performance we rejoiced that we had had Swedish gymnastics rather than German. And the following weekend we went to the Sargent School demonstration. Two items on their program I especially remember. One was jumping from the balcony rail into a net, an activity to develop courage, so the program said. The other was wall-scaling, which left us absolutely breathless. However, we Wellesley Department of Hygiene girls felt deeply critical of it as something entirely too strenuous for girls. But we had to admit that the Sargent girls were quite adept at it. The "wall" was 12 feet high with a landing platform 2 feet from the top at the rear.¹³ The scaling was done by 2 teams of 12 to a team and it was a cooperative activity.

Forty-two years later I, for one, took back my criticism of it when on a Fulbright professorship assignment I was caught in fierce rioting in Baghdad when a mob of 22,000 Arabs was storming the streets shouting "Down with the British," "Down with the Americans." At its height, an American embassy official called me at my hotel which was in the center of the excitement. The official asked if I would assume responsibility for getting the women and children in that hotel over a high stone wall to a courtyard of the adjacent hotel if it were decided to evacuate Americans. Motorboats would pick us up for escape across the Tigris River and from there a fleet of taxis would rush us to the airport where U.S. military planes would be awaiting us.

"I understand you are trained in physical education and will know how to do it," the official had said. Of course I said "Yes" and then began to study that wall and its possibilities. In the first anxiety over the thought of getting even myself over that wall my memory flashed back those 42 years to that demonstration, and I said to myself, "If only I had been a Sargent girl I could do it. I'm sure!" Before we were put to the test, martial law was declared and military forces took possession of the city and dispersed the rioters. But that day in Baghdad vividly brought back the memory of that evening so long ago when the Sargent girls put on their demonstration of wallscaling.

The week following the Sargent demonstration, we gave our own final demonstration and no doubt because it was the first in the new much-talked-of building a large crowd came from both Radcliffe and the Sargent School, with a tour of the building afterward. Also, there was a large contingent of Wellesley College girls and faculty for by then Miss Homans' dignity and wisdom and our on-campus good behavior had brought about a re-appraisal of us normal-training students and of the seriousness of our work. We were becoming well known and beginning to achieve some acceptance.

In our gymnastic work we were letter perfect, and Dr. Collin was happy. I

can still thrill to the sound of our feet in perfect unison striking that floor in our quick march rhythm, not another sound in that great silent room. The audience sat enthralled at our precision and to our responses in faultless form to Dr. Collin's snappy commands for fall outs, prone falls, trunk twisting, and all manner of complicated maneuvers. We were good—very good! Years later as I would thrill to the precision of the Pershing Rifles at the University of Nebraska, I would always whisper to myself, "But no better than we girls were at Wellesley College that spring evening of 1910!" And I would thrill once more to the memory of Dr. Collin's surprised and happy smile. It was apparent that he had not expected we could ever be that good!

Shortly before final examinations our department was involved in Tree Day. This was one event of the year when Wellesley opened the door to us. We were invited to appear as Scotch lassies at the Court of Queen Bess and to do a dance as a part of the program. Strange that I should finish both my high school and Wellesley courses as a Scotch lassie—as Ellen, Lady of the Lake, at high school and as one of a group of Scotch dancing maidens at Wellesley. I was enthralled with the whole Tree Day idea and resolved then and there to introduce something similar into my own teaching offerings.

As our classwork came to an end, Miss Homans had a farewell talk with us seniors in which she told us that as teachers we would want love and affection but that we must keep aloof and impersonal and serve all alike. 'Twas a chilling thought, that aloof business! I would serve all alike, yes—but must we close the door to love and affection? I felt that the answer was "No" but it called for a resolution to distinguish between "crushes," those cheap imitations of love and affection, and an impersonal form of love and affection of me for my pupils and to me from my pupils, born from mutual respect and growing out of my own ability to take deep interest in all my pupils equally. I wanted warmth in my relationships, not this Bostonian coldness that had been ladled out to us. But after that last lecture there was no time left when I could discuss this with either Coley or Marian—surely they felt as did I about this (and from their records as teachers, time proved this to be so).

In no time Commencement was upon us. It was not a five-day ceremony as at Coe. The department of physical education and hygiene girls brought up the rear of the academic procession in our white dresses. In the setting of that beautiful campus it was inspiring, or it might have been had there been one single friend other than my BNSG classmates or family member there to share it with me. The Harvard, Yale and MIT friends were all caught up in their own final examinations, and the New England Conservatory of Music had completed its year two weeks earlier and all those girls whom I knew (and Jean) had departed for home. Therefore, it was a lonely affair, and with everyone rushing to catch suburban trains in to Boston to connect with the main lines heading for

all parts of the United States, I didn't even extend the courtesy of a "thank you" to any of my teachers and I did not have a chance to say goodbye to Coley or Marian. It was a most abrupt ending to two strange and very, very different years of my life.

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Seven years after graduation at Wellesley, Coley received the bachelor's degree at Columbia University, earning it the hard way through summer vacations. Then caught up in the Great War as a physical therapist, she left her position at Detroit. Following the war she headed the departments of physical education for women at Winthrop College in South Carolina and at Margaret Morrison Carnegie School in Pittsburgh before going to the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina at Greensboro where she remained until her untimely death of a heart attack October 1947 just as she was on the eve of retirement. At North Carolina she made a national reputation for herself through her writing, speaking engagements, leadership in our professional organization and the splendid department of professional training she left as a monument to herself. Her leadership did much to raise to a high level the standards of our profession in the South in particular. A grateful university has named one of its buildings in her memory. Her students revere her memory as we BNSG and Wellesley students revere Miss Homans' memory, and the stories are almost as legion about her insistence upon excellence from "her girls" as are those about Miss Homans but with the difference that Coley's rare sense of humor and of timing for "stern reminders" served her well so that her girls remember her not just as a remarkable person and one whom they held in great respect and honor but also as one for whom they felt deep and genuine affection.

Miss Homans' aloofness closed the doors on affection. However, I believe now that she hungered for it and was the victim of a period when teachers were supposed to be stern and when a show of affection was a sign of weakness. Then, too, Miss Homans was not blessed with a sense of humor and what a pity! She was so wonderful in so many other ways! But Coley—ah, Coley—what a fine sense of humor she had—a rare one! And a warmth of personality! 'Twas a privilege to have known her!

And what of that other dear friend, Marian? After a few years of teaching at Rockford College and Emma Willard School, she, like Alice Freeman, married a man several years her senior and one equally well-known in his profession, Wayne Babcock, M.D. of Philadelphia. On rare occasions when our paths have crossed, we have picked up where we left off the last time we were together, and each time as if only yesterday had intervened instead of many years, and each had found the other unchanged. Our friendship was of this fine,

abiding, unchanging kind—a joy and I am sure rare! Marian died in June 1975 at 87 years of age.

Of my other classmates, one died shortly after, 10 devoted their lives to a career, 8 of these in the field of physical education. The others married and did not pursue a career. Nine of us at one time or another worked at the college level.

Of all the teaching staff, Dr. Collin meant the most to me. He left two years later to teach in the Battle Creek Normal School of Physical Education for a year or so and then moved on to the Chicago Normal School of Physical Education where he taught until his retirement. He had been a wonderful buffer between Miss Homans' extreme sternness and my extreme sensitiveness. I could not have withstood the sternness and profited from it without the kindly warmth in his eyes to urge me on to take it on the chin and accept it for my own good. His kindness was a saving grace for me, and I was deeply grateful to him. But I never told him so! (What regrets I have had all these years for that neglect.) He died in 1947 at the age of 81.

And what of the old school itself—BNSG—department of hygiene of Wellesley College? In another decade the professional training work had become solely a graduate department. In 1923 the first master's degrees in physical education were conferred at Wellesley. Then in 1953 with a change in administration this graduate department was closed. The school graduated 693 in its 64 years: 445 from BNSG (7 men and 438 women), 37 who had part of their work at BNSG and part at Wellesley, and 211 from Wellesley. The old BNSG-Wellesley College combination had played out its role in education after 64 years of distinguished service to the profession. Wellesley had given to education something unique—an opportunity to furnish top echelon women teachers in this specialized profession, but for some reason not yet clear, it withdrew from the field. In 64 years of preparing teachers of physical education, BNSG and Wellesley set high standards of achievement for the profession. Physical education departments for women in colleges and universities all over the USA were headed by graduates of this school from 1892 on—over 80 years of Miss Homans' influence. For the first half of the twentieth century, most of the women in the country who were recognized top leaders in the field were graduates of this school. It is a proud heritage in a segment of American education, but the day came when Wellesley College no longer cared about this heritage and broke the chain forged by Miss Homans in a day when women were struggling for a place in the specialized educational sun and a chance at careers worthy of a life's endeavor.

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Miss Homans had instilled in us a respect for high professional standards and

a desire to fight for them. Although we had no formal course under her, her presence permeated the entire setting of the school; her spirit was always with us everywhere, and what she might think of our actions and our decisions was paramount in our thoughts. Today in teacher training we have orientation courses in which teachers try to impart a little of the subtle things which Miss Homans put across to us so magnificently without a classroom, without an hour on the schedule. She did it by seizing odd moments here and there—in the dressing room, in the corridors, in the classrooms of other teachers, on the street—whenever she could find us singly, by twos, or groups, and she gave each and every one of us much of her private time in personal conference. Somehow, somehow, without benefit of a rostrum of her own, she got across to us that magnetic, dominant personality. However, it is little wonder that Miss Homans didn't understand us western girls (as any west of the Alleghenies were then labeled)—she the personification of permanence, constancy and calm, and we the personification of innovation, versatility and action.

As the years rolled by, and more and still more girls came under Miss Homans' tutelage, I often wondered if our class of 1910—the transition class from the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics to the department of hygiene of Wellesley—was remembered by Miss Homans with any special thought or affection. Now that her life story has long since been ended, it is strange to realize that when the American Physical Education Association conferred its first Honor Awards upon its outstanding leaders, it was I of the Class of 1910—! whom she had frequently despaired of—who as the first woman president of that organization presented that award to her in 1931, two years before her death; and it was my friend, Marian Watters Babcock, also of the Class of 1910, whom she sent for when she was dying in October 1933; and it was Mary Channing Coleman, also of the Class of 1910, who after Miss Homans' death wrote the "In Memoriam" for our professional magazine;¹⁴ and it was I of the Class of 1910 who for several years prodded the officers of the National Association of Physical Education for College Women until, in 1967, under the presidency of Celeste Ulrich of the University of North Carolina, they established the Amy Morris Homans Lecture in the memory of her who founded that organization; and to add to the story, it was I who 14 years after Miss Homans' death helped Coley's own staff write the "In Memoriam" for Coley.¹⁵

As the years have passed since Miss Homans' death, several attempts have been made to write her biography but as yet none has been completed. It would almost seem that fate decrees that none shall be written.

* * * *

That June day in 1910 I received my diploma, had a brief solitary farewell

communion with Lake Waban, and then dashed for my rooming house in the village where Miss Townsend considerately was serving lunch late to us few girls who were graduating "so you won't have to hurry and will have time after commencement for some farewells."

Father had written for me to take the time on my way home to see Niagara Falls for, as he said, "You may never be that way again." Father had lived all of his life in Iowa in a day when travel far from home was rare indeed now that the first settlers had become permanently located. How little even I then dreamed how life would change in this respect for all of us and that in the years ahead I would be dashing frequently all over the United States and many times to Europe and even to Asia and North Africa. Three of my classmates were also planning to see Niagara Falls on their way westward and we left together that afternoon. As the train pulled out, this two-year chapter to my life ended—full of frustrations, uncertainties, yet full, too, of dear new friends, full of learning how to build a life "for the long run"—physically fit. (Fifty-four years after that graduation year I was still able to mount a step-ladder and all by myself swing a 12-foot porch awning into position and secure it—thanks to Dr. Collin's insistent demands so many years before for strenuous gymnastic drill.) I had entered BNSG two years before weighing a bare 100 none-too-healthy pounds and I was leaving it weighing 118 healthy pounds.

Home again—arriving at 2:30 in the morning of a beautiful June day! Father was at the station to meet me with the family horse and carriage. Mother and my three sisters were waiting for me in negligee on the verandah, and black "Aunt" Sarah was in the kitchen preparing a past-midnight family spread for my welcome home. Back again in the family fold—school days at last over!

The two years in Boston and Wellesley had matured me tremendously. In these last few months I had matured more than in any other such period in all my life. My horizons had widened. I had at last, although most belatedly, grown up! And it was well that I had for I was on the eve of my twenty-fourth birthday and come September I would be starting my career! I felt keenly that it had been a great privilege to have had two years under the tutelage of Miss Homans—this unusual woman! For this I felt deeply grateful!

Chapter IX



Author as a young teacher at Coe College (1914).

Bloomers — Symbol Of My Career

For me teaching was not to be a time-killer waiting for marriage as it was with so many young girls as the twentieth century was getting underway. It was to be a career and a rather new one for women—one in which bloomers were recognized as the working symbol. Bloomers had won their battle in mid-nineteenth century as a garment for general wear by women and then had died out to be revived in an altogether different style in the 1890s for a garment to wear for bicycling. Now with the bicycling fad over, this bloomer of the 1890s became a special garment for women pursuing physical education as a career and for their female pupils while engaged in gymnastics or sports. As I started upon my career, bloomers, however, were to be worn only indoors. The battle to get them accepted as an appropriate garment for women for outdoor sports was yet to be won and I shortly became caught up in that crusade.

But this battle was nothing compared to the struggle I immediately became involved in to defend my right to be taken seriously in following a career as a total life's commitment and in seeking this career in physical education "of all outlandish things," as many openly and tactlessly stated. Before the Great War it took courage for any woman to admit she was a physical education teacher, especially if she was not the "mannish" type, and I, forever underweight, did not fit into that category. The problem was not so much that people did not understand me as that they did not understand what physical education was.

Although there had been a few serious teachers of physical education in America throughout the nineteenth century, too many so-called physical education men teachers were merely performing gymnasts or sportsmen, and women were merely elocution teachers; therefore, the profession was in bad repute with



Greek maidens at Coe pageant (1913).

large segments of the lay world. I sensed at once that one serious struggle would be in trying to change the general public's and the academic world's somewhat low opinion of physical education as a legitimate discipline—in other words, to secure my acceptance as an educator who was every bit as "nice" academically as were other faculty members. (It has been a long struggle—not completely won even yet.)

When it came time to report for work in the fall I had received no contract from Coe College, not even a letter confirming my appointment on the faculty. In mid-summer, still wondering if I actually had a position,¹ but carefully concealing this situation from my family, I wrote Professor Bryant, asking if he would check with the proper authorities to see if I had officially been elected to the position and if so, at what salary. In those years, men weren't accustomed to discuss money matters with women, even with their wives, and it was an embarrassing topic for any woman to raise with an employer. Emily Kimbrough writes that when she was offered a position at Marshall Fields in Chicago in the 1920s, no mention was made of pay and she hesitated to be so rude as to ask about it and so worked an entire month without receiving the regular weekly paycheck paid to the others. So she borrowed money from her father to finance herself but did not let him know that she had received no pay and as yet did not know what it would be. When Fields finally got around to it, the pay turned out to be \$35 a week,¹ fairly good pay at that time for a young girl two or three years out of college.

"Prof" wrote that he had checked with the business office and my name was entered on the list of new faculty members but without mention of salary but

that surely I could expect whatever had been paid to Miss Poyneer. I had not the slightest idea what that sum was but if it had been satisfactory with Miss Poyneer, I felt that it should be satisfactory with me. So in September I headed back to "dear old Coe."

Upon my arrival, I went first to the business office to inquire about rooms for rent and to my amazement was informed that since Miss Poyneer had lived in her parents' home, she had her salary free of board and room expense, and that they were assigning me a room at the dormitory and that my board and room there would be considered part of my salary. Not a word as to whether I liked such an arrangement. But there was no difficulty over that. As a student, I had always enjoyed dormitory life, and once I had their word that living there would not mean dormitory duties of any kind, I gladly consented. My only question, although an embarrassing one, was what my salary was to be beyond living expenses at the dorm. The business manager, whom I had known in my student days and who had always been most friendly and kind, tried to change the subject by assuring me how splendid it was to have me back but I wasn't to be put off. I insisted upon knowing what my total salary was to be and at last, embarrassed at my insistence and red faced at what he had to say, he informed me that my salary hadn't been decided upon as yet.

"Please be patient," he said. "Everyone is so very busy. We will have it settled before payday at the end of the month."

And so I started my first position without knowing what my salary was to be and I was so ashamed about such unbusinesslike methods that I went to great pains not to let Father know. He still looked upon his daughters as little girls to be protected and every cause of worry to one of us was a signal for him to set things right. And so there was nothing to do but be patient until the first pay checks. I had borrowed from Father to tide me over for the first month anyway.

Almost immediately the next problem confronted me. In one of my letters from "Prof" during the summer, he had told me that Charlie Ball (the so-popular football captain of my freshman year at Coe) would be back at Coe as principal of the Academy and assistant physical director, and he added: "I'm sure you won't mind teaching a class in the Academy this fall to help out while they are closing out the prep school." No, I wouldn't mind, I had replied. The Carnegie Foundation had ruled that it would give no more help to private colleges that maintained an academy (high school work) after a stated deadline so that all colleges were scurrying to close out this branch of their work. No longer would Coe hire teachers to handle high-school level courses. The subjects yet to be taught to permit those previously enrolled to finish their academy course were to be parceled out among the college faculty members.

When registration opened I had quite a shock, for Charlie wished to talk with me about the classes I was to teach in the Academy.

“Classes?” I inquired. “Prof only mentioned a class!”

“Oh, no,” said Charlie, “you are scheduled to teach four daily—plane and solid geometry, physiology and zoology now and one hour a day to supervise study hall, and second semester continue the two sciences and dropping geometry, take on botany and physical geography.”

I was overwhelmed with astonishment—20 hours a week of classwork plus five of supervision, 25 hours instead of the total five I expected.

“Physical geography,” I exclaimed in horror, “why I do not even know what it is about. I have never in my life had a course in it.”

“Don’t worry,” Charlie said, “you can get a book and study up. It doesn’t come until second term.”

“But Charlie, why am I selected to teach all of these subjects? I’m supposed to be the director of physical education for women. I must have the major portion of my time for that work.”

“Oh! You’ll have plenty of time for all that. Three hours a week will take care of the freshmen girls and three hours the sophomores and some sports now and then in the late afternoons for the few girls who want them! About eight hours a week will be all that will take. You’ll have to fill up your time with something if you’re a full-time faculty member.

Thus, I was initiated into the world of men athletic coaches who were supposed to be physical educators but had absolutely no training for the job other than their school-days experiences as athletes. Hundreds of them all over the country were probably as fine persons as Charlie—a prince of a fellow in every way—but trying to be physical educators without special training for the task and completely unknowing that such work called for special training. My dream of giving Coe College one of the finest physical education departments for women in the country was dashed in those few moments.

Charlie was adamant that he had been given authority to assign all these prep classes to me. Meekly I accepted the assignment and with a heavy heart decided I would just have to work in my physical education for the girls as best I could. At any rate, this couldn’t last long for the Academy was soon to be closed, but for a few brief moments I regretted having refused the Rockford position. I ran to “Prof” with my bitter disappointment and asked the meaning of all this when

Miss Poyneer had taught no other courses—physical education had made up her full schedule and I had assumed that of course this would be true for me, too. As much as he regretted it, he told me the orders had gone out from the president's office and I would have to accept them.

“There has been trouble enough for him getting your appointment through,” he said.

What did he mean by that? I had tried two or three times to call on the president, a stranger to me, and immediately on my arrival had been told he was too busy to see me. Now this from “Prof!” Apparently the president was none too happy over my appointment and I had not the slightest idea why. Everyone else seemed pleased, so I decided there was nothing to do but submit and make the best of it.

I recalled reading at Wellesley about the heavy schedule Alice Freeman had accepted her first year of teaching some 30 years earlier at Wellesley when she was 24, my age at Coe. Her schedule had been 20 hours of lecture, 5 of conferences, 1 of public lecture plus supervision of all domestic work required of the students in the dormitories and directing the assistant teachers in the history department—all this in the face of constant battle against tuberculosis.²

As for the courses I was to teach, geometry had been one of my favorite subjects in high school and I was indeed well-grounded in the biological sciences after the heavy doses of them during six years of college and professional training work. It was the thought of the time they would take that bothered me when I was so eager to be about the work for which I had prepared.

As for that course in physical geography the second term, it turned out to be a blessing in disguise for, in studying for it to keep ahead of my class, I found an entire new world of wonder opened up to me. I had never before studied about the tides, the moon, the stars and the physical world, and I was deeply enthralled. Also fate was kind and sent to that class a young man who had spent several years as a sailor on the North Atlantic. Now he had been persuaded by his inland Iowa relatives to come and live with them and go to school. Short on his high school education, he entered Coe Academy and wound up in my physical geography class. I soon discovered that what he didn't know about physical geography was scarcely worth knowing. He could keep the class and teacher entertained the entire period with his knowledge of the subject.

He soon “got my number” and, apparently feeling sorry for me and kindly disposed toward me, stayed in one day early in the course and told me that if I

didn't mind, he would sit in the back row and whenever a student would ask a question he could answer he would signal to me. Then I could call on him to recite—he would be glad to relieve me of the bother of answering. What questions those preps could think to ask! (And one of them was young Ben Peterson, in later years to become one of Coc's best beloved faculty members after whom one of today's new buildings is named.) The author of our textbook aroused the students' curiosity so that they always wanted to know more about everything; and the dear souls supposed that teacher knew everything about everything. At least teacher was learning a lot, too, for my good pupil, Neil McAuley, recited at length every day and the pupils never seemed to be aware that he was saving teacher's reputation—here was a classmate who must know almost as much as teacher, they seemed to think. And Neil aroused in me such an interest in the neap tides, the flood tides, phases of the moon, the stars and the planets, that every ocean voyage, every night of sleeping out under the open sky, every evening under the stars, has been a rich experience in my "continuing" education in physical geography.

Determined not to let my physical education work suffer from this terrific load of Academy classes, I knew at once I must plan my schedule carefully, deferring until another year what could be put off and conserving every possible hour for relaxation and sufficient sleep so that my health would not suffer.

The rising bell, a seemingly good imitation of what Gabriel's final summons might be, still sounded at 6 a.m. as in my student days and from then until 6 p.m. it was a wild scramble every weekday, what with 40 hours per week in the classroom and 5 20-minute periods per week in required chapel attendance. Every free moment had to be planned to the nth degree if I was to get in necessary rest, prepare for classes, get Academy class papers graded, look after my wardrobe, take care of my room, and find time for personal conferences with students who were forever bringing their thousand and one problems to me. My first term daily schedule ran as follows:

7:45 Solid Geometry
8:40 Chapel
9:05 Zoology
10:00 Study Hall (could use for preparation of some classes)
10:50 Plane Geometry
11:40 Free for conferences
1:00 Free (midday rest)
2:00 Physiology
3:00 Physical Education class
4:00 Physical Education class
5:00 Sports practices

I am confident no other member of the faculty carried a schedule as heavy as mine.

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By some secret grapevine I learned that an influential businessman in town wanted my position for another person. Miss Poyneer and "Prof" wanted me to have the position, and fearful of the pressure that would be exerted in behalf of the other candidate if Miss Poyneer's approaching marriage would become known, she kept her plans secret until they had canvassed the situation and secured support for my candidacy. But as soon as it became known that Miss Poyneer was leaving, this man began an active campaign for his candidate and when he discovered that my own candidacy was well-launched, he became angry. But my supporters had the upper hand for I had a college degree in addition to my two years of specialized training, and I had their backing which carried much weight. The other woman had two years of college work and two years of professional training.

Once more that bachelor's degree was saving a situation for me. But because of this man's anger over my appointment, final decisions about me had been delayed. All of this, however, was unknown to me at the time. What a price I was to pay in the years ahead for being given this position over this man's wishes! Even my advocates never dreamed of the harassment that was awaiting me from the day I arrived back in Cedar Rapids—harassment that became so constant and persistent that "Prof" (my ever-loyal protector in this situation) and I labelled this man "Mr. X" for our secret discussions about him. Both of us came to feel that this man hoped by his tactics to force my resignation or firing. His insistence for his candidate did prevent my being listed in the 1910-1911 catalog except in the academy faculty lists where I was given the rank of instructor in science and physical director for women, but President Marquis did approve my listing from then on in the catalog among the regular college faculty as director of physical education for women but without academic rank.

Unknowing as yet of this problem over my holding the position against the wishes of a prominent citizen, I tried to talk with the president about my work but he refused to give me a hearing. Professor Bryant, appalled at my schedule, went to him urging some easement but to no avail and then, unknown to me at the time, Professor Hickok, who had come to the Coe faculty in my sophomore student year, went to Prexie with a vigorous protest insisting that no one could carry such a load and not break under it. But Prexie was adamant. I could, as he said, "take it or leave it." So with the school year underway I "took it."

But I lived each day for three o'clock to come—then for three hours, when

practically all other faculty members were through for the day except the coaches who had been free most of the morning to be ready for their real work in the afternoon. I, who had been teaching since the first period in the morning, plunged into the work I had prepared for and which I had come back to Coe to do.

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Prexy had told those who protested in my behalf that the Academy classes I was teaching were my only excuse for being on the faculty, for it was ridiculous to bring to the staff a person interested only in "playing" with the students and that if I wished to carry on physical education for girls, I could work it in after three o'clock at the completion of a real day's work.

The President, Reverend John A. Marquis, a nationally recognized leader of the Presbyterian Church, was a stranger to me, having come to Coe from a pastorate in Greensburg, Pennsylvania, the fall after my graduation. These were trying days when the Puritans were making "their last stand" and if there ever was a Puritan, President Marquis was one. He was striving to preserve the old customs, and I, although all my life labeled by everyone who really knows me as a conservative, apparently was looked upon by the "last stand" Puritans as an outlandish liberal who needed watching.

I was on the job for several weeks before I was able to have a first conference with the president, and then he pointed out that I should be grateful to him for finding something worthwhile for me to do besides the insignificant things I was finding to do over at the gymnasium. I was never able in my several years under him to find any common ground of understanding with him about my physical education work. To him it was merely a fad and we would probably live through it somehow, and then we could get down to serious and worthwhile business. Apparently my position on the faculty existed merely because physical education for women was already firmly entrenched when he came into the presidency, and he was merely tolerating it because of its strong support from certain important directions, but he seemed determined to let everyone know he had no enthusiasm for it. I at least took comfort in the fact that it was my position, not me, he disliked, but it was I, the person (standing for the position) who bore the brunt of his utter lack of interest.

I have never been able to reconcile my knowledge of his Christian character with my knowledge of his taking such unfair advantage of me—permitting me to come to Coe on the supposition that I was to teach physical education and then pushing me, without even asking if I were willing, into a more than full-time schedule of high school level academic subjects and refusing me even

the courtesy of an opportunity to discuss the matter. It was a dictatorial method I was to encounter all too frequently in later years among people claiming to be educators and quick to make public show of flag-waving in favor of the democratic process.

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On the last day of that first month I was filled with anticipation and anxiety as I went to the business office to ask for my paycheck. Several other faculty members were there ahead of me and several others came in after me, and Mr. Harris, the business manager, asked me to wait as he wished to speak to me alone. At this my heart sank but needlessly so, for he only wished to let me know that the trustees were doing me a special favor and did not want the others to know of it. Since I had so cheerfully taken on all those Academy classes saving employment of another teacher, they had decided to give me Miss Poyneer's full salary, which she had been paid for teaching only physical education, plus pay for board and room at the dormitory. It was \$700 for the nine month's work plus lodging and board, which as listed in the catalog at the time came to \$24 per month (\$15 for meals and \$9 for room), making a total of \$916 for the school year's salary. That was \$100 less than Rockford finally had offered. I was not surprised for Rockford was considered a well-heeled school compared to always hard-up Coe, and I had been prepared to take less. Although at the time and for many years after I had not the slightest idea what salaries anyone else was getting anywhere in any line of work, it has been interesting through the years to come upon salary information of this period to compare with my own situation.

In 1903 Grace Douglas (as she told me in February 1961) was paid \$500 per year as physical director of women at Grinnell College, a sister college in Iowa, although Dr. Bollin of the Chautauqua School had advised her that she should ask for \$1,500 since she had her college degree. As was the case with me, she was homesick for her own college and, too, her home was in Grinnell. She was returning to her father's roof and, as was the custom in that day, would have no living expenses. So she gladly accepted the \$500 just to be back home again. How many public schools and colleges through the years exploited young women salary-wise if perchance they could live in their father's home while they taught, as Grinnell had done to Grace Douglas in 1903 and Coe to Miss Poyneer in 1904-1910! Out of her \$500 salary, Grace Douglas purchased all the equipment to get field hockey started at Grinnell (1903) as there were no funds available for sports equipment.

In 1904, Gertrude E. Moulton (as she told me in 1946), then a high school physical education teacher, was getting \$594.40 in Cleveland, Ohio, for a 10-month term. Gertrude Dudley of the University of Chicago, in 1904 offered

a position on her staff to Alice Towne (as she told me in 1966), a young woman whom she met at the Chautauqua Summer School, which would pay \$500-\$600, but the young girl refused the offer to return to the University of Nebraska to complete her major in physical education and get her degree. In 1908 the average woman classroom teacher was receiving \$465 per school year. In the fall of 1908, in her ninth year out of college and with a Ph.D. degree, Virginia Gildersleeve went to Barnard College as head of sophomore English at a salary of \$800 per year.³ Two years later, two years out of college with only the bachelor's degree plus two years of professional training, I went to Coe at \$916 per year, so in comparison I was doing quite well but carrying a terrific load—almost a double position.

As to young men in my profession, Hans Reuter started his professional teaching career at the Normal School of the North American Commercial Union in Indianapolis at a salary of \$900 for the nine-month school year⁴—this at about the same time as I was starting out, so women in physical education were holding their own with the men physical educators salary-wise at this time, it would seem. Reed College in Oregon offered a salary of \$1,400 to a Wellesley hygiene department graduate, an unusually good offer at that time. The average offer quoted to Miss Homans four years later by the 252 schools that were seeking her graduates was for \$1,000 per year.⁵ (At the same time, Marshall Fields, on a 12-month basis, was paying \$1,600 per year to the head of a department handling a million dollar business, and \$1,820 per year to another woman head buyer who had been with them over 15 years.⁶)

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In no time I was deeply interested in all the preps in my Academy classes. They were eager youngsters and immediately gave me their loyalty. Those high school-age boys in particular, many of them away from home, rooming out in town and eating their meals at the dorm, would ask if they could sit at my table. I became a sort of big sister to them, as I was only six years out of high school myself. They would waylay me on the campus or hang about the gym door just before supper for a chance to read to me their letters from home and talk out their homesickness to me. I came to think the world of them. They wrote me poems and offered me cheap candy from their paper sacks.

"Here, have one!" they would say and as soon as I had disposed of one, "Here, have another" and "another" until I would protest that I was eating all their candy and they would reply, "Why not? I got it for you." This was their way of making the presentation—a piece at a time—thus prolonging the encounter.

One of the younger prep boys, such a mere child, looked like a pixie and

reminded the others enough of a current popular cartoon figure that when one called him "Billikens" one day, the name stuck. He roomed in a house across the street from the gym and would come to my office to study in a free period just when the mail delivery was due. The second he saw the postman, he would run as fast as he could to see if he had mail from home. If so, he never opened it until he ran back and could get my attention. Then he would tear the envelope open and read his mother's letter out loud to me. It would have broken his homesick heart if I hadn't put down my work and "clucked" a few minutes with him over his prize—a letter from "Mom."

And the college freshman boys also liked to study in my office as I worked at my desk. They didn't want to talk as much as just sense the presence of an older woman as they studied, as at home each had studied in the kitchen with his mother bustling about at her tasks. And so I kept open house for all the "Mom" preps and college freshmen, with a study table for them in one corner of my office on a "first come, first served" basis. With the preps, the college girls, and many of the boys on my hands at my office, and with the chaperoning of parties and picnics besides all my classes, I was kept busy. From the very start as a young teacher, I enjoyed a popularity with the students that gave me much joy to compensate for all the time I gave them. Also at times this led to embarrassment, for the head of the English Department—Hubert Scott (later at the University of Iowa)—loved to tease me by presenting me with the flattering themes his students wrote about me.

As far as those prep classes were concerned, I really couldn't complain too much about them (if only there had not been quite so many of them) for they consisted of various mathematics and physiology courses for the most part. In high school I had made my best grades in math courses (98, 99, and 100 for final grades), biology had been my college minor, and I had had two years more of physiology and anatomy courses in postgraduate years, so I had no cause to worry. And better than that, I came to have a warm spot in my heart for those "preps."

The preps were not the only ones who held out a glad hand to me. My old college-day professors gave me a warm welcome and accepted me wholeheartedly as a faculty member, as did the seniors who had been freshmen when I was a senior. In fact, the latter swung the undergraduates quickly into line to accept me, too, thus smoothing all paths other than the one leading to Prexy's office door where I learned from the very first a welcome mat was not out for me.

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Since the turn of the century there had been an awakening, and departments

of physical education for women had been established in many colleges, as at Coe College, and in some high schools. As the profession grew, women workers in the field were being recognized nationally. Although at this time bona fide men physical educators were practically nonexistent in the Middle West except for the German Turners at work in a few public schools and colleges, most men teaching physical education were sports coaches with no professional training to teach physical education. The great exceptions in the Middle West were Amos Alonzo Stagg, a Yale graduate, at the University of Chicago, and James A. Naismith, a McGill University man, at the University of Kansas, both initially planning to study for the ministry and trained at Springfield International YMCA Training School. There was also Clark Hetherington who became one of the profession's great leaders, a graduate of Stanford University and professionally trained under Thomas D. Wood. Hetherington directed the department of physical education and athletics at the University of Missouri until the fall of 1910 when he went to do professional research work in Chicago. At the State Normal School, Ypsilanti, Michigan, was Wilbur Bowen, pupil of both the Chautauqua and Harvard Summer Schools of Physical Education, who had founded the first physical education department at the University of Nebraska and from 1894 on was at Michigan State School, Ypsilanti.

It was a very small group of women with professional training in physical education who were teaching in the field in 1910, and a still smaller group of these women who had a college degree. The only ones I knew personally were Mae L. McLeod, Cornell College 1892 and BNSG 1894, then teaching at Cornell College; Winifred Tilden, Mt. Holyoke College and the New Haven School of Gymnastics, at Iowa State College, Ames; Hester Carter, Grinnell College 1907 and BNSG 1909, who was teaching at Bates College in Maine (dean of women as well as director of physical education for women); Eleanor Cummings of Boston University 1908 and BNSG 1910, who was teaching in a YWCA in Ohio but shortly was to go to the University of Vermont. However, I was soon to know a few others of that charmed circle who were also teaching in the Middle West: Lydia Clark, Smith College and BNSG, at Illinois Normal School at Normal, Illinois, shortly to go to Ohio State University; Gertrude Moulton, Oberlin College and Illinois Medical College, who was medical adviser at the University of Illinois, later of Oberlin College; Louise Freer, Cornell College and New Haven School of Gymnastics, teaching at the University of Illinois; J. Anna Norris, Northwestern University and BNSG, at the University of Chicago, shortly to go to the University of Minnesota; and Abby Shaw Mayhew, Wellesley College and Sargent School of Physical Education, at the University of Wisconsin.

At this very time, Ina Gittings was teaching at the University of Nebraska, following her four-year course as a physical education major at that university.

She had four years' training as against six for all those named above but nevertheless did hold the bachelor's degree. At Oberlin College was Delphine Hanna with a college degree and beyond that, both a medical degree and professional training under Sargent, but although she taught in the Middle West for several years after I started my career I never met her, never even saw her, to my great regret. There were several other fine women teaching in the field, women graduated from private professional schools who, especially if they went to college positions, soon realized that they must obtain the bachelor's degree and began serious study for it during summers, which proved a long drawn-out project for many.

Following the lead of the four colleges of the 1890s (Harvard, Stanford, University of Nebraska and Oberlin College), several more colleges established majors in physical education at the turn of the century so that many more college graduates soon joined the professional ranks by the coming of the Great War.

By 1910 sports and dancing had become firmly entrenched as legitimate parts of a physical education program that the old style physical culture teacher of the nineteenth century, trained in calisthenics in schools of oratory and elocution, had all but disappeared from the physical education field.

As with the music teachers, librarians and other so-called non-academic personnel, the physical education teachers as a rule before World War I and for some years after were granted no academic rank on most college faculties beyond that of instructor if any at all. Heads of physical education departments were usually listed in catalogs merely as directors of physical education, without academic rank. In academic processions where faculty members lined up according to rank, the physical education, home economics and music teachers, coaches and librarians, if perchance they possessed a baccalaureate degree and thus were in the academic procession, marched at the end of the line. It was quite generally the case in colleges all over the country.

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I found myself in somewhat of a professional vacuum in Iowa. There had been many physical education teachers all around us in the Boston area—in the public schools, private schools, playgrounds, YM and YWCAs as well as in colleges. Here I was quite isolated professionally. Mary McLeod was still at Cornell College 15 miles away; Winifred Tilden at Ames; Julia Anderson at Grinnell and Marguerite Hussey at the Normal School at Cedar Falls; and during my two years of absence, Alice Wilkinson had become director of physical education for women at the State University at Iowa City, 25 miles

away. As far as I then knew, we six were the only women in all the state of Iowa at work in our field in the fall of 1910.

If I was working in somewhat of a vacuum in not having others in my profession to talk things over with, so too, was I working in pretty much of a vacuum as to published aids and inspiration. However, the few books I had at hand were a wealth compared to the little that had been available to my predecessors.

I had come out of professional school with the start of a fairly good professional library—good for those days. Father had sent me monthly allowance enough to purchase what few books in our field Miss Homans suggested that we buy. Now I discovered Luther Halsey Gulick's *Physical Education*, published in 1907, which had not been mentioned to us at BNSG, and a few years later his *Efficient Life*. What a help they were in formulating my own philosophy and principles! How I read and reread them in my early teaching years! The first edition of Jessie Bancroft's *Games for School, Home and Playground* was published in 1909, and it became my bible as far as programming was concerned, along with Enebuske's *Gymnastics* and the several books on folk dancing by Elizabeth Burchenal, C. Ward Crampton and Caroline Crawford, which now were becoming available.

I began collecting everything I ever heard of that was coming off press in our field but that was a small trickle—mostly manuals of public schools, which began in 1912 with the first one by the Michigan State Department of Public Instruction, followed in 1915 by the first local school manual put out by Wilber Bowen for the Ypsilanti schools. Then in 1918 came Ethel Perrin's *Manual for the Elementary Schools of Detroit*—first and lower grades. All three of these came from Michigan. These helped me a lot in program planning and organization since professional schools in those days had not yet awakened to the need to teach curriculum building. For the most part it was not until the 1920s that the first books in our profession on philosophy and principles, organization and administration, history, physiology of exercise, and kinesiology, put in an appearance.

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For two years Charlie Ball and I shared the gymnasium and most amicably. Then Arthur Ashton, who had been a year ahead of me as a student at Coe and who like Charlie had been an outstanding all-around athlete, took Charlie's place as assistant physical director under Prof. Two years later, Ellis Verink came on the staff as physical director. He, too, had been a star athlete at Coe. As a student he had taken classes in gymnastics at the local YMCA and had picked up the art of teaching gymnastics so that on that self-training and just out of college he became the men's physical director. That same fall (1914), Moray Eby came to Coe as head coach, a position he was to fill for many years. That

year Professor Bryant dropped all his earlier titles in the athletic department, turning over most of his responsibilities to Moray Eby. Ellis Verink stayed only one year, going on to YMCA work in China. Taking his place as head of physical education for men was Ira Carrithers, a graduate of the University of Illinois who, under Eby, was also coach of basketball. These three men, Bryant, Eby and Carrithers, made up the men's physical education and athletic staff for many years.

In Carrithers Coe at last had a man with some professional training in physical education. He had taught and been head of intramurals at the University of Illinois, the first I ever encountered who had held such a position. Intramural athletics were as yet little known or talked of in men's work whereas we women knew little else in athletic competition for girls although we did not as yet use the term "intramurals."

While most men so-called physical educators (and there were far more of them than women in those years) were merely sports coaches, we few women were actually educators. To compound the difficulties, the men sports coaches, called physical educators, didn't themselves know what real physical education was and didn't realize that they were masquerading under a false title. To add still further to the difficulty, most women physical directors were administratively placed under men sports coaches who were called directors of physical education, yet they didn't "speak the same educational language" nor function in their teaching under the guidance of the same educational philosophies. It was a long period of frustration for most women physical education teachers thus to be under these men, and it took women many years to gain freedom in their careers. But I played in luck and for my first 13 years of teaching was in positions where my department was quite independent of the men's department. Unfettered, I could get on with my work as I saw best to pursue it. Later, when men actually trained in physical education became available, such tie-ups were not such a calamity.

Now that I had completed two years of intensive training preparing myself to deal with human bodies and their exercise in relation to overall education, it came as a great shock to me that men were carrying on this work for the men students without any special training.

As early as 1891, Dr. Dudley A. Sargent had asked at a national convention, "Is Physical Education a Trade or a Profession?" and his speech, later published,⁷ had stirred up an effort to educate the public and the schools to an understanding that people working in the field need professional preparation. At the opening of the twentieth century, any man who had made a good athletic record in college could be accepted almost anywhere as a professional physical director without taking one single course anywhere in preparation for such a

position. In fact, he need not even attend a coaching course or a weekend coaching clinic since such courses were as yet unknown but did ultimately come into existence as protection against this untrained brotherhood.

But this did not mean discrimination against women. I, too, would have been accepted readily as a woman physical director had I had nothing to recommend me for the position other than the fact that I had played field hockey or basketball in college and had participated in some gymnastics class and beyond that had done some high school teaching of some academic subject and coached (without training) some girls' teams. My two years of highly specialized training meant nothing to the great run of college administrators—it was accepted as just a mere coincidence that I had this special training. There were few who were even aware that they were lucky to have a person on the faculty with such training. In fact, it was a constant struggle for me in my first years of teaching to find opportunity to do for the girls what I was trained to do. In other words, the college had had in Miss Poyneer and now in me a far better teacher than they knew they had or than they even had asked for, a better one than the students or their parents had even known to hope for. What physical education could mean in the education of young people was not yet realized generally in America. It was more accident than intent that some schools had the services of a professionally-trained person in the field. And so I was Coe's second woman accident in that line.

No one in the men's physical education department had studied human anatomy, taken a course in kinesiology or applied anatomy, or studied postural defects and their correction. What they had acquired along these lines had been undoubtedly picked up from athletic trainers. However, in many ways, I came to have great respect for the knowledge of athletic trainers even though their wisdom was aimed at one objective only—keeping fellows fit and in condition to be winners of athletic contests. That one aim was the be-all and end-all of their existence as trainers.

So I went my lonely professional way. Fortunately all the men with whom I had to share the gymnasium in my years at Coe, although mere tradesmen rather than professionals as far as physical education was concerned, were fine people, all gentlemen, friendly, cordial and cooperative. Also fortunately, with my superior training, I did not have to be under any of them. My position as head of physical education for women was coordinate with that of head of physical education for men. I was not under an untrained men's physical director as were so many of my friends through the years, and this pattern was happily to be my lot almost all of my career. I say "happily" since for the first half of this century in many schools there was a real gulf between the types of preparation of men and women for these positions.

I also quickly learned that while men's departments were universally called the "department of physical education and athletics" the women's were merely the "department of physical education," and rightly so as we women saw it. This very difference in titles spoke volumes for the differences between the two departments in fundamental philosophy.

There were a few schools offering professional training to men. Their graduates were scattered across the country trying as valiantly as we women to put education into physical education and physical education into education. The International Training School of the YMCA at Springfield, Massachusetts (today's Springfield College), Oberlin College in Ohio, the Harvard and Chautaugua Summer Schools of Physical Education (which were shortly to close their doors) and the Normal College of the American Gymnastics Union at Indianapolis in particular were preparing men to work in this profession. All were differentiating between physical education and coaching, as the lay public and the general world of education had not yet learned to do. The need to turn out winning teams loomed so large in all men's physical education departments that intercollegiate athletics in most schools became the tail that wagged the dog. There was no time for concern for the physical education of the boys who could not stand the gaff of strenuous gymnastics or competitive sports. These were excused from the physical education requirement and yet they, of all boys, most needed it. I recall that at Coe, Ira Carrithers, head of physical education from 1915 for several years, felt this keenly. He often dropped into my office to talk with me about some of these boys and their lack of physical fitness. He would beg me to take them into my girls' correctives classes or give them work alone which, in the years after I was rid of Academy classes, I did now and then. But I never could work it in regularly. He would say wistfully:

"I wish I had the training you have had and I'd take care of these boys myself!"

Whenever I encountered Ira, as I frequently did at the University of Nebraska after a football game for he became a popular referee and umpire in the Missouri Valley Conference, he would give me that wistful, friendly smile of his and say:

"Gee, Miss Lee, it was great working with you back at Coe those days!"

Well, I loved working with him, too, for he was so earnest, sincere and interested in his students and such a gentleman! The other men physical education teachers there were fine persons, too!

Through the years what a mainstay "Prof" Bryant was—a sort of guardian angel! He was always interested in everything I wished to undertake, support-

ing me and running interference with Prexy who never let down the high wall that always seemed to stand between us—a wall that I never did understand except that I sensed that in some queer way Mr. X's constant complaints about me proved such a source of irritation that these annoyances came to be held against me. What few contacts I ever had with my president constantly reaffirmed as time wore on, that he cared absolutely nothing about physical education, looking upon it solely as a waste of time. Except on rare and usually unhappy occasions, he steadfastly refused to talk with me about my work in any of its aspects. I was never able to get through to him in any way. As much as possible he ignored my existence.

I learned early that the world of the professions, as much as the world of business, was indeed a man's world and not being the rugged individualist type nor the fighting feminist type I sensed that I should accept that fact philosophically and live with it as best I could. Living with it was made easy with a friend like "Prof" to smooth the way as I was professionally "cutting my eyeteeth" as it were.

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Having a conscience and a responsibility toward the women students, I resolved in spite of my load of Academy classes to go ahead with the full program Miss Poyneer had developed and in addition to start a corrective program for all not able to take the regular sports and gymnastics. Special work had not been offered before at Coe and the idea of helping those girls who needed special help was dear to my heart. So in the fall I offered field hockey to the freshmen at 3 p.m. three days a week when we could use the men's football field back of the dormitory, before the fellows came out for practice, tennis to the sophomores three days per week at 4 p.m. and captain ball as a volunteer class to the upperclass girls at 5 p.m. on three days. On the remaining two days per week, I gave freshman and sophomore correctives at 3 and 4 p.m., and at 5 p.m. "folk games" as a volunteer class to upperclass girls, and on two days a week used the 11:40 conference period for group health conferences to round out the 3-hour requirement for the two correctives classes. All this added 17 hours of classes to my already 25-hour Academy schedule, and on Saturdays there was the weekly cleaning at the gym.

This weekly schedule was a great challenge especially since I had a conscience about attending to all work meticulously. Somehow I managed, but only by going to my room immediately after lunch each day, locking my door with its large sign "Please do not disturb" and, as Miss Homans had taught me, taking a midday nap for the whole one o'clock hour. Then when evening came I refused all opportunities for weeknight engagements. I again locked myself in my room by 7:30 p.m. to prepare for the next day's classes and then lights out

by 9 p.m., for I soon discovered that it would take at least 10 hours of rest out of each 24 to see me safely through that schedule health-wise. That first year, if I hadn't already learned it fairly well, I learned to make the most of every waking moment in order to protect those 10 hours for rest. When I was back for my fiftieth class reunion in 1958, dear Doctor Hetherington, a 90 years old, reminded me of his deep concern about me that I was over-teaching and asked how had I avoided a breakdown. "Ten hours of sleep each night" was my immediate reply. I had not forgotten the struggle to protect those sacred hours.

Scheduling my hours and days in advance cleared the paths for both work and play. I allowed myself no unscheduled time to waste, and, sensing the need of relaxation and quiet moments for keeping an even keel, I carefully scheduled them as well as the work and play hours.

There were many men and women in my profession who also had to plan carefully to keep fit and to ward off constant fatigue. Some of them were drawn into physical education work through their own efforts to acquire good health, such as Dudley A. Sargent, Thomas D. Wood, Luther H. Gulick, R. Tait McKenzie, Jessie Bancroft, Clark Hetherington, Clelia Mosher, C. H. McCloy, and Senda Berenson.

The Coe catalog of this period carried the physical education course description as a requirement for women of three hours per week for the first two years, including "floor and apparatus exercises, esthetic and fancy dancing," with the added statement that the course was "not aimed to produce athletes" which probably was to explain why there was no mention of sports offerings for women. Surprisingly there was this public use of the word "dancing." Neither Miss Poyneer nor I ever knew who put that description into the catalog but we each in our turn learned to leave well enough alone. Since no one objected to our teaching sports, although they were not mentioned in the catalog, we went blithely on our own and offered them. Since the local religionists, who all too frequently set themselves up as judges of the campus scene, had apparently never read the catalog to discover the word "dancing," we knew we should avoid bringing their wrath down on our heads and therefore should not use the word in class schedules or in conversation. So we both got by nicely in offering the sort of a program we felt should be offered in spite of the catalog commitment. And for both of us this meant promotion of sports as well as gymnastics and dance, and I added correctives to this.

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As I settled into my work I was so harassed by the number of girls constantly seeking my advice on hygiene problems (courses in hygiene were as yet

unheard of in the great run of schools) that I resolved if at all possible I would get a hygiene course put into the college curriculum as a requirement for all freshman women. To do this, I needed the approval of the president to present the request to the faculty, but was reluctant to approach him because of the cool reception I always received in his office. My opinion about anything concerning the women students he never sought; yet I was very close to the women students (much closer than the dean of women) and could have told him much of student attitudes. However, I got up my courage one day in my second year to ask for a conference. I told him that I would gladly add this personal hygiene course to my schedule since I would soon be free of most of the Academy courses. He looked at me in utter amazement that I would dream of anything so ridiculous.

“Why, their mothers are supposed to teach them hygiene at home. They most certainly have taught them all they need to know before they come to college,” he exclaimed.

To defend my request, I tried to explain to him that I was spending many hours each week in personal conferences with the girls helping them individually with the personal hygiene problems they were bringing to me and that since so many came, I felt that all needed such a course and it would save me much time. At this, he declared I was merely filling up my hours with “busywork” and after this to tell the girls to save their problems to discuss with their mothers when they went home for vacation and if I didn’t have enough to do to fill my time, there were plenty of faculty members who could use me to help teach some of their classes. I dropped my dream of required hygiene course for girls. I knew my doom on that was sealed when he rose from his chair and ushered me to the door saying, “Look at me! I never had a course in hygiene.”

I had already looked at him many times and commented to myself that it was a pity he had such poor posture, such unhealthy color and was so frequently ill. But I made no comment on this and as he opened the door, he dismissed me with a “Let’s forget this nonsense!”

But I never forgot it. As more girls passed the word along that I was a faculty member to whom they could take their hygiene and other problems, more and still more girls asked for conferences and many boys, too, so that in a few years much of the time I had previously spent teaching Academy classes was now taken up with private health conference work wished upon me by the students themselves. To these young boys and girls and to me, this “busywork” was far from nonsense.

How frequently in those early years of teaching was I reminded of the quotation: “That which we are we are all the while teaching, not voluntarily but

involuntarily." If I could not have a class in hygiene, I decided that I could at least set an example in hygienic living that might benefit others as well as myself.

As I now look back upon the movement just then getting underway in our profession to discard all formal activities (a movement that gathered impetus after the Great War and forced out all the old forms of gymnastics and formalized dancing), I am surprised at myself, for apparently from my very first day of teaching I must have, although unconsciously, felt an urge to do something about these highly formalized activities as they were then taught. I had a vague sense that the regimentation these activities required was not necessary—that there was a way to get the physical values from activities without the regimentation and stern discipline. Not that I was against discipline—I was all for it but along a bit softer line, especially for girls. I was also all for formal gymnastics and the physical developmental opportunities they gave. I was shocked at the extremists who later were all for discarding formal gymnastics completely. However, in my first years of teaching I knew nothing of this movement and in my own work I was groping about, vaguely sensing that I wanted something different. My very reaction to this extreme formality showed me up at once as a moderate. "Moderation in all things," I soon came to recognize as my life's pattern.

Unknowing of rumblings of discontent with the old that were beginning to be heard in the 1910s, I went serenely on my lonely way quite sure, on my own, that some changes were due. To me, the change needed was one of method, not content, and so I set about to do what I could, changing things for my own satisfaction.

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Not until I was at work in my first position and confronted with the need to make decisions about many things did I come to realize that in spite of the excellence of my training, I had been given no help in any course to prepare me for administrative problems. So like everybody else in those days, I floundered about "learning by doing." Miss Poyneer had run a well-organized and well-administered department. I had only to follow her example and build from there.

Now I would add to her program required physical examinations that encompassed more than a routine heart check by a physician. I would myself give anthropometric and posture examinations and from the findings classify all the students and sort out those needing special individual attention. Then I would classify all according to the physician's findings and thus arrive at a list of others who needed their work restricted. For these I introduced into the program

what we then called correctives, trying to do for my students what Dr. Coliin had done so generously for me. This experience I found to be a great advantage as a teacher for I could put myself quickly in the place of my own pupils, so many of whom followed my poor physical pattern, and when they would learn that I, too, had experienced and overcome those difficulties, they would go to work with goodwill to correct their own remedial defects. I especially concentrated on posture work with all my pupils.

In those days Gustave Richter's painting of Queen Louise was tremendously popular as an example of noble bearing and correct posture. *The Delineator*, a popular woman's magazine of the period, had offered a few years before free copies of the painting "on fine plate-paper" ready for framing. As a result, this painting was seen frequently in homes, girls' schools, and women's club rooms. Thus, American girls were inspired to look like Queen Louise. I was one who for many years kept one of these prints on hand and now as a young teacher, I presented Queen Louise to my students as a paragon of correct carriage.

In 1910 when I started the first physical examinations at Coe (as distinct from medical examinations which involved girls' heights, weights and postures), a great hue and cry went up throughout the campus that exceeded the furor Miss Poyneer had created six years earlier over heart checkups. This new furor reached into local homes through day students. It was such an uproar that I halted all examinations until I could meet each class and explain fully just what I planned to do and how and why and to assure all that the examination would be strictly private and would violate modesty as little as possible. (There would be many years yet before I would bring myself to let even the girls who desired to do so run about the dressing room nude. Also it would be many years before I would encounter the first girls who would desire to.) The clamor died down. Even alarmed and indignant local mammas called off conferences, and the two or three faculty wives who had considered it shocking removed their objections that had earlier sent their husbands scurrying to the president to complain about my work.

To my great relief, the president himself laid low about this, and when a member of the board of trustees, the greatly respected and wealthy Robert Sinclair, called on him to register his disapproval of my giving physical examinations, the president even suggested that he talk to me personally about it and leave him out of it. When Mr. Sinclair called on me and I had explained fully what I was trying to do and why and how and discussed a few of the worst cases of posture with him, he became a convert to my cause and ever after I had in him a good friend for my departmental work, so that as it turned out the president did me a good turn by sending that member of the board of trustees

directly to me. And as I look back, I think Prexy knew he was doing me a good turn.

In order to get in all these examinations, I used Saturday mornings and was up at 5:30 a. m. and over at the gymnasium before breakfast to prepare a corner of the women's dressing room as a private examining booth. At 7:30, the exams started with a corps of student volunteers to receive the girls, see that they were properly prepared and sent in to me on scheduled time. I used student volunteers to help me prepare in longhand all the examination cards since a typewriter or mimeograph machine was unknown in college offices those days, at least so at Coe, and there was no money for a printing bill.

After the examinations, volunteers helped me make cards for prescribed exercises for those found to need special help. Then began the individual conferences—four girls an hour for five hours a week until every girl had been in to talk over my findings. After these conferences, those needing correctives were transferred to a corrective class. Thus were corrective classes started at one college.

Because there was no time left on the schedule for any more classes, I asked these girls to be dressed and ready for me the moment I dismissed the freshman and sophomore classes for showers. Thus, I was able to work in 10 minutes of intensive corrective work for those in each class who were excused from regular work. The earlier part of the hour they were in my office doing assigned reading on hygiene from my personal library there. These extra classes were sandwiched in, in this unorthodox manner, simply because there was absolutely no other place for them. This, too, caused a minor flurry, but I held firmly to my belief that I should offer these classes and after a while, the girls began to improve and to see that I was deeply interested in each of them and their personal welfare, so eventually all resistance crumbled.

Soon word seeped out about my training under the great Dr. Robert Lovett and my work at the Children's Hospital in Boston, and confidence in me grew until in a year or two town parents were begging me to take their high school daughters into my corrective classes, which I was not able to do. In later years, as I gradually got rid of my Academy classes, I organized full class-hour periods for correctives and kept each class down to only 8 or 10 members to allow for individual attention. I was proud of this achievement from my very first year on, with grateful words of praise from girls I had helped and from their parents, too. I soon felt quite secure in this work and in my philosophy about it.

I had to plan the correctives classwork around a complete lack of equipment for such specialized work. I had become accustomed to the finest equipment known to the world at the Children's Out-Patient Department at the Massachu-

setts General Hospital in Boston and in the correctives room in the wonderful new Mary Flemenway Gymnasium at Wellesley College. Here at Coe I had no special equipment. I contrived what I could out of the gymnastic equipment at hand and so soon learned that not having the generally accepted things to do with is no excuse for not getting a job done.

When Eliza Mosher's *Health and Happiness* came off press in 1912 and Clelia Mosher's *Health and The Woman Movement* in 1915, these books became my counseling bibles. My counseling conferences took up every spare working moment for several weeks each year, and were largely the "busywork" the president accused me of when friends protested my heavy schedule. But this extra work paid off handsomely in arousing the students to a deep personal interest in the department work. Almost at once, requests to be excused from the physical education requirement dropped to an insignificant figure, the inadequate students coming to realize that I had something special and very personal to offer them.

Up to then (and this was true in many schools all over the country for many years after I started teaching and, sad to say, even today is true in many places), all who could not stand the strenuous gymnastics and sports were automatically excused from taking any physical education. So my dictum of 1910 at Coe that there would be no excuses from the physical education requirement came as a great surprise to all and a shock to many. Although I did not blame my own college gymnastics teacher, since I realized she was following the custom of the day, I was critical that Coe College had graduated me with poor posture in spite of my double and triple dose of exercise since on my own I went out for all sports, dancing and gymnastics all four years. Yet I graduated as a sorry specimen of humanity posture-wise and also greatly underweight. I was determined that no young girl under my care would escape my personal attention to her special physical exercise needs.

I would consent to no excuses from my departmental work except on extra special advice of a physician. This was rank heresy to the "goldbricking" type of student, but gradually dismay over this ruling died out as faculty, students and parents, too, came to see that I had something worthwhile to offer physically inefficient students.

There is in an old Oberlin College *Annual* of 1900 or 1901 a rhyme which gives proof that Alice Foster, M.D. on that faculty, held firmly to this same belief in that earlier date:

There was a young lady so slim
She concluded she wouldn't take gym
Till she met Dr. Foster
And dearly it cost her
Now she's making up time with a vim.

I was always thankful I had my first teaching experiences in a small college and in a situation where most of the faculty had faith in me and my ideas for helping *all* students.

* * * *

One thing about administrative work that I found difficult to handle was the dressing-for-gym-class problem. At first the girls had me completely defeated by the length of time they took to dress, undress and shower. We had been so well regulated at Boston and Wellesley that we did it in three minutes. These girls dawdled endlessly but I couldn't strike terror into them as Miss Homans did for us. In the end, we talked it over together and arrived at a maximum time allotment agreed upon by the majority, five minutes. I leaned over backwards always to be correctly dressed for any task so that once I got rid of Academy classes and had a full teaching schedule of physical activities, I had to dress and undress "from skin out" five to seven times a day on weekdays. 'Twas a grueling task, I am sure, as I think back over the clothing we wore in those days—corsets with laces at the back that had to be adjusted, high-button or high-laced shoes, several petticoats and separate waists with detachable collars and belts. And we still had long hair to dress and to try to keep in order in spite of gym classes. My regular street clothes got worn out from putting them on and off rather than from the actual wearing of them.

My professional work was all carried on in a gymnasium suit indoors, and a special sports skirt, blouse and sweater for out-of-doors. Styles in gymnasium suits changed but slowly. My elegant suit of men's serge suiting, tailored for me in Boston, was still in excellent condition after 10 years' hard and constant use. Also, it was still in style. It merely required an occasional cleaning which I did myself as no cleaners of that day were interested in taking on those voluminous bloomers—a labor to press, so heavy and full with so many tailored pleats. The task of cleaning in a great dishpan of gasoline out in the backyard was always a must for a holiday at home with one half-day needed for the final pressing job.

The Coe girls begged to be allowed to wear the Lombard middie and tie so popular back East by 1910, with bloomers not as full as in the old one-piece suit. So I ordered middies and ties from Boston, and a firm in Chicago finally agreed to supply bloomers without a blouse. I took orders in my office with all the measurements, and when the suits came I doled them out and collected the money, deducting the discount the merchants allowed for a wholesale order. Then I promptly paid the bill out of my pocket for those not paid and took the loss when on rare occasion some girl never did pay. I also paid out of my own pocket all costs for express. (We did not have parcel post in those days.) I

was a poor businesswoman from the start, always short in my own pocket for all these projects aimed at saving students' money.

I did know enough to get permission of the business office to carry on this costume business in order to get the wholesale price for the students. After a few years, I turned over the project to the college book store, and the girls no longer got their costumes so inexpensively at my expense. In regard to these middies so new to the Middle West in 1910, the girls at Sargent School had been wearing them as early as the 1880's, but BNSG had not recognized them.⁸

Grading pupils bothered me a lot at first. There was so little that was objective in physical education activities for grading. I hadn't the slightest idea what system any of my teachers of physical education had used. Such things were never discussed with us at training school. I knew I was to dole out grades in terms of A through E, but I could judge my pupils only in terms of excellent, good, fair, poor and failing, and so I labelled their work. At the end of the term, I averaged up the number of excellents against goods, fairs, and so on, decided upon a mean, and, to satisfy the college authorities, translated it all into A, B, C, D or E.

I used this system from my very first term of teaching in the fall of 1910 and many years later was highly amused at a convention to hear a younger teacher propose almost an identical system and to have it formally adopted by the group as something quite new. Unhappy over the subjectivity of this system, I began the very second year, the fall of 1911, to give examinations on rules of games as part of the final examination in sports classes. It never entered my head to proclaim this publicly. (We didn't get together in my part of the country for conventions in my early teaching days anyway to exchange ideas, so whom would I have told?) But when in the early 1930s the idea of giving written examinations as part of physical education courses began to be talked of in the college physical education teachers groups, I again was amused for I had started doing just that 20 years earlier.

For all my classes I worked out elaborate charts with places to register figures 1-10 for skills for whatever parts of the activities I could break down as something to get ahold of to grade. These charts were much like judges' charts for gymnastic and track meets. These figures I had to average in with the rules parts for final grades, and I explained to my classes how I arrived at final grades. I took grading very seriously and made myself a lot of hard work but the girls accepted my grades with little questioning.

With no guides of class notes or published material to help us in our many problems of details of grading, scheduling classes, planning programs, assigning lockers, calling rolls, running off sports tournaments, and the like, I started

correspondence with Hester, Marian and Coley on these subjects. We exchanged long letters explaining to each other the ways we had found to do these things. These letters gave me the idea that someone should write a book as a guide to young teachers. (As the years passed and no woman offered such help to women teachers, I finally got at the task myself, 25 years later, and produced *The Conduct of Physical Education*. Twenty-eight years after that first book, written for women on organization and administration of physical education came off press, it was complimentary beyond words to have a professor at the University of California (Berkeley) say in 1965 that after all the years that had till, although out-of-print, the best guide to the subject.)

Apparently the department of physical education for women had never been allowed a budget of its own from the time of its founding in 1904. When I asked the business manager about funds for cleaning and necessary purchases, I was informed that there were no funds. When I said I needed cleaning supplies, I was informed I would have to furnish them myself or go out and raise the money somewhere (the men's department and student janitor also had no funds). I said that I needed paper and pencils now and then and was told to furnish my own; in the rare cases when I might need to write an official letter, I was told to come to the office for a letterhead or two but that I would have to furnish the postage. So one's salary was not all what it seemed to be. From it I paid for all cleaning and office supplies. I even had to buy my own roll-call books. The men's department let me use its basketballs and athletic field marking materials and put up goalposts for us and took care of the tennis courts and furnished the nets. I never did know for sure where their funds came from but I felt they probably came from gate receipts from athletic contests. As for hockey sticks and tennis racquets, each student, as in my own student days, furnished her own, and I always have felt all my life that this is only fitting and proper. If students furnish their own textbooks in academic classes, why not their own personally used sports equipment? Too, I am sure, one big reason why we girls at Coe always played so many impromptu games of hockey and tennis on Saturdays and during vacations was because each girl had her own hockey stick and tennis racquet.

I had, of course, all my own sports equipment which we had to furnish ourselves at both BNSG and Wellesley, and I gladly loaned these out to the few girls who tearfully told me that they could not afford the purchases. So as far as sports equipment went, all I had to buy out of my salary for department use were the hockey balls.

But all these items took a considerable bite out of my salary my first few years until I got the May Pageant going which I finally maneuvered into a profitable affair. In the first spring I asked the business manager for permission to charge

admission to a pageant which I was permitted to build up some funds for the department running expenses (to protect my salary for one thing and to advance the department work on the other end). Permission was granted with the understanding that if we went into the red, the deficit was to come out of my pocket since the school had no funds for such losses. I then said:

"If that is logical, then what happens if the deficit goes into my pocket?"

"Oh! No!" he exclaimed, shaking his head. "That is the department budget. It is yours for your department. Don't bother me about it."

I really was only joking just to see what he would say for his dictum seemed illogical. I was such a poor business woman in my own interests that in prosperous years with a nice surplus of cash to draw from pageants, it never once entered my head that profits from one year might be drawn on to reimburse me for cash paid out of my own pocket in previous poor years. In poor years I paid the bill and closed the books.

For my first pageant I bought out of my own pocket the materials for the May Queen's crown and decorations for the float and paid the costs of orchestrating the music and all the sheet music for the performances. It took what little we took in to pay for the printing of the program, the orchestra and for putting up the canvas fence around the football field which was used for the performance. It was a costly experience for me, but that was entirely my own fault.

From earliest childhood I had been unable ever to ask my parents for money for myself, and this carried over into my maturing years to my own financial losses. In later years, my department budgets have suffered from this peculiar trait although I did overcome it in large measure later on and could step up and ask for money for my staff and department. But throughout my professional career I was a bit breathless when at our college directors conferences I would hear Blanche Trilling of the University of Wisconsin, Lydia Clark of Ohio State, Agnes Wayman of Barnard College and others announce the demands they had made of their budgeting officers. Blanche's aggressiveness in particular always startled all of us. It got things for her department that the rest of us went without. I admired her ability in that direction and wished I had some spunk about demanding money but I just wasn't built that way and I recognized the fact that my aggressiveness never got me any place probably because I was playing a role not true to myself. I fared much better by getting some influential man interested in our needs to "mount my charger" for me. Then when he returned with the prize dangling from the end of his lance he was our benefactor forever after, apparently loving the role of helping the ladies, and I would discover later that the people he had tackled in my behalf were also pleased to play the role of aiding the weaker sex if asked in that indirect way. Thus I would

get my increased budget and everyone would be happy! I just had to learn to work out these things in my own way—a way that was natural for me.

As the pageants paid off, we gradually built up a surplus so that never again did I have to dig into my own salary to finish paying the bills. It never once entered my head that a bill might go unpaid. I had sponsored the event—if there wasn't enough money in the treasury to pay for it, then I paid it. Father had brought me up with a feeling that it was a disgrace to owe anyone money and since I was responsible for this performance, I was responsible for the debt and it was up to me somehow to get it paid.

I taught eight years before I ever had an official budget to consider and I had to leave Coe before I saw one. My eighth year there (my last one) I was still cleaning my own office and still had volunteer student squads to help me clean the girls' dressing room—the job men athlete-janitors were supposed to do but never got around to. A few girls and I always returned early each fall to do a thorough housecleaning job before college opened. However, friendships that have lasted over 60 years grew from these volunteer tasks together.

As a teacher I had to take a stand on functional periodicity and physical education classwork. The world in general looked upon this normal functioning as a "sick time"—that was the phrase used quite generally by girls, their mothers, and teachers. With that idea so firmly implanted, this periodic "sick time" was a real disrupter of all women's physical education classes. Clelia Mosher's researches concluded that menstruation is a normal functioning of the female body just as is digestion and should be no more disturbing, and that whenever pain and incapacitation occur, something is wrong and should be remedied.

After Dr. Mosher's initial presentations in 1911, follow-up articles on the subject appeared in several magazines. Thus, there first came to my attention a subject never once taken up with us students at BNSG and Wellesley, yet one that would materially affect our classwork. From my first day of teaching, my pupils had presented the problem and I had floundered about with no precedents to follow, no medical guidance, and with ideas of modesty being what they were at the time I would never have been able to broach such a subject to either of the two physicians who donated time to the college to give medical examinations for my work. However, I doubt if either could have been of much help for not until Clelia Mosher did the first scientific research on the subject did even physicians seem to understand what was normal menstrual functioning. Before this, exercise during this period was generally considered harmful, especially for growing girls, so that at every class period a teacher expected an average of 25 percent of her class to be absent.

Contrary to general practice, at BNSG absence from an activity class, except for great physical discomfort, was not permitted, and if this occurred month after month a student was suspected of not being in good physical condition; a suspicion no one at BNSG cared to have against her record. I wished to say at the school. This was before Clelia Mosher's research work became known and apparently BNSG was going merely on a hunch in order to hold all as constantly as possible to intensive classwork, and no harm, as far as I know, came to any students from this attitude. It never once entered my head as a beginning teacher that I might abandon the old theory of the "sick time" and instead treat my pupils as I myself had been treated so successfully at BNSG. But then it is probably just as well that I didn't for the schools weren't ready for that theory as yet, not until Clelia Mosher's research work had several years to become known nationwide and several more years to become accepted as approved by the medical profession.

Women physical directors were urged to help gather data for further research and I conscientiously devised a card such as was suggested by Dr. Mosher, and my students helped me handprint dozens of them on which I required every girl to record dates of beginning and cessation of her periods and to check various discomforts and pains and the date of their occurrence and classes they "sat out." This information I conscientiously sent in to some committee now long forgotten. Thus began my first attempt at research work. The rule in those days to appease mothers and family physicians was not that a girl *may* sit out a physical education class but that she *must* sit out her classwork—no choice about it. Of course, the goldbrickers had a heyday out of this rule, but as sure as I was that some were cheating on it, I didn't dare run the risk of misjudging, and thereby causing harm to an innocent girl. Because everyone else, including the medical profession, was so sure that to exercise during the period was harmful, I, despite my own experience at BNSG and observation that housewives and business and professional women went ahead with their regular work at these periods seemingly unharmed, accepted the general false dictum and permitted my classes to be constantly disrupted by it.

It took about a full decade for Clelia Mosher's work to be accepted even mildly by cutting down on "sitting out" to occur only during the first two days of the period, another decade to arrive at a ruling permitting "sitting out" only if actual illness interfered and finally the "sitting out" to be replaced by total absence as permitted for any other actual illness and a recommendation to see a doctor. In those days, 75 percent of women were claimed to have a history of painful menstruation. One was expected to be ill at these periods, and accordingly, most were ill; today one is not expected to be ill at such times, and few are.

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If I was alerted in my early teaching years to a need to be doing research work for the greater cause, I was also deeply aware of another type of research work that took up much of my attention—a search into myself to determine what kind of a teacher I was going to be. I might have admired Dr. Collin tremendously as a gymnastics teacher, but I knew I never could teach in his highly formalized manner, although he was not as formal as the German gymnastics teachers. To be strictly formal, I would be just imitating him, and I could never hope to be more than a very poor imitation. I felt I must do my teaching in a way that was natural to me, in a way that I had a feeling for, so I gave discretion to the winds, and Miss Hornum would look upon it, and I greatly admired Dr. Collin and struck out on my own. Not hampered by a living soul who would observe me who knew the first ABC about such teaching, I was absolutely free of any critics. It was a glorious chance to work out my own methods of teaching, untrammelled and alone in my profession.

Formality of any kind was suspect in our somewhat new part of the country, so it was the path of least resistance to start out teaching as informally as I could but yet with enough formality to keep in control. I had been brought up in this Middle West informality and so found it easy to slip back into it.

As I look back on my first years of teaching, when I was the only professionally-trained person in my field in the local community, I now realize what lonely years they were professionally although I was not at the time aware of any sense of loneliness—perhaps because I was always quite self-sufficient, also full of eagerness about my work, busy trying out my young professional wings, and also because I knew of nothing else. It was only the later years of my teaching that were full of professional friends, both men and women, full of constant gathering together for exchange of ideas, full of growth resulting from these contacts. In the earlier days of teaching, there was no one to talk with about a growing consciousness of acquiring a philosophy about my work, no one with another developing philosophy to check with mine, no one to praise or disparage my work from the standpoint of one who professionally knew its value. So I went my blithering way alone, reveling in my friendships with my students and in their enthusiasms and trying out all sorts of ideas on them without their knowing whether I was conservative or radical since there was no other physical education teacher anywhere about to compare with me and my work. In that freedom, I worked out my own techniques of teaching that were a mixture of formal and informal, but I came to feel at home with myself and got the job done with ready assistance from the students.

Gymnastics was in the days still the "meat and potatoes" of all physical

education programs -- German gymnastics for most men and boys and Swedish gymnastics almost exclusively for the girls and women, at least at the college level -- loved gymnastics and wanted to teach it and did so joyously except that I never could bring myself to stand up before a class and bark out orders as most gymnastics teachers did.

"To thine own self be true!" How many times had I heard my mother recite these lines from Shakespeare's *Hamlet* to us children:

This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

And so I worked out my own way of calling out gymnastics orders, which at first shocked my friend Marian Watters when she came to visit me from her position in Rockford College. The minute we were alone in my office after my first class, she burst into laughter.

"Lee, Oh, Lee!" she exclaimed, "What do you think you are doing? Ye shades of dear Dr. Collin!" But she conceded that I had given my class a fine workout which we agreed was what mattered.

I had never been required to take a course designed to teach me how to teach according to the educationists' idea. I had noticed from studying my own teachers that the ones who "got through" to us the best were those who seemed to give no thought to *how* they were teaching but were full of knowledge of, enthusiasm about and interest in *what* they were teaching. Later, when I found spare time, I began to search out for myself what I could about the history of physical education. To my delight, I learned that Father Jahn himself taught his highly formalized German gymnastics in an informal manner, which bolstered my own resolve to dare to be different. It was almost a half century later before I learned that as early as the 1860s Edward Hitchcock at Amherst, wanting to exercise his pupils vigorously, yet rejecting the German formalized gymnastics, developed a type of exercise period that brought visitors from far and wide to watch his classes. He encouraged the boys to sing and shout and laugh as they ran, jumped, leaped, swung on rings and vaulted over apparatus, dashing all over the gymnasium, up and down, under and over and around apparatus, everyone busy all the class hour, each at his own pace, his own urging, his own contriving, but constantly on the move. Alas, I had not known of Hitchcock and his methods when I was a young teacher. Such knowledge would have given me wings for my flights of imagination about my own teaching methods.

Enebuske's *Progressive Gymnastic Day: Orders According To The Principles Of The Ling System*, first published in 1890, was my gymnastics teaching

bible. And with it as a guide, I gave my pupils a physical workout that, I am sure, stood them in good stead for years to come—a workout that few children get in schools in America today or have gotten since World War I when the so-called “Progressivists” took over and turned much of physical education into a diet of milk toast.

* * * * *

The matter of girls' crushes was one of great concern to me from my very first year of teaching. Brought up in a home situation where there were always many girls around, I had never had much opportunity for “twosing” affairs with other girls even if I had a propensity for it. I have always preferred small groups to large ones or to being with just one other person. “Two’s company, Three’s a crowd!” was a saying I liked if it meant three is just about right and four or five even better. I was the kind who liked to double date, and I never went in for affairs of just myself and one other girl. If I ever had a schoolgirl “crush” on an older woman—one of my teachers or an older student, for example—it was the sort of crush that merely meant I admired and respected her from afar. Of course, I had witnessed the other sort of crush—the kind where there was no high pedestal, where the crush was mutual and the two concerned wished to be alone together to the exclusion of everyone else. This sort of crush, especially when between an older and younger person, had always repelled me and I had never been a party to one. So as a young teacher, the desire of an occasional girl to engage me in such an affair came as a great annoyance.

In my youth and inexperience, I at first as a young teacher found one or two of these girls very difficult to handle—one proved so difficult through trying to force her attentions upon me when she could catch me alone in my office that I took this problem to “Prof” for advice. Shocked at what I had to tell him, he procured for this girl a permanent excuse from the physical education requirement to give her no reason for coming to the building and forbade her ever to come to the gymnasium again except in the company of a group of other girls. In my great innocence and lack of knowledge about this side of life (as was the situation with most women in those days), I had no idea that in these earliest years of teaching I was encountering an extreme problem (and I never again met up with such a problem in my entire teaching career). So as a young teacher I had a real introduction into a problem I knew absolutely nothing about.

In the minds of laymen and the great run of educators, physical educators were still one with the general run of athletic coaches who at that time had little educational background, yet were accepted for their ability to turn out men’s winning athletic teams. The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching announced in 1912 that the executive committee had decided that

the physical director of a college does not come within the retiring allowance system unless he is a regular member of the faculty and a teacher of hygiene."

Thus the Carnegie Foundation was in its way helping to upgrade the profession by urging academic recognition for those who could qualify for it. But the college world moved slowly in this direction except in a few notable instances. When the Carnegie Pension Fund Committee finally gave the nod of approval to physical educators, Dr. Delphine Hanna of Oberlin College was the first woman worker in the profession to be awarded a Carnegie Pension—this upon her retirement in 1920. Efforts of a small group to procure a Carnegie pension for Miss Homans after her retirement in 1918 were futile for reasons beyond the ken of those concerned in her behalf.

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If in the years 1910-1920 the college world for the most part was not ready to give academic recognition to physical educators that was a small matter compared to what the general public seemed to think of us women who were pursuing a career and, of all things, in physical education. Young women who were as yet unmarried and seemingly contented so and out in the world on their own away from home were still somewhat of a rarity in the early years of the new century. I soon learned to be wary of strangers who would ask what I was doing to earn my living. When I would say that I was a teacher, it usually brought from "smart alecs" knowing winks to others and remarks such as, "Oh, waiting for Prince Charming, eh?" which always angered me as most uncalled for. But since that was exactly what so many young women teachers were doing, several among my own acquaintances even, who would have believed my denials? I soon noted that the older career women if they were attractive got a bit different treatment, a sort of unspoken, "It's too bad no man has ever asked you to marry him," on the assumption that of course she would be married if any man had proposed to her. However, I soon acquired courage to say, "I teach physical education in a college."

"What!" unbelievably, "physical education! Why, you are such a little thing." (In my early teaching years, I soon dropped back in weight to around 100 pounds.) My interrogators always seemed to think that if I were a physical education teacher I must look like the daughter of the village blacksmith—the one who was the spittin' image of her father. Most people had never heard of this sort of woman teacher. During the summer of 1915 out in Yellowstone Park, before automobiles were allowed there, a rough but kindly and friendly Kentucky Colonel sort of individual, who had jogged all day long for several days in a stagecoach with my sister Feme and me and the others of our small party, finally could hold back his curiosity about me no longer and turning to me, said:

“I'd like to ask ye what ye do for a livin!”

“I'm a teacher,” I replied.

He sat in silence a moment. Apparently he had not expected that answer. Then, “What do ye teach?”

“Guess,” I said, and after he had guessed everything imaginable, I said, “Physical education.”

“Physical education?” he exclaimed in astonishment. Then sizing me up for a moment, he said, “Wal, I'll be hornswaggled!” and then after a brief unbelieving pause, asked, “What world's records do ye hold?”

When I told him none, every expression on his face proclaimed, “What a fake you are as a teacher of physical education.” Seemingly embarrassed at this turn of events, he quickly changed the subject. I decided to avoid such embarrassments in the future by not mentioning physical education when with strangers. But some busybodies would persist and to these I finally learned to reply nonchalantly, “Oh! I'm a professional woman!” The first time I tried that, I steeled myself for the next question, “What profession?” But the follow-up question never came. I soon discovered I was absolutely safe in that reply. Since that always ended the questioning, it apparently left all inquirers cold, perhaps because women were just beginning to take up the professions of medicine and law in goodly numbers, and most men were still unwilling to accept them. Such a woman was apt to be looked upon as a militant feminist, and most men avoided the type. That became my protective stock reply until women became so commonly accepted in those fields that it no longer served the purpose. But by then, people had become accustomed to meeting many women who were earning their own living and so they were not as inquisitive. Also as I grew older, those who would start to ask questions would be quieted by others, as if they were saying, “Here is a poor woman who has had no chance to marry and now at her age she cannot expect to find a suitor so let us not embarrass her with questions.”

Then, too, after a while, teaching was no longer looked down upon by so many people as merely something a woman engages in if there is absolutely nothing else to do and no suitable offer yet for marriage. Also, physical education began gradually to be known and accepted as a legitimate field of endeavour for a woman. I like to think I had some real part in educating the public to an acceptance of such a career. However, it was a struggle to get some people to admit that no one but a mannish woman would enter such a profession. For many years after I started my career, people were frequently saying to

me, "How does it come that you teach physical education? You aren't the mannish type!"

Although there were some mannish women in my profession as well as in other professions—even as wives and mothers—the great majority of the women working in physical education were not that type. These remarks did not flatter me as I am sure they were intended to. "But I *am* the type," I would insist. "Most women working in my field are the same type as I." But from the expressions on their faces I could tell they didn't believe me.

I well recall an evening in Boston at a banquet some years later when I was seated next to Sigmund Spaeth, famous lecturer and music editor of that day, and I was so delighted at his honest amazement at how fine-looking was the group of physical education women teachers gathered there. They were handsome with their coiffed hair and in their attractive evening dresses and with their excellent carriage—almost every last one of them looking as regal as a queen from the marvelous posture which the physical education training of their student days had given them. Mr. Spaeth remarked that he had never in his life seen so many women gathered together who had such superb carriage. A year or so later, I had the same experience at a banquet when, seated next to the mayor of Cleveland, he, too, expressed delight at the posture of that group of women—this in a day when the current photographs of the season's debutantes were showing hollow-chested, winged-scapulaed, protruding-collarboned young girls, their postural defects clearly revealed in their low-cut dresses. I never see pictures showing the frightful postures of so many American debutantes without wondering where those girls' physical education teachers had been when they were in school. Women trained in physical education in the closing decade of the nineteenth century and opening decades of this century who had a heavy amount of strenuous gymnastics did have excellent postures. With the passing of this disciplined work, even from physical education training schools in later years, women physical education teachers no longer set examples of fine posture.

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When I returned to Coe as a faculty member, I was deeply committed to my career. Sensing that my chosen profession was looked down upon by the laity and even by the great run of other teachers, I felt a great compulsion to give my students an understanding of its real worth. Their minds could yet be molded. But I had received nothing in my professional training to help me in this direction. My teachers themselves clearly accepted the profession as worthy of their life's work and no doubt supposed we students had also accepted it thus or we would not have come to them. But nothing was ever said to us about how the world at large looked upon our profession or how wise men through the ages

accepted it or how we might go about changing the situation. So I started looking for quotations to post for my students in the hope of instilling in them a deep respect for my chosen profession and some appreciation of what I was trying to do for them. I went back into the library to the books which my philosophy professor had introduced me to as a student. There I searched out once more Plato, Aristotle, Horace, Juvenal, Locke, Rousseau and William James, and I soon had more than enough material for months of postings, all material which the most erudite of campus professors would acknowledge as the wisdom of the ages. I was proud of my collection. Four of my choice quotations were:

The bodily cares should be entrusted to ~~paedotribes~~ [gymnastic teachers] who should put order and coordination ~~into~~ the body; for the bodies, like souls, also need order and improvement in order to develop health and strength.⁹ Plato (428-347 B.C.)

The harmony of each soul depends on the harmony of the body which is its instrument.¹⁰ Aristotle (384-322 B.C.)

A sound mind in a sound body is a short but full description of a happy state in this world; he that has these two ~~has~~ little more to wish for; and he that wants either of them will be but little the better for anything else.¹¹ John Locke (1632-1704)

Even if the day ever dawns in which muscular vigor will not be needed for fighting the old battles against nature, it will still always be needed to furnish the background of sanity, serenity, and cheerfulness to life, to give moral elasticity to our dispositions, to ~~round~~ round off the wiry edge of our fretfulness, and to make us good ~~humored~~ and easy of approach.¹² William James (1842-1910)

The last quotation was an especially ~~effective~~ one since William James, Harvard's famous psychology professor, had retired in 1907 and had died just as I was starting my own career. He was highly respected as a contemporary by college professors of that day so that support from so great a man of our own time meant much.

Since teaching physical education was to be my life's work, I wanted it to have meaning for my life. I wanted it to be satisfying and joyful and worth my while. So from the very start I gave much thought to what were my beliefs about my work and what its place was to be in my total life. I also examined myself as a person and wondered just what I really wanted my life to stand for.

In later years when I discovered the biographical sketch of the life of Senda Berenson, I realized that without ever ~~having~~ met her or known of her philosophy toward her work we had nevertheless been kindred spirits. She, too,

had been sickly as a young child and was sent to the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics, not to prepare to be a teacher but to benefit from the gymnastics taught there. After a year and a half at the school she was persuaded to take over the department of physical education at Smith College. Of her entrance upon her work, she wrote:

It is impossible to tell how my life had altered. I had changed an aching body to a free and strong mechanism, ready and eager for whatever might come. My indifference had changed to deep conviction and I wanted to work only in physical education so that I might help others as I had been helped.¹³

I, too, had changed and wanted to help others as I had been helped. The physically inadequate would be my special concern. But I now became sharply aware that in my professional training no teacher had discussed with us the philosophy of our profession as Professor Frocker, my major professor at Coe, had discussed philosophy of life in general with us psychology and philosophy majors and set us thinking about deeper meanings.

My own classmates at Boston and Wellesley had no small part in my developing professional philosophy that grew out of our two years of Sunday morning post-breakfast discussions, challenging each other in every conceivable facet of the abstractions growing out of our courses and out of our teachers' remarks and also out of their "doing." We were an inquisitive bunch. We quizzed each other and wondered together about everything imaginable. As I now recall those Sunday morning ponderings across 60 and more years, they take on new meaning for me. In those sessions we girls had floundered about by ourselves reaching for the deeper meanings of our chosen line of work, and as I started my career I was now aroused on my own to dig out of the literature of the ages whatever I could find to use as a cornerstone to my own developing philosophy of physical education, and I zealously began copying favorite passages from my readings into a notebook.

My very earliest "professional" quotations were of the nature of defense of my chosen profession. I suppose this was because people were so amazed that I, a woman, a rather frail one at that, should choose such a line of work. Everyone was always placing me on the defensive about it. Then, too, there was an enormous body of lay people, and educators as well, who could see no sense in having such a thing as physical education in the schools. Let the boys and girls play after school on their own. That was surely all that was needed. And, of course, in all but a few rare places all over the USA, that was indeed all that any children were getting. It was all I ever got, myself, until I went to college. And so my homemade quotation book carried many thoughts in defense of my profession as a whole.

In my third year of teaching, the college authorities brought in a new dean of women who (so I was told later) wished to reside in the dormitory with no other faculty women there. Also, there was an increase in enrollment and the two rooms used by faculty were needed for students so we were given the price of our rooms for the year in cash to go out and rent for ourselves, but were still given our three meals a day as partial salary payment. This suited me although I had enjoyed the two years there. Now I could have some private life of my own. For eight years I had lived closely with a crowd of school-age girls and I welcomed a situation at last where my room might be a quiet retreat and not a combination town hall, grand central station and infirmary.

Now began for me a habit that persisted for many years of copying into notebooks the choicest poems and bits of prose from my leisure hour readings until I had several books full. These notebooks are my own personal anthology of what I have liked best from my readings both for life's enrichment and professional purposes. For many years never did I go on a trip without one of these notebooks in my traveling bag, and at home I kept them on a bedside reading table, using these favorite passages for the set of my soul for the day to come and particularly for a change of thought whenever things had been a bit difficult the day just ending.

I copied many of the choice passages on stiff cards and posted them on my bulletin boards at the gym for the students. As the years passed, students would thank me for presenting these thoughts to them in this quiet unobtrusive way.

Arnold Bennett's *How To Live On Twenty-Four Hours A Day* had recently come off press and was on the current bestseller list. The students enjoyed these quotations and, standing in little groups around the bulletin board, discussed them together. One which they particularly took a fancy to and talked about together was from a speech given by the 28-year-old Thomas D. Wood, head of physical education at Stanford University, making his professional debut at the World's Fair Educational Congress of 1893 in Chicago. He had electrified the Congress with his answer to the question, "What is Physical Education?"

Physical education must have an aim as broad as education itself and as noble and inspiring as human life. The great thought in physical education is not the education of the physical nature, but the relation of physical training to complete education, and then the effort to make the physical contribute its full share to the life of the individual, in environment, training, and culture.¹⁴

In the years that followed that speech, Dr. Wood was to be heard from again and again along this same line from his later position at Columbia University.

But in my own professional training years, this rising young man and his speech made 15 years before I went to Boston were never called to our attention. I had to stumble upon the speech for myself after I was out teaching. But once I found it, his definition of physical education was posted by me year after year in the hopes that each set of my students would get some glimpse of my profession's aims.

I am confident no young intern ever entered the practice of medicine or the ministry with more seriousness of purpose or more starry-eyed than did I enter upon the practice of physical education.

Chapter X

Dance and Sports — 1910s Style

Of all the activities I offered women students, dance interested me the least. Yet because of the students' own enthusiasm, I was caught up and in the end gave a disproportionate amount of time to dance. Even much of my summer vacations was devoted to it in an effort to keep abreast of the times since of all activities of a physical education program, none was in such a turmoil of changes, and I felt the need to swim with the tide if I were to keep abreast—and this meant more schooling for teacher.

Early in my teaching years, I sensed that the esthetic dance of the 1890s and the first decade of the new century was giving way to new forms. Isadora Duncan was making her theories about dance known in Europe and America but she was too shocking in her private life to be given serious attention in an educational institution. After many years abroad, she had returned to America for a concert tour while I was still in my student days, and preachers had denounced her from their pulpits, attacking her barefoot costuming as well as her philosophy of free love and the right of every woman to bear children without marriage vows. In 1910 she had danced with the New York Symphony Orchestra and created quite a sensation. In Berlin and Paris she opened dance schools and did not return to the United States until 1915, when she was driven home by the Great War raging in Europe.

She had a great dramatic sense and a flair for publicity. Her affectation of ancient Greek dress worn in public brought her a certain publicity in itself that led to her being acclaimed as the originator of barefoot dancing here, and the claim went unchallenged. Also, she was primarily a concert dancer so that she became known to the general public.



*Pandora in
Coe pageant (1918).*

She opened a school in New York City and hung the walls of her studio with spectacular blue curtains and used rose-colored lighting. Along the walls she arranged low couches upholstered in brilliant colors and on the grand piano she placed a Greek statue.¹ In 1916 when the famous Russian dancer, Nijinsky, was in America for the first time, a luncheon was given in New York City in honor of him and Isadora Duncan, at which Isadora reminded Nijinsky that she had proposed to him some years before in Venice that they have a child together and the idea had not appealed to him. Now she suggested to him that perhaps he had changed, whereupon he answered her in "frozen, embarrassed silence."²

Such tales about her became common knowledge and when she realized the furor she caused over her free love ideas, she calmly expressed surprise and declared that she was "misunderstood."³ Later, when the Soviet government talked of abolishing marriage, she openly praised the idea. Had I as much as mentioned Isadora Duncan's name, even in a careless moment before any of my students so that my *bête noire*, Mr. X, may have learned of it, in all probability he would have rushed at once to Prexy's office demanding that I be fired as an evil influence on campus.

If Isadora Duncan was ahead of her time in costuming, so also was she ahead in her dance forms. The Russians, Louis Chalif with his interpretive dancing and Sonia Serova with her "nature" dancing, served well in the 1910s for a transition from old esthetic dance to the modern dance that Fokine, Nijinsky

and Isadora Duncan, and also Ted Shawn and Ruth St. Denis were leading us to in the 1910s, and which was to burst upon the world of education a decade later.

How well I recall a moonlit summer evening in 1917 at the Country Club in my hometown in Iowa when the girls of my old high school crowd got together for a reunion bunk party and they begged me to tell them what I knew of Duncan and her dance ideas. Having had dance instruction from the Russians, I begged the girls to join me in some impromptu dancing. We shed our shoes and stockings, our long dresses and petticoats, and clad in our chemises gave Centerville, Iowa, a first taste of barefoot dancing. But the sedate citizens of that town were asleep and unaware of this innovation as we late-twenties and early-thirties maidens cavorted alone in the moonlight on the green of the ninth hole by the club veranda for what was without doubt a first in that county seat. (Fifteen years earlier I had virtually single-handedly started basketball in Centerville; now I had given it, however in a very secret "hush-hush" setting, a first taste of barefoot dancing.)

* * * *

My interest in dance was entirely on the educational side—dance for everyone, for amateurs as well as for the highly skilled. Feeling certain that the esthetic dance of my own school days was not the answer for education, I became quickly enthusiastic about the eurythmics of Jacques Dalcroze, the Swiss teacher. By 1910 he had established a special school near Dresden for the advancement of his special theories and by 1913 we in America were becoming aware of him through his book *Eurhythmics*. Here was a first attempt to bring the dance into education as a fundamental activity for children. He approached the idea of rhythmic body movement as a form of communication between mind and body to develop attention and will power. He preached that the body should be under the control of its owner and that education in rhythmical movement could best accomplish this control and that every child from age two on should be educated in rhythmical activities, pointing out that dance was "the earliest form of artistic expression known to man" with poetry, painting, sculpturing architecture and music coming after it. This was the sort of dance I was looking for to bring to my pupils to replace esthetic dance.

Having spent the summer of 1912 touring Europe, I determined to spend the summer of 1913 in Dresden at the Dalcroze School. Plans were well underway and a friend had agreed to go with me but she suddenly withdrew in favor of marriage and I gave up my plans. As it turned out, Father was seriously ill that summer and I was glad that I had stayed at home. So I plodded on with the old esthetic dancing and with it alone, put on my first four pageants.

What pitiful things my dance classes must have been in comparison with what today's dance teachers offer their pupils! In my very first teaching days of 1910 on, I pushed Gilbert's esthetic dances hard and wore to tatters my copies of his two volumes of *Gilbert Dances*, containing such dances as "Dill Pickles" (a spirited bit of fun to do), "The Lark," "Wayside Gavotte," "Verona Minuet," "The Berlin," "Sylphette Polka," "Bonita Caprices," "Maid of the Mist," "American Beauty Waltz" and "Faust Waltzes."

These dances consisted of varying arrangements of runs, leaps, steps and hops, pirouettes, curtsies, pointing of toe right and left, pivoting, *arabesque*, *jeté*, *assemblé*, heel and toe, stamping, *pas de basque*, *glissade*, *ronde de jambe*, polka step, waltz step, mazurka, schottische and *pas de sissonne*. Once we knew all these steps, we had only to put groups of them together so they would fit into the music we had chosen for the dance. We did one combination of steps so many counts to the right, repeating all to the left, and repeating the whole for step one; then we did another combination of steps for eight measures to the right and eight to the left, repeating all for 16 measures for step two, and so on to use up all the music for the piece that had been selected. It was all very simple, very mathematical. The steps we did had no particular meaning in relation to each other or to the music or to us. We were just hopping, skipping, leaping and pirouetting to music, and having some splendid exercise and called it dancing, for we tried to handle our hands and arms gracefully to go with the foot patterns. There were rules for this, such as when the right foot is forward, have the left arm forward: rule of opposition it was called. We knew nothing better at the time and I was, without doubt, offering my pupils as good as others were getting anywhere else, if not better than most, for I had had two years of training from the great Gilbert himself.

By 1914 Europe was in turmoil (which finally developed into the Great War) and I gave up all thought of studying there. Instead I searched out a school in New York City, for I knew by then I had to have more training in dance to keep up with the enthusiasm of the college-girls.

The more some people on campus and in town objected to introducing dance in any form into education, the more the students begged to have it presented, so that I who had been far more interested in sports than in dance soon found myself unable to escape the students' enthusiasm. Feeling more inadequate in this phase of my work than in any other, I now took up serious study of the dance in all of its ramifications, insofar as I could find help on my own in that day, which finally boiled down to the summer of 1914 at the Chalif School of Dance in New York City. There I had an introduction to the new and much talked of Greek and interpretive and "nature" dancing, and also had a chance to learn correct forms of the new ballroom dances which had been taking the country by storm from 1912 on.

The approved costume for women at the Chalif School was a short black one-piece silk drapery from shoulders to mid-calf, over skimpy silk bloomers, black silk hosiery and black ballet slippers. (Years later on a Fulbright professorship in Baghdad I was surrounded by a group of Arab women each clad in a black aba, and I could think of nothing but a flock of blackbirds, and I recalled the summer at the Chalif School and all of us looking like a group of blackbirds.)

At the Chalif School we were taught for the most part in French terminology and soon became accustomed to the master's calls for "*glissé, assemblé, glissé, pointé*" or "*petit ronde de jambe, pliés petits battements et petit ronde de jambe alternativement*" or "*jeté, sauté, fousette*" or "*petits battements sur le cou de pied*" or "*pas de bourie changés*" or "*pas de basque latéraux*" or "*glissé, coupé, jeté, sauté.*" What fun to work to do more than 2 *entrechats*—a leap upward as high as possible and changing feet from front to back as frequently as possible while up in the air. Chalif himself could do 6 of them. Eight was considered the height of skill and excellence but in 1917 I saw the great Nijinsky execute 10. His were spoken of as *entrechat royale*. No one had ever before achieved 10 and he did it constantly, not just on rare occasions. We amateurs were good indeed if we could get 2 *entrechats* before landing, but it was always fun trying for more.

Chalif's book on *Greek Dancing* shows that he was a bit confused about the Greek forms of dancing which Isadora Duncan was trying to restore, for among his collection of so-called Greek dances were many nature type dances being introduced just then by Sonia Serova in her New York City Studio, such as "As They Walk In Elfin Land," "Chasing a Will-o-the-Wisp," "Crossing the Brook," "The Death of Summer," "Ebb and Flow," "A Field of Waving Grain," "Sea Gulls," "The Surge of the Sea," "Two Butterflies," "The West Wind," and "Whirling Leaves." He sold his esthetic, interpretive and national dances with music and full directions for \$2 to \$3 each, his folk and ballroom dances for \$1 each, and his *contra* dances for 50 cents. I came back to work armed with a good supply of these, thus making the transition from old esthetic to interpretive dance.

By 1916 Sonia Serova was definitely in the dance field in America promoting nature dancing to replace the earlier esthetic forms and attempting to restore the old Greek forms in a manner that could be useful to the amateur like myself for whom the dance had to be but one of many interests and who could not spend long years in technical dance training. The Russian M. Vestoff and Mlle. Serova claimed to a desire to give us a series of poses and studies and elementary pantomime so that we could go ahead and work out our own ideas and dance figures for ourselves. This was exactly the sort of help I still desired,

so in the summer of 1917 I registered as a pupil in the Vestoff-Serova School of Dance in New York City.

The *Boston Post* (in an unidentified clipping of the late 1910s) carried an article about these dancers which said in part:

It is in the dance, purified by the religious idea behind it and recognized by this marvelous race as a lofty means of self-expression, that the Greeks arrived at a very high form of art. It is from the records of this art, again, that M. Vestoff and Mlle. Serova have derived their inspiration for nature dancing, which they hope to popularize in America.

This aroused my curiosity all the more about Mlle. Serova in particular, for I was eager for a chance to find a woman dance teacher, and she proved the best dance teacher I have ever had for my purposes. She spoke of her work as follows:

There has been much so-called Nature Dancing, but this is the first time it has been offered to the public on a clear, definite and classified basis. It is founded on the ancient Greek method, yet it lays no claim to being Greek, although many Grecian poses and attitudes are used throughout the exercises and studies. Particularly adapted for teacher's work with children—its keynote is *simplicity and perfect movement*.⁴

* * * *

A few months before I attended the Vestoff-Serova School of Dance I had the good fortune of seeing the great Vaslav Nijinsky dance in Chicago on his tour of America. When I had been in Paris in the summer of 1912 with my sister Ferne and two Cedar Rapids friends, Fan and May Wolf, we had heard much excited talk of the recent tour of the Russian Ballet there, and ever since I had hoped some day to see this famous dancer. When the Great War broke out in Europe in 1914, he was in Vienna and was immediately held there as an alien enemy, a prisoner of war. By 1916, through the intervention of the U.S. Secretary of State, Robert Lansing, arrangements were made for his release on parole to the United States and he was enabled to rejoin the Russian Ballet that had been assembled in New York City. Thus in February 1917, I was able to see him in Chicago, and I have never forgotten particularly his performance in "the little choreographic poem called *Spectre de la Rose* . . . inspired by Theophile Gautier's poetry . . . intended as a *divertissement* to fill out the programme and . . . which was so exquisite . . . it became a classic."⁵

This was the famous dance in which Nijinsky enters the stage in a great leap from a moonlit windowsill, floating almost as if a feather across the full width

of the stage and slowly landing on tiptoe at the side of a maiden dreaming in a bedside chair. After a brief dance, he kisses the sleeping girl and leaps off stage flying from the front to the rear of the stage, vanishing still in mid-air, as if a feather wafted by a breeze. I wondered for years whatever happened backstage as he came flying through the air surely to a safe landing. Not until his wife's book *Nijinsky* came off press 17 years later did I learn that at the conclusion of this dance, four men with their eight hands interlaced to form a human net were waiting backstage to catch him.⁶

His wife's description of her reaction when she first saw him dance in Budapest in 1912 describes so effectively the reaction of his audiences on first seeing him:

. . . An electric shock passed through the entire audience. Intoxicated, entranced, gasping for breath, we followed this superhuman being. . . . The power, the featherweight lightness, the steel-like strength, the suppleness of his movements, descending in twice as slow a time as it took to rise—contrary to all laws of gravitation—the execution of the most difficult pirouettes and *tours en l'air* with an amazing nonchalance and apparently no effort whatever, proved that this extraordinary phenomenon was the very soul of the dance. With complete abandon the audience rose to its feet as one man, shouted, wept, showered the stage with flowers, gloves, fans, programmes, *pele-mele* in their wild enthusiasm. *This magnificent vision was Nijinsky.*⁷

Who of all who saw Nijinsky perform have ever been able to forget the wonder of his dancing! The Great War raging in Europe from 1914 on drove the great artists of the world to America. All found their way to Chicago, not far away from Cedar Rapids, with excellent railroad service, so that I also saw the famous dancers Pavlova and Genée when each in turn came to Chicago. It was an unusual wealth of entertainment that we enjoyed in those years, before we had music boxes with their records of great musical artists or even radio to bring the great music of the world to the smaller cities and the far reaches of the country. On the whole, we heard only the music that local artists could offer us.

As I later heard dance specialists insist that the dance must come first and that the only music used must be that which is composed especially for it and as I sensed their disapproval of using music already composed, I felt a bit sorry for them for they and their pupils were missing some interesting educational experiences. If the great Nijinsky and Pavlova could dance to music composed ahead of their dancing—music by great composers such as Chopin, Schumann, Ravel, Mozart and Wagner, what could be wrong with using fine music thus in school?

Fortunately, in my early teaching days, arguments against using classical music as accompaniment to interpretive dancing were as yet unborn and in my innocence and very amateurish way I went serenely on composing my own dances to music of famous musicians. Not until Nijinsky opened to me the wonderful world of magnificent dancing did I discover the music of Debussy, Rimsky-Korsakov, Stravinsky, and Tchaikovsky—and what a world of wonderful music I had been missing!

* * * *

My first adventure in bringing innovations to Coe was the Colonial Ball which I started February 22, 1911, and which from the very start was accepted by the dance "die-hards" only if looked upon as folk games. It became a great bone of contention, enthusiastically supported by the great majority of women students and faculty who, year after year, begged for its continuation. However, behind the campus scenes, it was bitterly fought by a little clique of faculty women and faculty wives who had control of the campus YWCA Advisory Committee and tried to wrest control of the Ball from the students and my department and channel it into something other than a Ball. In spite of them, the Ball continued for over 50 years and proved one of the great events of the year for women students.

Having taken part (a very minor one) in the Tree Day ceremonies at Wellesley College in the spring of 1910, I became at once deeply aware of the awakening interest in pageantry which was at that time sweeping the eastern part of our country and I entered upon my teaching career determined to bring to my pupils opportunities to be a part of this awakening. I had never known of such events in my part of the country. When I sensed the great interest in esthetic dance by most of the women students in my volunteer classes, both beginning and advanced (for it was unthinkable to offer dance in a required credit class where a girl might be led into dance against her will), I knew at once I could count on these girls to join me in any effort to bring pageantry to Coe College.

In spite of my heavy schedule that very first year I presented the idea to these classes and instantly received such enthusiastic response that I was swept into a commitment from which there was no retreat. This started a tradition at Coe which was to last from May 1911 through 49 years of pageantry. (Sixty-five years later, as one of Coe's offerings to our nation's Bicentennial Celebration, I was invited back for the commencement festivities of 1976 to be crowned Queen of the May. Protesting with "Whoever heard of an 89-year-old Queen of the May?" I accepted the invitation. Eight former Queens returned to be my attendants, one of them Grace Sailor Hamblin who had danced in the first pageant and who two years later was herself Queen of the May. I presided as

Queen in 1976 wearing the very cotton eyelet-embroidery dress I had worn as I directed that first pageant.)

In 1911 we were unwittingly starting a tradition and establishing precedents. At first, I thought only in terms of a historical pageant but when I started work on the outlines of a story portraying the history of the college or of the state, we seemed short of real historical background (we were as yet too close to our beginnings), and so we settled for a bit of fantasy for entertainment, holding to the idea of a May Queen and entertainment through dance in her honor. The girls enthusiastically accepted this plan. First we had to get faculty approval for putting on a public show on campus and had to maneuver carefully around the use of the word dance so as not to arouse the ill-will of the many Puritans still in our midst who thought any form of dancing wicked and who looked upon themselves as guardians of campus morals.

After a bit of a struggle in which "Prof" undertook the responsibility of securing a majority support among the faculty members, we did win permission but with the provision, as related earlier, that the pageant must pay its own way, and that if we went in the hole the money was to come out of my pocket since the college had no funds to risk on such an adventure. A bit fearful of my ability to make it pay, I talked the situation over with the group of girls who were eager for it. They assured me they would see to it with me that it would be a success, and so blocking from my mind any idea of possible financial failure, I decided to gamble on the outcome and plunged into it. Thus pageantry first came to one community in the Middle West beyond the Mississippi.

From the very beginning, these pageants became very popular within the community, and Cedar Rapids turned out in large numbers to support them. This was fortunate, for never in all my teaching career did I sponsor an event charging admission that I did not have an uncomfortable feeling when we had to talk of ticket selling. Even as a child I could never bring myself to ask a person to buy a 10-cent ticket to a church "sociable." I always wanted to have everything open and free of charge to all who really wanted to come. But the college girls had no qualms and quickly sold whatever tickets they pledged to sell. Well that they did, for most of the girls were in the pageants and the many boys who helped with putting up the seats and such tasks were given "comps," so for college financial support beyond the outside community, we had only the faculty, a few girls and the boys to depend upon. Some of our early pageants put us a bit in debt and I paid the bills out of my own pocket but once we got on our financial feet and built up a surplus, they paid their own way from then on.

The first pageant itself made history. These 65 years later the very few of us who are left of that tradition-setting group still laugh over the tales of its excitement. When that 1911 effort was rained out twice and the faculty finally

offered us Saturday morning, May 30, for a last try, we drew a date when the New York Symphony Orchestra was in town for a music festival. The orchestra gave its final concert in the afternoon and turned out en masse for our show that morning, no doubt as a bit of rustic diversion. Hence the 49-year tradition at Coe College was started with doubtless the most distinguished audience of all those years—Walter Damrosch and most of his orchestra plus the famous singers, Florence Hinkle, Arthur Middleton, Christine Miller and Bernicida Pasquali.

As if that were not excitement enough, the sheriff came to arrest me “in the name of the law” upon complaint of the local commander of the Grand Army of the Republic for what he called desecrating Memorial Day. Just as I was ready to give the signal for the orchestra to sound the trumpet for the entrance of the queen’s procession, the sheriff stepped up to the orchestra platform and seized me by an arm. “Prof” and other faculty men ran to my side and persuaded the sheriff to let us go to the president’s office for consultation with him. To make a long story short, Prexy procured my release and accompanied me back to the football field where the audience, the queen and her attendants, the orchestra, and the dancers all awaited anxiously the outcome of my threatened arrest. Sometime later I learned by “Prof’s” and my secret grapevine that Mr. X had complained to the GAR and put up such a tale of the “goings-on” I was promoting on the college campus open to the public that that gentleman felt he could do nothing else in the name of public morality than demand that the show be stopped.

In two later years, my pageants were stopped just as we were ready to start the show—once because the girls for the first time were clad in silk hosiery instead of the usual cotton and once because one girl was wearing a leopard skin in keeping with her role in the play. Although at these times no arrests were ordered, I was instead summoned to the president’s office on orders not to be ignored so that I had to order the show held up. Each time Prexy was out of town and a person declaring herself in authority gave me an ultimatum which I ignored. Each time I ran from the office back to the pageant ordering the show to begin, with the cry that followed me out of the president’s office ringing in my ears, “Wait until the president returns. You will hear from him about this.” And each time when the president did return, I waited anxiously for a summons that never came and each time I learned later that Mr. X had been at the bottom of these annoyances.

The first two May Queens, elected by all women students, were sophomores, the third a junior, and the fourth a senior, and from then on for all of the remaining 49 years almost all were seniors. The first and the last queens of my own years were non-sorority girls, and I was pleased with that for I always felt that since the majority of women students were not sorority members, they

should have a great deal of influence on campus and their voices should carry weight. My last star solo dancer, Marguerite Wernimont, then a sophomore, was queen two years after I had left Coe.

The costumes for our pageants were mostly of cheesecloth purchased by the bolt. It came in a great variety of colors and draped readily. The first crowns for the queens were made of gilded cardboard. What few silk scarfs we needed in various years were borrowed from my and friends' wardrobes.

The May pageant of 1913 turned into a June pageant as the commencement committee had asked me to have it on Campus Day so the alumni back for reunions might see it. And as fate would have it, Saturday, June 7, was a cold, cold day. I never shed my topcoat once throughout the performance and a group stood by with wraps for the dancers as they came offstage. The May Queen, tall Junoesque Grace Sailor, with her very long blonde hair drawn over her shoulders in two great braids, was gowned much as we imagined Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat, to have been appareled when she first met Lancelot. (Thirty-six years after her own debut as May Queen, Grace's second daughter, Mary, was May Queen at Coe.)

Why we didn't weave our story around Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, I do not understand since the Queen and her procession carried out this idea. Perhaps my small spark of creativity was not equal to it, even with the help of the girls. All my pageants I worked up with the students who were to take the leading parts, helping in the plotting of the story and the choreography of all the dances. For some reason, we settled for Dawn, the Zephyrs, South Wind, Sun, Night, and so on. It all seems trite as I recall it now, but it was new to everyone then, and to the alumni, who were most enthusiastic.

For the 1914 pageant we wove a story around the Robin Hood theme but as I look over the old program I can see that we took great liberties with both historical and literary traditions. But we apparently pleased our audience. The great surprise of the day was the enthusiastic reception of Robin Hood's men, made up of all the girls we couldn't use for leading parts who begged to have a part in the program. I always issued a call each year for all girls on the campus who wished to have a part in the pageant to sign up and every girl who did was used in some way. No one was denied who wished to enter, no matter how poor she was for our purposes. This has always been almost a religious tenet with me in all my teaching years that no one was ever to be denied a chance to try what she wanted to try no matter how poor her skill, no matter how much she got into everyone's way. This belief to me was the keystone of democracy in education. So I took all these odds and ends of girls and put them to work on the old Elizabethan dance, "The Oxen Dance," using Grieg's music by that name, and their very amateurishness made them a howling success. They entered into the

spirit of it, and as a result "brought the house down," getting a big ovation as they left the stage. "Twas a gala performance in a way, for it was the farewell performance of a valiant band of freshmen who had risen to the occasion so nobly for the first pageant and now as seniors were doing much of the solo parts for the fourth consecutive year, especially Jeanette Wolf and Genevieve Runkle. But fortunately I had a new talented group coming along: Flossie Roe, a music major, who was soon able to compose many of the dances; Hazel Brown who, with splendid musical training, planned most of the musical numbers from then on; Grace Stull, a talented dancer; and in my last two years at Coe, Marguerite Wernimont, who looked much like Irene Castle and with "talent plus" enough to excuse and perhaps account for her temperament that had to be "handled with kid gloves."

For my 1915 pageant, through the maneuvering of Risser Patty, who had come to Coe in 1914 as head of the school of music, we were to dance with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra as a feature of the three-day music festival. The orchestra's only dictum was that the music for our dances be the type that would ordinarily be included in any "Pops" concert program since this performance was to be their "Pops" offering to the festival. They left it to us to select the pieces and send them the list in the order to be used. When they arrived in town, we learned to our dismay that there would be no rehearsal since it was not in the contract. The dancers were in a panic, and so was I in their behalf. When Herr Oberhoffer, the conductor, consented to have a session with me alone to discuss certain worrisome details of interpretation of music to adjust to the dancers and I reported back to my soloists that there was serious discrepancy between our pianist's rhythmic interpretation and that of the conductor in several numbers, we all went into a blue funk of worry for, after all, we were but rank amateurs. As I was leaving Mr. Patty's studio after this conference, Madame Gadsby, the famous Metropolitan Opera singer, entered for her rehearsal. When Herr Oberhoffer introduced us, he told her I was in charge of the pageant and that I was worried in behalf of my schoolgirl dancers. At that, she patted me on both cheeks and said, "Never mind. It is just the old stage fright business. I always have it, but the minute the curtain goes up, it always goes away. Run along now. It will come out splendidly, I'm sure." And I ran along, but the queer feelings in the pit of my stomach didn't go away. I tried to hide my alarms from the girls, but they went into a panic anyway.

Fortunately, the pageant wasn't to be until the next day. I went to bed that night praying that it would pour rain all night and all morning so the pageant would have to be called off, but there wasn't a cloud in the sky. Come dawn, I was awakened by a great clap of thunder, and shortly rain was pouring in torrents. My prayer was answered! The pageant was called off. We were let off the horn of a great dilemma. Instead the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra

played indoors the program of music we had selected for it, and thus Cedar Rapids had its first pops concert.

A week later we drew a fair day and had our pageant. We found a local orchestra that rehearsed with us, and Cedar Rapids had a repeat of the music of the pops concert in an outdoor setting, plus dancing. But a few features of the dance program proved objectionable to my ever-present critics. Complaints this time were the last straw and I refused for two years to give any more pageants.

My last pageant of 1918 was put on belatedly, for it took pleading from many people to persuade me to put one on again so we had a late start. Since the time was short, I divided the program into three parts, each a separate story to be told to the May Queen, so that each group could work by itself independent of the others and thus get on faster. I appointed a leader for each group and turned over to them the responsibility of working out their own stories and the choreography, with me serving only as adviser and coordinator. My faith in them was more than justified. The heads of the three leaders were far better than my head alone could possibly have been, and the program turned out to be a splendid climax to my eight years of work at Coe. Marguerite Wernimont, our star solo dancer, proved to be unusually talented for our purposes. After graduation from Coe, she had a brief career on the New York City stage before her marriage to the director of the Harrisburg (Pennsylvania) Symphony Orchestra.

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Then, too, I was drawn into the excitements of the wild social dancing that took the country by storm just before the Great War and shocked just about everyone as well as the last of the Puritans. In New York City to sail for Europe in late May of 1912, I had my first glimpse of the "Turkey Trot," "Bunny Hug," "Camel Walk," "Grizzly Bear" and the other new ballroom dances so greatly ballyhooed in the newspapers and periodicals of the day and denounced from pulpits across the land. I was shocked at their crudity and vulgarity and resolved to do anything I could back at Coe to teach the students correct ballroom dance forms. I soon discovered that this meant keeping the boys from the cheap dance halls downtown. Every one was deploring this dance craze but no one was doing anything to offset it. I quickly saw that I was the one who could do something constructive, and before long word was spread about the campus sub rosa that I would give free ballroom dance instruction to any boys who cared to come to the gymnasium during the lunch period on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

I constantly prayed that I would not be called to the president's office about this particular project and I never was. Those faculty members who recognized that most students were going to dance these new dances whether the faculty

and trustees liked it or not were delighted with this bold move of mine. "Prof," who did not approve of social dancing in any form and wished the students and young faculty members would not dance, nevertheless saw the handwriting on the wall and was backing me to try to keep students' dancing on a socially acceptable plane. He also sensed that this project should be as secret as possible in light of the unreasoning objection to all forms of dance by so many faculty members and supporters of the college. I always felt that "Prof" put Prexy wise to what I was doing, sensing that Prexy would agree with him that this was the lesser of two evils. Thus, my daring was ignored. And by some great luck, Mr. X and his ilk apparently never learned of it.

I carefully never permitted boys and girls to come together to the gym to learn these dances and to practice together. Thus I could not be accused of sponsoring actual social dancing in mixed groups in the gym, which was against the college rules.

I realized that I could not offer dancing in all its forms in any required classwork; but, when the girls who had as yet never learned to two-step and waltz besieged me to teach them these steps in my classes, I turned this into a feature to add to the Colonial Ball. Thus, the campus and the faculty wives, who had earlier objected to girls doing any dance steps more modern than colonial minuets and gavottes, gradually came to accept the innocent two-steps and waltzes as something quite acceptable compared to the popular new ballroom dances. This insistence of mine that the students dance in a socially acceptable manner served in a large measure to break the last bit of resistance when, in the spring of 1912, Ellen Crawford, dean of women, presented to the faculty her motion that the ban against students attending private social dances be abolished. To our surprise and delight, it passed. It was a great victory for that day, but there still remained the ban against social dancing in mixed groups on campus.

From then on, I could without qualms use the Colonial Ball to teach the girls correct forms of the new ballroom dances, following the opening colonial dances in which all took part.

At first when I set the stage for correct social dance instruction in connection with the Colonial Ball, the "dichards" among the students as well as faculty and even some townspeople raised a hue and cry about it and ran to Prexy complaining. In spite of Prexy's warnings that "I watch my step," I persisted in using the Colonial Ball as a forum for keeping social dancing correct among the students. I was determined to use what influence I had to persuade the faculty to accept the fact that dancing in itself was not wicked and when done with propriety could be a desirable social experience in the education of young

people. None was more shocked than I at vulgar forms of dancing and at cheap dance-hall atmosphere, but I was against denying the correct forms.

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It was not only my pageants and Colonial Balls that Mr. X (for his own reasons) and his disapproving compatriots (because they thought dancing was wicked and I was threatening the campus morals) disrupted. Risser Patty suggested that the two of us work up a special Christmas program for the faculty of combined dance and song to be given in the "party room" in the basement of the chapel. I consented and we were no sooner at work on it than "Mr. X" and his group ran to Prexy, declaring that I was threatening to desecrate the chapel with dancing. Prexy had approved the plans, but these critics were so upset that he asked us as a favor to him to drop the plans, which we gladly did. Later when Pearl Stewart, head of the speech department, asked me if I would produce the dances for her production of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, I gladly consented but again these bigots raised such a furor over the idea of fairies dancing on campus under pretense, as they said, of presenting a Shakespeare play, that these plans, too, were set aside to calm the critics.

Still later, after I had heard the East Indian poet, Tagore, in a recital of his poems, I was so enchanted with the rhythm of several of them that I planned to set them to dance. I talked it over with Risser Patty. He was greatly intrigued and offered to search out the correct music to use. Then we enlisted Pearl Stewart to prepare students to recite the poetry. But no sooner were the plans made known for our joint recital using music, recitation and dance, featuring the poetry of Tagore, than the usual objectors besieged Prexy against permitting a "heathen" poet to be so eulogized on Coe campus. Caught up in other more important worries at the time, the president again asked the three of us to please "forget it." Thus, Coe let pass a golden opportunity to be among the first to offer such an innovation—this before the Great War.

And this wasn't all I had to put up with from these critics. Mr. Patty unwittingly stirred up no end of trouble when after much argumentation he got me to agree to help him and Pearl Stewart put on a show. He had organized a Vesper Choir and wanted very much to have robes for it, but where to get the money? Finally he interested the men's and women's glee clubs in putting on a performance to be called *The Jinks*, such as he had heard about back East. He called it the *First Annual Jinks*, with the thought that it would take at least two years to raise sufficient money. He persuaded Pearl Stewart to throw her dramatic club into the project, and me, my advanced dance class, plus a few of the boys who loved to dance and didn't think it beneath their dignity to attempt what we were planning. We whipped together a potpourri of songs, dances and dramatic skits, and for some reason which I couldn't fathom, we got by with no

rumpus over it, not even over the dance numbers. The entire show went off well and we raised a tidy sum of money for the Vesper Choir.

But the *Second Annual Jinks* was another story. It, too, was a great financial success and seemingly went off well—except that in one number, a Spanish song and dance, the dancing girls whirled so enthusiastically that they showed their skimpy red under-bloomers as well as their petticoats. As the dance teacher, it was I who was threatened with firing the morning after the show as an appeaser for many irate citizens, who, so Prexy told me, had kept his telephone ringing all night long demanding that I be fired. I offered to resign to relieve Prexy's embarrassment, but in the end so many faculty members demanded that my resignation not be accepted that he begged me to forget that he had ever mentioned a firing. All these things added to my swearing that I would never again give a moment of time and energy to any extracurricular activities.

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If the teaching of dance took up more than its legitimate share of my time in the 1910s, it was because of the preoccupation of the students, both men and women, with dance in its various aspects. As the Academy classwork was gradually dropped from my schedule, my extra time was immediately given over to dance. However, there was great enthusiasm for sports, too. These Coe students were a lively set. I could work sports into my credit classwork, replacing the old exercise forms since sports for women were as yet a novelty as a part of an educational program for women (especially in the Mississippi Valley), and there was no religious objection to them.

As far as physical education for women was concerned, Coe, along with other colleges in the Mississippi Valley, was many years ahead of its day. By including athletics as an integral part of classwork, I was merely carrying on the tradition established by Miss Poyneer. This tradition was already well-established in the women's colleges in eastern United States so that it was beginning to attract the attention of Europeans. When Baron de Coubertin of France, the founder of modern Olympics, visited America in the early 1900s after an earlier visit in 1889, he observed this broadening of the physical education field as something different from the European pattern and expressed a desire that European women would study "the American conception of physical training."⁸ I like to think that even I, in my small way out in Iowa, was part of that chain of "advanced" teachers who, at the opening of the twentieth century, were presenting to the world a new concept of physical education for women.

Doing my bit from 1910 on, I carried on with basketball, baseball, tennis, field hockey, and hiking, as well as dancing and gymnastics as part of the

required physical education program. A few years later, with a pool in the basement of the girls' new dormitory, swimming was added to the class schedule. Although canoeing as a class activity had no place in my class or after-school sports programs until many years later, my lessons on the Charles River in my Wellesley year served me well and, as occasion permitted, I taught many a girl how to paddle a canoe on the Cedar River.

One game I never taught the girls at Coe was volleyball. It became widely known only when YMCA physical directors introduced it to the GIs at recreational centers during World War I. When I graduated at Wellesley, the game, then 14 years old, had never been mentioned to us. It was another 14 years before I ever saw the game played. However, there is a record that it was played at Downer College in Milwaukee as early as 1913, for I have among my souvenirs a program of a public demonstration there with a game of volleyball put on for the edification of the audience.

I was so enthusiastic about field hockey as a fine educational experience in way of a group sport for girls that I determined that no girl except the physically unfit was to graduate from Coe without having played the game for at least one season. Therefore, I made it a requirement for the fall season for all freshmen who were approved for it by the college examining physician. At this same time, Bryn Mawr was making it a requirement, too, as no doubt were most Eastern schools and a few Midwest and West Coast schools. With Constance Applebee (who had introduced the game to America) teaching at Bryn Mawr, this requirement was no surprise. Bryn Mawr's effort of the 1910s is authenticated by Cornelia Otis Skinner in her and Emily Kimbrough's book, *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*, as follows:

At Bryn Mawr I played hockey only because it was compulsory. My team was the seventh, which seldom met owing to the fact that there were no other teams inadequate enough to meet us. I tried basket ball (also compulsory) but if anyone had the lack of judgment to toss a ball at me I ducked it and ran. The only outstanding feat I ever accomplished in that repulsively de-grading activity known familiarly as "gym" was to knock myself senseless with an Indian club. . . .⁹

I'm sure Cornelia's heart, young and gay as it was, would have been still younger and gayer if only she had loved field hockey as had I.

By 1916 the idea was catching on across the country that athletics might well be a legitimate part of physical education work. Florence Somers, a leader in physical education of that day, speaking at an APEA convention, defined athletics as those activities carried on by physical educators in out-of-school

hours, adding that since a few schools were then using such activities to replace gymnastics, perhaps the time had come to revise that old definition.

Back at Coe, once more I was delighted to see that hiking was still popular on weekends as it had been in my undergraduate years. The growing number of automobiles on the country roads by now did not dampen our enthusiasm for this activity. Many Saturday afternoons in the fall of 1910 I offered an all-college hike to everyone who wished to go. Each Friday's notice stated the number of miles we would cover and gave a map of our intended route, and each week we added a few more miles and changed the route. The first hike of 5 miles brought out a large crowd, but by late November when the distance had grown to 14 miles, the group had dwindled to 7, with only four finishing that last hike with me.

But the girls' enthusiasm for field hockey held even through one 7-below-zero surprise drop in the temperature before we had played off our finals. With darkness descending so early by late November and after the severe weather had moderated, we played our finals off on several mornings before breakfast and thus finished them just before Christmas vacation.

* * * *

In the summer of 1914 Coe was building a new dormitory for women. Imagine my surprise to return in the fall to learn that a swimming pool was being installed in the basement—a small pool, not much more than a great, glorified bathtub. Not one thing had I known of such plans. After I recovered from my first shock of surprise, I asked to know the specifications, also the arrangements for sterilizing the water, and so on. At training school we had been taught nothing, absolutely nothing, about plans for physical education facilities and there were no books available at that time on the subject. The little I knew about pools came from observation of the pools at Brookline and Riverside, outside of Boston, where we had received our swimming instructions. But with these in memory, I knew at once that there were many things vitally wrong about this little pool being built in our new dormitory, and I despaired of its ever being hygienically fit to use. I went at once to the president with my worries about it. He was dumbfounded that I felt that I should have been informed about the plans for a pool ahead of time. He told me that the building of pools was an architect's business and that I should feel fortunate that I was to have one. All I needed to do was to wait until it was finished and the water was run in and then I could take the girls in and teach them to swim.

"You do know how to swim, of course?" he added but not without a bit of a

note of sudden apprehension creeping into his voice and a bit of a question mark showing in his inflection.

"Yes, I know how to swim but I am not a good swimmer," and suddenly deciding that disarming honesty would be the best at this point, I threw in, "in fact, I am scared to death in deep water and I could never save a girl in an emergency." (We had been taught absolutely nothing about lifesaving. In fact, school courses in lifesaving were as yet unheard of.)

"Well, well," Prexy replied, "I wouldn't worry about it. We'll not open the pool until you've had a chance to take some lessons ahead of the girls and brush up."

But I protested that I could discover in the plans no provision for making the water safe for use and keeping it in proper condition and for emptying and refilling it now and then. I was deeply concerned. Also, entirely too little of the pool was shallow. We were an inland state almost devoid of pools, thus with no opportunities anywhere in the state for girls to learn to swim except for the few who went with their families to some of our few lakes. Therefore, almost all of my pupils would be beginners, yet that pool was being built, almost all of it, for people who already knew how to swim. But he was impatient with me and said I was making a mountain out of a molehill. As for sanitation, there would be the same water in the pool that we have in our bathtubs at home. I called his attention to the fact that all the girls in college wouldn't expect to get into the very same water all the others had been in without some way of disinfecting it, and then saving my last shot, I fired it: there was no provision for any privacy for anyone to change into or get out of a bathing suit and no arrangement for showers. The thought of lack of privacy bothered him so much that he said he would arrange for me to talk with the architect, for we certainly couldn't expect girls to be in the nude before each other.

"Certainly not!" I replied, vehemently.

But then he had an idea—the girls could get into their bathing suits in their rooms up in the dormitory.

"But not all of them will live in this dormitory," I interposed.

"Well, let friends take them into their rooms. Every girl will surely have a friend in the new dormitory."

"And traipse through the halls in their wet bathing suits?" I asked.

In the end, he surmised that, after all, I had best talk with the architect. So I did and he planned a series of pipes in an adjoining storage room to which I was

to attach heavy muslin curtains to make partitions to provide some semblance of privacy for a dressing room, and a way to stretch a rope across one end over a drain to which we could pin the wet suits to drip and dry. So it was. The home economics staff helped me make the curtains after the business office bought the material.

What we did about the showers I do not recall—not one item about them clings to my memory and there is not one word of enlightenment in my diary. Surely we rigged up something for at least one shower.

“What do you want a shower for?” the architect asked, “they’re getting into the water right away.”

We knew little those days about indoor pools, or even about the teaching of swimming or of sanitation of pools. In fact, swimming standards were just then being formulated for the first time in America, and the American Red Cross was just setting up its first lifesaving tests, which were first given at the New York City YMCA. The first test was given that very year (1914) by Major R. W. Patterson of the U.S. Army Medical Corps to Captain W. E. Longfellow who, passing it, was therefore the first person in the USA to hold a Senior Red Cross Lifesaving Certificate. So we were “the blind leading the blind.”

As I think back at that swimming pool in the dorm at Coe College in 1914-1915, I am all the more thunderstruck when I realize that there were at that time few college or public school gymnasiums with pools. In fact, the first public school swimming pool in the USA had been built only seven years before in Detroit. When I later learned the history of swimming pools in America, I became still more confounded about who thought of having a pool at Coe at that time and why, when Coe was so hard up financially and pools were expensive luxuries, and when, above all things, not one member of the physical education staff had voiced the slightest wish to have one.

Coe’s next year’s brochure announced that in the new dormitory for girls there was a swimming pool “with spacious locker rooms.” This was good for a laugh. Where was the honesty of the writer of that brochure and of the college officials who permitted such material to be used?

The State University of Iowa at Iowa City had recently built a fine women’s gymnasium with a swimming pool, but surely this had not influenced Coe’s decision to have a pool for girls. Never had there been to my knowledge a feeling that little Coe should try to keep up with the large state university in such ways. To this day, I still am wondering who was back of the move that put that inadequate pool in that first wing of Vorhees Hall. This queer little pool might

have been the first women's pool in the USA in a private coeducational college. I have yet to learn of one at an earlier date. But Coe made no claims for it.

The first bacteriological studies of swimming pools in the USA had been made only in 1909 and these brought about the organization of the American Association of Hygiene and Baths in 1912 which in 1915 (too late for us) established standards for pools.¹⁰ So, not knowing where to turn for help, I was fighting a lone battle against that little inadequate, unhygienic pool at Coe College.

When the new dormitory was finished, the school year was so nearly over that I talked the authorities out of opening the pool to student use until the coming fall when the girls would move into the building. This gave me a chance to try out the pool and to procure much-needed private lessons for myself if I were to teach swimming and at the same time be responsible for the safety of the swimmers. So I inquired around for anyone in the faculty or the student body who would give me private swimming lessons. Very few people in inland states other than schoolboys knew how to swim in those days. I finally found a shy young man, a student who had helped with swimming classes at a YMCA and he consented to help me. So once the pool was filled in late April I took my shy young student to the pool everyday and he proved to be indeed an excellent teacher for me, far better than the professional one I had in Boston. This youth, too, had been afraid of deep water and understanding my fears was helping me to conquer them. We had even progressed to diving lessons when disaster struck.

Word of my private swimming lessons had at last reached "Mr. X," my constant critic in town, and he seized upon this information to hasten to the president's office to register his vehement protest.

"She is over there in the swimming pool, wearing nothing but a bathing costume, and alone with a young man with no chaperone! This sort of thing must stop."

And so I was "on the carpet" again with stern orders from Prexy that my swimming lessons must cease at once. No promises to have a chaperone availed even though these lessons meant so much to me in preparation for swimming classes in the fall. Prexy had assured this prominent citizen that these private lessons would cease, and cease they did! That is, until fall by which time Ira Carrithers had come to Coe as the new men's physical director. As soon as he learned of my worries about the pool, he offered to give me private lessons. His wife was eager to learn to swim, so Prexy permitted the private lessons to resume as long as Mrs. Carrithers would be present to chaperone me—although Prexy was not quite sure that it would be seemly for me to wear a bathing suit in

Mr. Carrither's presence. However, he had a personal talk about it with both Mr. and Mrs. Carrithers and because both approved of the private lessons, he gave his consent.

Thus, I was able to keep a jump or two ahead of my classes. Actual classwork was no more than underway when a new problem arose. This was the first and only pool in town open to women, although there was one open to boys and men at the YMCA downtown. Immediately the young and willful daughter of a prominent citizen (who gave the college considerable support both morally and financially) decided that since she knew a little about swimming and did not need instruction she should be permitted to swim in our college pool whenever she chose. Her indulgent mother abetted her in this desire and called upon me at my office demanding that I give the child a key to the pool. I refused, thereupon starting a long argument with the mother. It mattered not at all to her that no one except the janitor and myself were permitted to have a key and that no student or faculty member was allowed in the pool except at scheduled class periods. Finding me adamant in my refusal, she went to the president and I was immediately summoned to his office. What did I mean by giving offense to this so very important woman? I explained my reasons, dumbfounded that I should have to explain at all, and he weakened but ruled that the child was to be allowed free entry to all my swimming classes whenever she chose to come. So quite unhappy about it, I accepted her. She was the most undisciplined creature I ever encountered. She would not listen to a word I said, disrupted my teaching and got in everyone's way. The girls, resenting her presence, squelched her so thoroughly that, sensing her unpopularity, she soon tired of her privilege and quit coming. Her mother was the only one who claimed special privileges of this sort. Not one faculty member or his wife even as much as hinted that their children should be allowed to use the pool, not even Prexy. However, this one woman had quite a reputation (pillar of the church that she was) for treating us young women on the college faculty as if we were her personal servants.

She would order the home economics teachers to prepare refreshments for her parties and at times even to come to her home (to the kitchen door of course) and serve for her and wash the dishes afterwards and all this without even a "thank you" since she seemed to think all this was her right as the wife of a prominent citizen who supported the college. She ordered me once to serve as head waiter at some big church dinner she was interested in and when I told her I was busy with other things she complained to the president about my lack of "cooperation." And so now I had been "uncooperative" about the use of the pool for her daughter. This is the sort of thing faculties sometimes have to put up with from "special privilege seekers."

Needless to say, I was very unhappy about the pool. I felt it was all wrong and that I would rather have no pool than one that wasn't to be properly taken care

of. Once it was opened to students I ordered it shut down at the slightest excuse, for I felt it just couldn't be sanitary. Also by the time swimming classes were to start, I had given up all idea of attempting to have a man lifeguard, realizing how hopeless it would be to get permission at Coe to let a man come near the pool if it meant he was to see the girls in bathing suits. So I found two girls who were fairly good swimmers and big huskies who were willing to be lifeguards, and beyond that, all I could do was pray that no one would ever need to be saved. And no one ever did. I was overly cautious, knowing my own and my guards' limitation, and Lady Luck was with us. Never once did I have even an anxious moment in any swimming class. So here was I pushed into teaching swimming the very year the American Red Cross set up its first lifesaving tests. It was several years after that before the knowledge of their existence seeped through to me. The Lord was kind to me and my pupils—as later my Arab friends would have said to me: "Inshallah" ("As God wills").

A big worry was to see that the janitor never left the doors unlocked so that girls might sneak in alone for a swim. Another worry was to see that the water was kept in proper condition. Because there was no inspection of the water, I took my worries to Professor Bates, head of chemistry. He fixed for me some mixture which I stirred up in a bucket of water and then scattered all over the pool, stirring madly all along the edges with a fishing pole. Professor Bates sneaked me chemicals out of his chemistry lab supplies and I furnished the price of the bucket and poles out of my own pocket because the business office felt it was an unnecessary expense. "It is just a whim of Professor Bates. Pay no attention to him," the business manager had said.

But I did pay attention and I organized a student squad to help me do this "disinfecting" at regular intervals. Not once did we have an epidemic of anything that any doctor ever blamed on the swimming pool. But here again I was cautious and closed down all swimming classes whenever many campus girls had colds whether they were registered in my swim classes or not. Of course this meant a lot of closing down through the winter, and as it was a problem to keep the water warm enough after the first year, we used the pool only in early fall and late spring.

All the campus was eager to see the girls swim so we put on a swimming exhibition on March 22, 1916, permitting faculty women, faculty wives, and women students to come and stand around the walls of the pool and see what progress we had made.

Bathing suits worn in public at this time still consisted of blouses with puff sleeves and full skirts coming a bit below the knee and worn over skimpy bloomers which also came slightly below the knee. This outfit called for long black hose and black canvas shoes. The most common suit had a large square

sailor collar with rows of white braid around it and with rows of braid also around the hem of the skirt. But when the famous Australian swimmer, Annette Kellerman, flashed upon the public scene in the mid-1910s in her one-piece knitted swim suit with a wee apology of a skirt over the trunks which did make concessions to modesty by almost coming to the knees, the bathing-suit world was never again the same. As the bolder women took to the new suits, the conservative elements were shocked.

It was a long time before the general run of women shed the voluminous all-enveloping bathing suit in favor of the new style. But suits to be worn in indoor pools were less cumbersome. They were still the same sort that were used by women at the Brookline pool in Boston—an all-wool worsted, low-necked, sleeveless, one-piece suit that came to the knees with a shorter overskirt attached at the waist—the sort of suit women in general would never have worn at a bathing beach and which was then acceptable only in private pools away from public gaze and in the presence of women only.

When Annette Kellerman toured America in 1914, I went to see her diving exhibition while I was back East that summer but not without some misgivings on the part of both myself and my escort, my Harvard Law School friend of Wellesley days with whom I was having a reunion. When he invited me to go with him to see her (as she was quite the sensation of that summer), he first explained that he wasn't sure whether it was proper to take me to see an artist who would be so scantily clad, but that he was leaving the decision up to me since Miss Kellerman was such a talented swimmer and I most probably would like to see her in action in spite of her immodest attire. He was quick to add that several men of his acquaintance were taking their dates to see her with their parents' permission. So I accepted the invitation, but when she first appeared on stage in her scant attire and bare legs, I was embarrassed as no doubt was my escort, but her great skill as a swimmer held us enthralled and I soon forgot about her daring costume and relaxed and enjoyed the performance. Her suit was much like those we used in private pools, but the legs of the costume were shorter, and the overskirt shockingly brief. Her daring to appear so clad in public broke down prejudices and Kellerman suits, as they were called for many years, soon became accepted as proper bathing beach suits for women, and the day of the bulky woolen suits was at long last over.

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At this very time, the English were frequently comparing their sports with our American sports. Newspapers and periodicals were full of their comments and comparisons. As one writer said:

In England, the aim (of athletics) is recreation; in America, it is victory and especially victory over the institution which is a special rival; if we fail to accomplish that, the season is counted a failure. And so everything is organized with a view to bringing about victory.¹¹

How truly he spoke! And how glad I always was that I didn't have to get girls ready to beat Cornell and Grinnell and all the other colleges near us to prove whatever it was the boys were always trying to prove. However, sports for men at the college level for the mere sake of this elusive thing—sports victories—were being questioned by such men as Paul Phillips, physical director at Amherst College, and many other men leaders in physical education.

As to men's sports at Coe in this period, in 1912 Coe's Clement Wilson did the 100-yard dash in 10 flat and made the US Olympic track team for the Games in Stockholm. "Prof" was understandably proud of his protégé. Then in the fall of 1913 Coe captured its first football championship in 7 years. Now in 1914 "Prof," after some 20 years of it, had given up the coaching job and the athletic directorship, and for the first time in its history the college had gone outside the campus and brought in as coach and athletic director one who had been neither a faculty member nor a former student at Coe—Moray Eby, who was to make athletic history for Coe and would stay on for many years until his retirement. As a student at the State University of Iowa, he had been captain of the famous unbeaten football team of 1899. In his first year at Coe (1914-1915), most members of the 1913 team ("Prof's" last team, known as the 1,000 percent championship team) were back in school and the 1914 team, Eby's first at Coe, received nationwide acclaim as the "point-a-minute" team. Leo Slovak, a member of that team, later coached for many years at West Point Military Academy. The very next year, enrollment at Coe doubled, claimed by many to be the result of this acclaim. (In later years, his Coe teams played West Point Military Academy, Notre Dame, Iowa State, and the Universities of Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota and Wisconsin, and Purdue University. As he said, "We won a lot of first halves, but they usually had too many reserve players for us. Against Notre Dame once, one of my tackles faced seven different men." Knute Rockne listed him as one of 10 top coaches in the nation.)

Amateur sports were about the only form of sports we were familiar with in America as yet, except for professional baseball and boxing, so that college football teams were the recipients of all the football exuberance of the nation.

The successes of this point-a-minute team engendered such an athletic fervor on campus that the faculty permitted the Wednesday chapel service to be set apart all fall as one day when the hymns and prayers were curtailed and the students were given a few minutes to practice college yells. How they made the rafters ring! This became a special chapel service for the entire football season,

just as Fridays were special as speech days for visiting dignitaries and ministers passing through town and for seniors and faculty to wear their academic robes.

* * * *

I had no more than been introduced to Mr. Eby than he did me a great favor. It was entirely beyond any call of duty, for I was in no way under him. We merely shared the same facilities but that was apparently all the excuse he needed to take an interest in seeing that I was treated justly. I had been told the previous spring that all prep classes would be phased out with the end of that school year. Back for my fifth year of teaching, I was surprised to find that I was still scheduled at 8 a.m. for advanced high school algebra. With my last physical education classes not ending until 6 p.m., it meant a long day. But detesting grumblers and gripers, I refused to complain about it. However, I soon found that I had a new defender who would go to bat on my behalf—none other than the new athletic director.

As was my custom, as soon as I learned my teaching schedule, I added to it all the extras (such as physical examination hours, health conference periods, WAA sports, and elective classes for upperclass women) and posted a copy on my office door so that students would know when I might be free for private conferences. When the newcomer saw my schedule filled almost solid every day from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., he was, as I learned later, filled with consternation in my behalf. Now unknown to me, there was a new protester who went to the authorities at once to urge a lightening of my class load.

There had been some difficulty in persuading Coach Eby to come to Coe, and now that they had won him, the authorities wanted him to like it, and so the dean in the absence of Prexy listened to his suggestion that my schedule be lightened and he ordered the last bit of Academy teaching deleted from my schedule. Not until formal notice came informing me that I could drop it did I know that it was being considered and it was still later before I learned that I was indebted to Mr. Eby for this favor. That was the kind of man he was. Another like "Prof"—quiet, forceful, kind, considerate of others, not one to take advantage of another nor to stand idly by and see others taken advantage of. For four years I had been shamelessly exploited in the closing out of the Academy, and now thanks to Coach Eby, I was at last free of the last of those time-consuming prep classes. I became at once Coach Eby's loyal supporter and we had four fine years of sharing the gymnasium and football field together. (However, I have always strongly suspected that "Prof" tipped him off in the hopes that "a new broom" might be able to sweep better than an old one. But "Prof" and Dr. Hickok had tried all those four years to get the Academy classes dropped from my schedule but in vain. This thought in no way detracts from the fact that Mr. Eby "mounted a charger" in my behalf.)

This release from Academy classes came in handy, for I was still fighting the battle of underweight which had hounded me so many years. We still knew nothing of vitamin tablets and the like to supplement diets when under stress. When Prexy finally arrived back on the campus, he approved the change and I breathed easier. He had been one of hundreds of Americans caught in Europe at the outbreak of the Great War. With his return sailing cancelled, he was not able to get back until some agency belatedly got him space on a freighter.

Now free of all Academy classes, I immediately took on more physical education classes to meet the increased enrollment. That spring when the pool was added to our facilities, the following was my schedule:

Baseball class—3 hrs
Tennis classes—12 hrs
Swimming classes—9 hrs
Correctives classes—4 hrs
Red Cross First Aid classes—4 hrs
Hygiene—4 hrs
WAA Sports—4 hrs plus tournament play

All of this was in addition to private conferences, chaperoning parties and picnics, and helping to put on a variety of student performances. No wonder I was underweight and much of the time deeply fatigued. Yet Prexy refused to give me an assistant. I often wonder today when I hear physical education teachers complain of teaching as many as 20 hours a week whether they are "mice or men." But as I contemplate that schedule of mine I quite understand even beyond censorship reasons why I finally gave up the May pageant.

But in spite of my heavy schedule I found a way to help Coach Eby to repay him in a measure for his concern on my behalf. I kept study hours in my office for the few athletes who had to be prodded and safeguarded in their study time if they were to keep up scholastically and stay on the teams. In particular, I was having trouble with "Rusty," an all-around athlete all seasons of the year and therefore all-year round on my hands. He was too popular with the girls and when several of them discovered the hours he usually studied in my office, they would stop in casually, as they would say, to discuss problems with me and would pretend surprise to find Rusty there. Also, he loved to loaf and tease and "kid around" with everyone and whenever I would hear his voice out in the gymnasium or in the coach's office across the hall from mine, I would walk up to him, take him by an ear and march him to the study table in my office. He always submitted laughingly and so kept up with his studies and was able to stay on the varsity teams, but I worried about him.

He had been a member of the 1914 famous point-a-minute football team and in the falls of 1915 and 1916 was captain of the team and for that reason Coach Eby was particularly concerned about Rusty's grades. The fall of 1916 I had moved into an apartment across the street from campus with two young faculty members, Margaret Henley, the librarian, and Elsa Fauerbach, head of home economics. I talked over the problem of Rusty's need to keep up his studies and the constant disruptions in my office where he studied, and they fell in with my plan to transfer him to our apartment for these study hours. We gave him a key to the apartment and a place to keep his books and a study table of his own and all three of us adamantly insisted that he had to study in exchange for the run of our home at these hours. It turned out to be mutual help for we three young women trying to keep house and hold down positions needed a man around to do all manner of odd jobs. So Rusty became our faithful flunky. In exchange, he had permission to study there all of his free hours and as all three of us were away, we made the rule that he was never under any circumstances to take anyone there with him in our absence. We couldn't have our apartment turned into a student clubhouse—and without chaperonage! To our knowledge, never was that rule violated, and Rusty's teachers and Coach Eby had no more complaints about his neglecting his studies.

One day when it was my turn to do the cooking, I attempted to bake my first pie. My sister Madge had sent me a recipe which was supposed to be foolproof for the novice. "If you follow this recipe, you can't fail," she had written. So since I couldn't fail, why not bake one? I baked my pie and it was done just as it was time for me to dash to the gymnasium, so I took it from the oven and carelessly put it on a kitchen chair to cool. A while later, Rusty came to the apartment to study and without looking threw himself into a kitchen chair, kerplunk, down on my pie. That crust was so tough, he never even made a dent in it. This was too much to keep to himself and the next morning's student paper came out with the headline:

FOOTBALL CAPTAIN DOES NOT MAKE A DENT IN MISS LEE'S PIE

It was my first and last attempt to bake a pie. The football captain insisted that I had "played" with the dough too long. He recalled hearing his mother thus explain such failures. Needless to say, the campus had a heyday out of my cooking failure. But in the end, it forgot my pie and remembered my inadequacies in my own special field of work. As one of the boys put it—"Let's face it, fellows—Miss Lee is better at running up and down the hockey field than at baking pies." So I was let off the hook.

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My Saturdays were supposed to be free, but when were the girls to play their match games if not then? In outdoor seasons we could not use the one athletic field after 3:45 p.m., for the men must have it; in the winter we could not use the one gymnasium floor after that hour because the men must have it. So for WAA games we took over Saturday mornings when the men gladly left the facilities to us.

How I ever worked it in, I cannot now even guess, but some way, somehow, as an extra I did go frequently to neighboring towns (sometimes riding freight trains) to referee girls' interschool basketball games. (They paid only travel expenses.) These girls' teams were all man-coached and man-controlled, and I disapproved highly of their style of rough play and emphasis on winning at all costs.

Between halves I tried to talk to the principals and other teachers and parents watching the game to get them to see how much more benefit the girls and the community would get out of basketball if they would play the game the way the girls at Coe played it, but I always felt I was for the most part wasting my time. But I wouldn't have been the very own great-granddaughter of the circuit-riding preacher, my great-grandfather, Barton Aikman, if I hadn't tried to convert them anyway. I never got a chance at the coaches and players between halves for they were always off for rest and instructions. From the way the low-scoring team would play during the last half, like so many demons, I was sure the fear of the devil himself had been put in them. Sharing gymnasiums with men and having good ears, I heard these pep talks by coaches for years.

Since so many of my Coe pupils were Cedar Rapids girls and had gone to high school there, they frequently begged me to let them play against the local high school girls who were their acquaintances, and on a few occasions I consented on condition that it be only our freshman girls who played and that this would be a friendly social event giving the high school girls a chance to meet the Coe freshmen. This satisfied both parties and the few games we played were enjoyable, wholesome affairs. I consented to these matches with the local high school girls in the hopes of showing to all who cared to see (and to prove to myself also) that, when properly supervised and conducted, girls' basketball, even for high school girls, could be a wholesome experience both recreative and educational and at the same time physically satisfying.

One year I had an unpleasant experience with a man basketball coach who attempted to force my Coe girls into an intercollegiate match with his girls' team from another Iowa college. I had previously had a small brush in my own high school days with the desire of a man to exploit our girls' athletics and, inexperienced as we little high school girls were, and with no one to advise us,

we came out on top in that struggle, telling the man concerned "to go and get lost" and that we would run our own athletics ourselves. Now in my seventh year of teaching, I had my second such experience. When one of the men's state conference basketball teams arrived on campus for its scheduled game with Coe in February, the team appeared at the gymnasium along with a group of girls armed with suitcases and asking the way to the women's dressing rooms. Coach Carrithers asked the girls their business and they responded that they had come to play the Coe girls as a curtain-raiser to the boys' game. He thought it queer I had told him nothing about it and that I was not there to receive the girls, but he opened up the room and turned on the lights for them. Pretty soon some of the Coe girls came running in and dashed down to the dressing room to get ready for the game. While they were dressing and I still hadn't appeared, Mr. Carrithers called me on the phone and asked who was refereeing the girls' game. I knew nothing of any game.

Astonished at the news of the visiting girls' team, I put aside my reading and the long-looked-forward-to quiet evening at home and rushed to the gymnasium. When I asked my own girls what they were doing there, they said that some of the boys called at the dorm and told them to get over to the gym at once, for they were to play the visiting college girls' team as a curtain-raiser. They were amazed that I had told them nothing about it and still more amazed to arrive and find me not there, but thinking I would be along they went on dressing. I asked the visitors how they came to be there and they said their basketball coach, who was also their women's physical education teacher, had invited them, saying they were to play the Coe girls. I said there would be no game, and the visiting girls dashed upstairs to find their coach. He assured them there would be a game and that he was running it off and called for the Coe girls to come upstairs as it was time to play. I went up with the girls and introduced myself and said I had known nothing of the arrangements and that there would be no game. He informed me he did not deal with women and called in Coach Carrithers who insisted he had nothing to do with women's physical education or athletes at Coe as they were my province. By then the girls were keyed up and wanted to play, the audience was whistling for the fun to begin, and Mr. Carrithers said he thought it would cause less commotion if I let the girls play now that both teams were out on the floor and ready. So I said I would consent to the game only with the understanding that I, and I alone, would do all the refereeing as there was no other woman at hand to aid me and that they play only girls' rules. The visiting coach raised a big row and said he would referee, for he had never yet seen a woman who could referee a basketball game decently and what was more his girls were not going to play silly girls' rules. So I looked this big hulk of a man straight in the eye and said firmly:

"I referee, or no game, and girls' rules or no game!"

The audience was shouting for the game to start. The visiting coach turned to Mr. Carrithers expecting support, but Mr. Carrithers said:

“Miss Lee’s decision is mine!”

So the other coach backed down, his girls sulked briefly, but he let me have my way. As the game progressed, it got noised around that this game was a big surprise to Mr. Carrithers, to me and to the Coe girls, and we were playing against my wishes but out of courtesy to our guests. I had my girls and the Coe student body back of me every minute and when the audience saw the visiting coach’s displeasure over my refereeing and over girls’ rules, they ribbed him unmercifully, and he soon saw the crowd was with me, not with him. By kind fate, we won 17 to 14, and never again did any man coach attempt to pull off a fast one like that on me. That night, I fired my first real shot in a battle with men athletic coaches that was to last for many years in behalf of protecting girls from exploitation by men coaches.

As I look back on that experience, the most amazing thing about it is that not a soul in an administrative position called me on the carpet for letting the Coe girls play in an intercollegiate basketball game without faculty permission—not Prexy, not the faculty censor committee, not even the committee on student activities. They were indeed inconsistent. But then maybe word had reached them of my innocence in the matter. However, I had been equally innocent of wrongdoing other times and had been scolded just the same.

Early in my teaching career I came to realize unconsciously that I was developing decided views about and philosophy of sports for women. These early experiences of running all over the Cedar Rapids and Iowa City area of the state refereeing girls’ high school basketball finals undoubtedly played a big part in this developing philosophy. I, also, soon acquired a fierce determination never to be drawn into a program of intercollegiate sports for women. I would teach my students to enjoy match games among themselves on their own home-grounds. I would see to it that they had much fun and wholesome exercise all devoid of the many wrong things that the excitement and stress of intercollegiate sports would be sure to introduce into their playing.

Of course when the season was over, we never knew whether Coe girls could defeat the Cornell or Ames girls or not. But what of it? We also at the end of the year didn’t know whether Coe French students were superior or inferior to Cornell French students, whether Coe chemistry students were better than Cornell’s or whether Coe students could write better English themes than Cornell students. Why must we know whether Coe girls were better or poorer in sports? If the boys wanted to fight it out to learn the answers, all right, but I was

concerned, from my very first day as a teacher, only that my pupils got opportunities to play a variety of games that all who wanted to should play, not just the skilled ones, and that regardless of who won any match, all have good companionship, fun, healthful exercise and a fine educational experience.

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In the spring of 1916, the girls and I reorganized the Women's Athletic Association under a student manager plan and with a point system. At the same time, additional activities were added to the WAA program which contributed toward qualification for the coveted college "C" for girls. Also beginning with 1916, WAA accepted all women students automatically as members. Now any girl making a class team in any sport earned 25 points. For 100 points, a girl earned the right to wear the WAA armband on her middy. Points were also designated for winning first, second or third place in a meet. After an accumulation of 300 points, a girl earned the college "C." Thus, any number of girls could from 1916 on earn the "C."

Within our national professional organization, the American Physical Education Association (which I at last became aware of and joined in 1914) there was developing an interest in girls and women's sports on a nationwide scale. Senda Berenson of Smith College, after many years of putting out girls' basketball rules under APEA's sponsorship, resigned that responsibility in 1917 and the former National Women's Basketball Committee was transformed into the National Committee on Women's Athletics, taking on other sports besides basketball. Elizabeth Burchenal of New York City public schools was appointed chairman of this new and enlarged committee. Women's athletics had come a long way since the nineteenth century.

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I, too, had come a long way. Stretching my salary as far as possible, I set out during summers to see the world. For my first trip of 1911, I toured the East Coast, including Montreal, parts of Maine, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington, D.C. The next summer I spent three months in Europe, sailing on the *Carpathia*, on its very next trip after it rescued the survivors of the *Titanic*. In 1915, I discovered the Colorado Rockies as a tourist and saw Yellowstone Park by stagecoach, the year before automobiles were allowed there. The "bug" to travel that bit me in those early years of teaching never left me.

Chapter XI

Jack-Of-All-Trades

From dance and sports, gymnastics and indoor meets to janitorial work, Academy classes, counseling and chaperoning students and helping them with their extracurricular activities—you name it and it was probably on my schedule somewhere, along with first efforts at discovering a place in professional organizations of the day. And when I say dance, I mean dance in all its forms, from "fancy steps" accepted by the last of the Puritans to Gilbert's esthetic dance, on to the so-called "nature dancing" of the Russian emigrees of that day who were taking New York City dance studios by storm and on to ballroom dance which, just before the Great War, was undergoing drastic changes sparked by the South American dancers then so popular with their tangos.

Although there was much enthusiasm among the women students for sports and dance, there was still enthusiasm aplenty for gymnastics, too, so that gymnastic demonstrations and indoor meets started at Coe by Charlotte Poyneer in 1905 still flourished. There was nothing new in the world of gymnastics—at least not for women—until American college women discovered Danish gymnastics in the 1920s. In all my eight years of putting on these demonstrations at Coe, only the first clings to my memory. For reasons difficult to understand, the college had accepted as a special student a young girl who was somewhat mentally retarded. She came from a family that had sent older children to Coe who had made excellent records and now we were saddled with this strange, unpredictable child who should have been in a special school, had such existed then. True she had a high school diploma but no doubt it had been granted to her to get her moved out of the way at high school.

Immediately upon her arrival, she attached herself to me as her sponsor. Instantly I felt sorry for the child with a look of fear and loneliness in her eyes, and resolved to do what I could to make her lot a bit easier. I was furious with those girls at the dormitory who laughed at her openly when she said queer things and with the other students who, not knowing how to handle her, avoided her. She became my very shadow; as teacher after teacher declared she simply could not remain in their classes any longer and, as I became the only one who saw that my work did have something to offer her and therefore was willing to put up with her, she was thrown even more upon my mercy. But finally even I had to acknowledge that I simply could not have her in my gymnastics classes any longer, for she was always out of step when they marched and it made the others angry when they were taking pride in their group efforts. When I gave a command to wheel right, she invariably wheeled left, bumped into the others and broke up the lines. It was amazing the many ways she would misunderstand my commands and do things wrong—things that deeply annoyed the other girls. Until I had this girl in class, I had not realized how eager the others were to do things correctly and how they resented having classwork spoiled. Then, too, there were always the gigglers who used everything the child did wrong as an excuse to go off into fits of giggling and then they, too, did everything wrong. So I came to see that I had to remove her from class.

But I had an excellent excuse—one that permitted her to save face. She seriously needed special posture training, so I told her I wanted to give her my very personal special attention and was transferring her to a corrective class. She took this as a special favor, as I hoped she would, and happily withdrew, enjoying my personal attention. In her desire to please me she did some good work—so good that when she found out I had announced to the gymnastics classes the exercises I would use in our annual demonstration, she begged me to teach them to her, too. So as a reward for doing her own special exercise well, I taught her these other exercises a few at a time since it gave her much happiness to think she was doing what the other girls did. But little was I aware of what was going on in her mixed-up head.

When the day of the demonstration arrived, and out of a clear sky she informed me she was going to be in the demonstration, I gave her an emphatic “no” at which she burst into tears. Never in all her life, she cried, had she wanted to do anything so much as to be in this with the other girls. She was shaken with sobbing, and I was beside myself out of determination to keep her out of it, yet full of sympathy for this child to whom the event seemed to mean so much. Finally, a student who had befriended her on several occasions said if I would let her be in just the free-standing exercise part of the program—not the marching or apparatus work—she would stand next to her and keep an eye on her and help her. So I gave in and took an extra half-hour, putting her through the exercises I would call for in exactly the order I would use. She was letter

perfect. She even did the prone fall beautifully. On my command "Prone falling—One!" she did a deep knee bend and with straight back placed her hands on the floor close between her outspread knees and with fingertips of her two hands touching. Then on "Two!" she threw her weight on her hands and, keeping head up and back straight, shot her feet out behind, keeping them close together to come to a hand and toe stand with straight elbows and with weight entirely on the hands and curled-under toes supporting the body in one continuous straight line from top of head to heels. She held the position for a moment as I inspected her—no swayback bridge with abdomen sagging down towards the floor, no arched-up bridge with hips protruding upward. "Three!" I commanded, and as she pulled her feet back toward her hands, I quickly called "Four!" for her to return to erect standing position and added a quick "Good."

"You did splendidly. Now, Hannah, remember, tonight I will not be standing near you. You will be in the very back row and I will be way up in front of the class. If you need help, ask Olivia who will be next to you." Yes, she understood. She skipped away happily like a grade-school child.

The evening came. There was not an empty bleacher seat in the place, and all who could possibly squeeze in were standing on the balcony running track. The neighborhood small fry—faculty children and neighborhood small-boy brigade—were seated on the floor in front of the bleachers. The grand march went off snappily and the marching maneuvers without a foot out-of-step, without a mis-turn and with lively rhythm to the pat, pat, pat of those rubber-soled gym shoes all striking the floor in unison. I was pleased. Then I marched them into open order for the free-standing exercises with the files and ranks so separated that the class completely filled the entire drill floor, leaving me scant room at the front. Olivia quickly stepped to the rear and brought Hannah out to a place reserved for her and I started the free-standing exercises. All went well. Hannah was coming along every bit as well as several of the poor ones and was not at all conspicuous. We were almost finished. At last, after a moment's "At ease," I called "Ah-ten-shun!" and after a dramatic pause called out: "Prone falling—One!" We had reached the climax! Every girl squatted there before me, looking up at me with head thrown back and hands on the floor between out-turned knees.

"Two!" I called and with a swishing noise all those feet shot back in unison to form a bridge supported by hands and toes—that is, all but one pair. Hannah became confused at the command of "Two" and straightened up to a standing position, towering above all the others crouched down on the floor. As the girl in front of her shot her feet out backwards, Hannah leaped forward and in a beautiful dive landed smack on top of the girl in front of her, squashing her flat on the floor. The sound of that girls' breath leaving her resounded in one big grunt heard to the farthest reaches of the drill floor. At that unexpected thud and

grunt, every pair of elbows gave way, causing all the other girls who had already shot their feet out behind to fall down flat on their tummies. The audience as well as I was transfixed with horror for one tense moment and then pandemonium broke loose. Everyone but myself, who was frozen to the spot, went into uncontrolled shrieks of laughter. They rocked back and forth in merriment, clutching their knees or pounding their neighbors' backs. The girls lay there rolling on the floor in laughter, once they had managed to wriggle about enough to see Hannah picking herself up off her hapless, squashed victim.

What a show the entire class was putting on! All of them lying there, rolling back and forth on the floor as they screamed with laughter. Added to this pandemonium of the audience were the small fry jumping up and down, shrieking and throwing their caps into the air. At last I "unfroze" and, sensing what an unladylike show the girls were putting on sprawled all over the floor, I now ran quickly among them, prodding with a toe here and pulling by a hand there and in whispers exclaiming to the right and left of me:

"For Heaven's sake, get up off the floor."

At last I had them on their feet and the laughter stopped—then I was suddenly overcome with laughter myself. I felt weak in the knees, I glanced to all sides—not an empty seat to run to and my knees were going back on me. I made a wild dash to the big leather horse that was waiting at one side to be pulled out for apparatus work and doubling up over it, I, too, went into a fit of laughter. As my body shook with unsuppressible merriment recalling the scenes so recently enacted before my astonished eyes, the girls and the audience began laughing all over again and shrieked and laughed with me. After a while, I was able to pull myself together. Some man kindly handed me his big handkerchief and I wiped the tears of laughter from my face and stepped out to the floor, calling "Form squads for apparatus work" and in some fashion when we weren't held up for fresh outbursts of laughter, we did the apparatus work and got the program finished. The whole campus chortled over my demonstration for weeks afterward and if anyone wanted to get a laugh at any time, all he needed to do was shout, "Prone falling!—One" and everyone was off in peels of merriment. I still laugh at this more than 50 years later. In all my 42 years of teaching I believe it was the funniest thing that ever happened to me during classwork—unless possibly surpassed by some of the funny things I got into after retirement when, on a Fulbright professorship, I was trying through an interpreter to teach a group of Arab girls in Baghdad to do American square dancing.

I also carried on the indoor meets which Miss Poyneer had started at Coe when I was a freshman student. This gave the girls who were interested in

gymnastics an opportunity to "do their thing," as students today call it. We continued to have our program made up of these popular events: both rotary and forward hand traveling on overhead ladders, traveling on rings with a half-circle swing, balance hanging on Swedish boom, face, oblique, and end vaults over the box, and saddle vault and saddle-circling over the horse. Sometimes we varied the program with a balance hand suspension at the boom. We listed all the possibilities, then the girls voted on the eight events they wished to have.

To make these meets extra special events, we invited the nearby college women physical directors to be judges and I would give a party afterwards in my office, serving hot chocolate from my chafing dish and "store" cookies. As these women came to serve as judges for me, so I went to judge at their meets in return. We always paid our own way to do these favors for each other. It was unheard of for women's departments to have money in any fund to spend for such things and we never dreamed of charging admission to raise a little money. Many times I went to the University of Iowa, Cornell College, Iowa State College (Ames) and Iowa State Teachers College (Cedar Falls) to judge meets and on all of these occasions we teachers would have informal conferences either before or after the meet, talking over our mutual problems. For us these were limited attendance forerunners of the Middle West Society of Women Directors of Physical Education for College Women that shortly came into existence just for this mutual aid purpose. As a rule, these trips were most enjoyable.

Although enthusiasm for sports, and dance was high among the Coe girls, we nevertheless had an unusually fine indoor gymnastics meet in late March 1918 and to add to its importance, I invited Alice Wilkinson of the State University (by then Mrs. Alice W. Bates), Mary McLeod of Cornell College, and my own BNSG schoolmate, Hester Carter of Carleton College, all heads of physical education for women, to be judges. After the morning contest, I took the three women for luncheon at a downtown hotel, then we returned to my office for an impromptu conference, exchanging ideas and comparing the joys and woes of our work—a sort of two-state (Iowa and Minnesota) conference of women college physical education directors—a rare treat in those years. We were all still enthusiastically teaching Swedish gymnastics, with the controversy over the comparative values of Swedish and German gymnastics carried on in the men's world of the profession passing lightly over our heads. At this same time, R. Tait McKenzie of the University of Pennsylvania, generally looked upon as peacemaker within the many quarrels among the men over gymnastics, was to say at a national convention:

And now . . . those controversies have died down. We find that each of these systems has got its part to play in a well-rounded organization. They

are like the instruments of a good orchestra, each coming in in its appropriate place and in its appropriate way.¹

We college women teachers were playing our bit in this orchestra, but were little touched by the controversy.

Before Hester Carter returned home, she tossed a bombshell at me—she was resigning her position at Carleton College to go the coming summer to China for the International YWCA to take over the establishment of physical education at Ginling College in Nanking in order to relieve Abby Shaw Mayhew (founder of physical education for women at the University of Wisconsin) who had been in China since 1912 and was going to take over as General Secretary of the YWCA at Shanghai. I was thrilled at the news. Hester was so early making a name for herself and to go to China she was turning down offers from the Universities of Illinois, Texas and California (Berkeley). It made me wonder if I hadn't stayed at Coe long enough for my first position. Hester's enthusiasm for this new experience left me a bit restless.

* * * *

From my first year of teaching at Coe, a group of faculty wives importuned me to have "rhythmical exercises" class for their young children on Saturday afternoons. I hesitated to offend them by refusing but hoping to discourage them, I said they would have to pay a fee, the money to be used to purchase miscellaneous items which I had been purchasing out of my own pocket—such things as cleaning materials, sheet music for the class pianist, an occasional hockey ball, and so on. To my surprise, they agreed and soon I had a faculty children's class which I came to enjoy very much. It kept going all the years I was there except that I frequently turned it into games and play on the gym apparatus for the sake of all the little boys. I became quite attached to all these faculty children, particularly to Prexy's young son and daughter and they to me. This loyalty of the children served to ease some of the pressure of disapproval of me among some of the faculty because of my, to them, too liberal attitudes toward dancing. But after a year or two, this class soon proved to be but one more excuse for attacks on me by Mr. X who, by now, was joined by a wife of a trustee who had quite obviously been enlisted in Mr. X's crusade to make things uncomfortable for me in the hopes of forcing my dismissal or resignation. I doubt if this wife sensed what Mr. X's goal was, but I can guess that she was easily enlisted in his battle to join in the complaints against me for she sincerely felt that engaging even in "rhythmical exercises" bordering on dancing was the handwork of the devil. She voiced shocked disapproval of the faculty turning little children over to my care and needled the president about it until he finally called me in and informed me that I must drop this class since

there were complaints from important sources that it was not contributing to the good name of the college.

But by then the class had grown quite large because of the children's desire to have their friends who were not children of faculty members admitted to it. I had canvassed the faculty mothers concerned and procured their approval. Also by now my pageants were beginning to pay off, producing funds to cover the miscellaneous departmental expenses so that the business office had approved my use of the gymnasium on early Saturday afternoons for this faculty children's class as a financial venture to augment my salary. To me, this class had come to mean extra cash for travel, and I was not about to give it up without a fight, particularly not when the four of us who had had such a wonderful time in Europe in 1912 were planning a second such trip for the summer of 1914.

Antwerp friends whom we had met in Switzerland were sending all sorts of interesting suggestions of things we must do and places to see on our next trip, so we were definitely planning to go, although this time on a less ambitious and less expensive trip. So when the president called me into his office to inform me that friends of the college were complaining about my Saturday children's class as not contributing to the good reputation of the college and asking that I drop it, I asked him if *he* thought the classes hurt the college and I was doing damage to his own children. He said he would like to think it over and until he gave me further orders to stop, to go ahead. I knew I had won, for his two children loved that class. They were the first to arrive and the last to leave, and they were very devoted followers. But the struggle was not over. Shortly thereafter I was called in again and Prexy informed me in no uncertain terms that my children's class must end for he was sick and tired of the constant complaints about the noise the children made in that class. I told the president that if the children were too noisy perhaps he could help me since his two were the noisiest of all. He was surprised and a bit offended at this, and I hastened to assure him that I, myself, didn't consider them noisy, at which he said that if the greatest noise my class made was that made by his own children, he was sure it couldn't be too bad and to forget that he had called me in.

In that class for many years were Professor Bryant's two little girls, the Greek professor's son, Professor Bates' daughter, the two little Hickok girls and the son of Professor Gow of the botany department. I particularly recall Jimmie Gow, who begged for scarf dances which he had seen the girls practicing for a pageant, and he sneaked out his mother's tea towels and ran about their yard dancing with them. My hobble skirt of 1912 bothered the little shaver a lot and one day he asked why I wore it, for it would surely spoil my dancing. When he grew up, he wrote the score for *One Night of Love* in which Grace Moore and Nelson Eddy starred so brilliantly.

The "faculty kids," as I called them, were all my staunch supporters! Years later when Eliza Hiekok, one of these little girls (now a member of the board of trustees of Coe College), was research director and travel companion of the famous Quiz Kids of radio fame, she invited me to have breakfast with her and the children one morning when we turned up together in the same Denver hotel in 1947. When Joel Kupperman, the wizard of the group, asked me how I came to know his "dear Eliza," I said:

"Oh, she was one of the faculty kids who used to hang around my gymnasium."

"Faculty kids?" he queried with knitted brow. "We're Quiz Kids but what is a Faculty Kid?"

I explained the term but it still was a puzzler to those children. Eliza's book, *The Quiz Kids*, was just off press and she gave me a copy, autographing it: "This won't remind you, I'm afraid, of the 'faculty kids' back at Coe." The children eagerly signed the book, too, even Joe Kelly, their master of ceremonies. It is a prized possession.

* * * *

Just before the Great War we had a smallpox epidemic and everyone had to be vaccinated. Mine took with such a vengeance that my entire arm clear down to my fingers puffed up and I was in bed a whole week, getting up only to go to the doctor for electric treatment to reduce the swelling. In my absence, the faculty decided we should have fire drills at the dormitory and that I should be responsible for them since the girls were used to taking marching orders from me in gymnastics classes. And I, and I alone, was to decide when to hold them, what day and hour, except that they were to be held sometime between midnight and dawn, as those were the hours when it was considered that the calamity would be the worst should fire break out. Since by then I no longer lived in the dormitory, it meant I would have to be out on the streets alone at those hours—something unthinkable as far as I was concerned, and also, that I would have to find some way to get inside the dorm at such hours to set off the alarm bells. The new dean of women did not want to give me a key (what her objections were I never knew for sure) and I did not want one in my possession anyway—neither did she want me to disturb her or awaken the girls by ringing the doorbell. The faculty committee on student activities decided I should go to the back of the dorm and tap on the ground-level window of the cook who was to let me in. At this I protested still more vehemently. I did not relish the idea of roaming about the streets and campus alone between midnight and dawn, and most certainly not prowling around the back entrance tapping on windows.

Then the committee decided that I was never to have a fire drill without first letting the dean of women know the evening before, so she would know what was going on and not be disturbed. This, too, I balked at, feeling that she should share the lot of the others as she would have to if a real fire broke out. I agreed on the need of fire drills and expressed my complete willingness to manage them if I could do so when and as I saw fit. Finally, I talked them out of the middle-of-night idea for the girls' sake as well as mine. So with the entire matter left to me, I started. First I gave talks to the girls and assigned fire stations and had them elect a fire captain for every few rooms. I had them go through escape practice, first walking it off, then running, first learning the procedure if all exits were available, then if the backstairs were blocked, then with front stairs blocked, then with both blocked with nothing left but the outside fire escapes. This last was difficult, for I knew all too well from my own student days that it was a long drop to the ground from the last rung (my schoolmates and I became quite adept at entering by way of the fire escape with the boys assisting on that boost up until we could catch the first rung and pull ourselves up to a foothold). For a fire drill all that was needed was to drop from that last rung, but many a girl elung there and cried rather than take the drop. So I had fire drills at noon, fire drills late afternoon, fire drills just before evening study hours, fire drills just before the "lights out" bell, and I called the signals for escape routes, but once it was bedtime, I thought every girl (as well as the dean and I) should have her sleep undisturbed unless a real fire broke out—in which case, after such careful planning and drilling, surely everyone would know exactly what she should do and would do it.

Fortunately, the dreaded fire never came—not even in my own student days when we ran all over the place in the nights carrying lighted kerosene lamps. Soon the dean tired of all this drilling and disturbance of her quiet and, because she never could persuade me to let her know my plans in advance, she finally complained to the faculty, and the drills were called off. And so I never knew whether my plans were really good.

* * * *

One Saturday task that I found awaiting me in my first teaching position took me completely by surprise. I hadn't been there long before I discovered that if I wanted my office and the women's dressing room to be kept clean, I would have to take care of them myself. This came as somewhat of a shock. In my own four years there as a student, these rooms were always clean and I am sure Miss Poyneer took no responsibility for the work. With all the hours I hung about that building and her office surely I would have heard her say something about it had there been a problem. But the building was brand new and the whole college took great pride in it, and for those first years apparently adequate janitor service was employed. But now six years after its opening, I soon saw that no

one ever came around to clean my side of the building. I asked Charlie Ball how his quarters got cleaned and learned that one of the football boys was paid to be the gym janitor.

“But he has never been near the girls’ dressing room or my office since college opened.”

“But you must realize he has a terrific schedule and with all his football practice, he is dead tired by night.”

“Why do you hire a football man if he can’t do the work?”

What an expression that brought over Charlie’s face! I was so naive that I didn’t understand it. Charlie suggested I talk to the head of the faculty committee and I found him adamant in his firm belief that a football man should have the job whether he did the work or not.

A bit impatient with me, he said, “If he doesn’t have this job, he can’t stay in college and if he doesn’t stay in college we can’t have him on the team, and Coe needs him badly!”

“I am perfectly willing for him to have the job,” I countered, “but he must do the work for which he is being paid.”

“Do his work? You should see that boy work out there on the football field. He gives it all he has!”

After a pause for that to soak into my slow brain, he added:

“And on top of that, he puts in long hours at his studies. He keeps up his grades, even when he drags about dead tired practically all the time from his hard physical workout at football. We are proud of him—proud to let him be janitor at the gym!”

“Yes, but if he accepts pay for the janitor’s work, shouldn’t he do the work?”

“But,” with increased impatience at my stubbornness, “I have just told you he does work hard. We can’t expect more of him!”

And at that he flounced away, calling as he departed:

“You’ll just have to figure out some way yourself to get the girls’ quarters cleaned until football season is over.”

I was sick at heart. My first quarrel with the faculty athletic committee! And my first disillusionment! He was being paid for playing football and they wouldn't come out in the open and admit it. This janitor's job was a trumped-up scheme to cover the dishonesty. Coe's skirts were clean! It didn't pay athletes! That day there was born in my heart the utter disrespect I have held all my life ever since for men's intercollegiate athletics and all the lying, dishonesty and subterfuge they stand for—for the sake of having winning teams. And the hurt was deep for I knew that "Prof" had somehow found a way to reconcile his own conscience with the facts involved. He was too honorable a man not to have thrashed this problem out with himself in some fashion and so I found it in my heart to forgive him largely but not completely since I was never able to forget it. I tossed in bed that night unable to sleep from the shock of it. The problem took on larger and larger proportions as I came to realize that of course Prexy, the nationally known Christian leader, must know about this arrangement as well as the members of the board of trustees, all pillars of the church and community, highly respected for their integrity. All of them certainly must know about this, for they approved all items of the budget—at least so I argued with myself that night. All of them winking at this dishonesty or did they naively think the fellow was actually doing the janitorial work?

"What price intercollegiate football?" I asked myself over and over and then I began to wonder what Father would have thought of this arrangement. Reassured in my satisfactory answer to that question, I was at last able to go to sleep. I knew as sure as I ever knew anything in all my life where Father would have stood. He was, indeed, a Rock of Gibraltar. Never in all my life did I ever know my Father to compromise with the truth on any question—never did he, to my knowledge, ever find any problem so great that he couldn't solve it with honesty. If I was upset because I was obviously being unique in my reaction to this situation, I soon found consolation in the thought that I was reacting as I did simply because I was my Father's daughter.

And so the problem of janitorial work for the women's quarters was thrown into my own lap. But from then on, it seemed a minor matter. I announced to all my classes that if we were to have our dressing room cleaned, we would have to do the job ourselves Saturday mornings, and I called for volunteers to help me with the work, first stating that those who came could remain afterwards to "play on the apparatus." That brought a big showing of hands (these girls, I discovered, loved "playing on the apparatus" in free play hours as much as I had in my own student days) and from the volunteers, I set up four squads each to help me with the cleaning once a month. That experience taught me another great thing—young people really love to pitch in and work hard, even at unpleasant tasks, if in the performance they can have a jolly bunch to work with and the whole thing made into a sort of picnic situation. I used this method from

then on all of my teaching career to get all sorts of unpleasant jobs done with student help and with fun.

So my Saturday mornings found me at the gym right after breakfast. From my own salary I purchased cakes of sapolio—that day's equivalent of cleansing powders—a scrub brush, a mop stick and a mop bucket, and I begged cleaning rags of faculty wives. I set up my chafing dish in my office for hot chocolate, and at the corner grocery store I could find cookies, all out of my pocketbook (the dorm cook loaned me cups and saucers), and the crew would go to work. We had lots of fun, so much that many of the girls who hadn't volunteered began to feel left out and asked to be taken in. But I told them that the membership in the "cleaning club" was closed. I thought that would be good psychology, and it was! In the succeeding years before we acquired a real janitor, the girls passed the word around: "When Miss Lee calls for volunteers for Saturday morning cleaning squads, be sure to put your hand up fast."

How we ever missed giving the group a name such as "Ladies of the Mop Stick" or "The Sapolio Gals" I can't now imagine, but we were too busy mopping, dusting, scrubbing, fiddling with the chafing dish, and at the end "playing on the apparatus" to stop to think of needing or wanting a name. However, a year later this group took on the name "Gym Crows" and persisted for all the remaining years of my tenure to help me in janitorial work or class assistance or for extracurricular activities. These Saturday mornings together thus built up a bond between me and those students that has been broken only by death. These were the girls who would "fight and bleed and die" for me, upon whom I could depend for support on all ventures needing student support. They were my ever-faithfuls. There is nothing like voluntarily doing some hard, unpleasant work together to forge stout chains of mutual regard.

Since men, faculty or students, rarely came near the gym Saturday mornings, these mornings were wonderful opportunities for me to practice advanced apparatus work for my own keep-fit needs. My classes were not ready for this advanced work and so there was no chance to review it. Now, on Saturday mornings as the girls tried out their thought-up stunts, I could work at mine. When all was spic-and-span, we doffed our "scrub" clothes and put on our gym suits and played till lunch hour.

After lunch, I had my own room to clean and my faculty kids and then the rest of Saturday and all of Sunday were mine to do with as I pleased. Many friends of my own college days still lived in Cedar Rapids, but I had to limit all social life to those one and a quarter days.

* * * *

In all my teaching years I never got over surprise at the variety of people who constantly sought my office for all sorts of advice, although I never pretended to be anything other than a physical education teacher. My astonishment at this call to counseling was compounded when the boys on campus, too, began bringing me their problems. However, from my earlier experiences in grade school, high school and college days, I should have been somewhat prepared. I had many years of "please lend me your ears" with neighborhood boys and high school and young college men acquaintances, so that I should not have been so surprised when the Coe boys began adopting me as an older sister or young aunt to whom they could take their worries.

When the college boys in my first year of teaching began asking me to go walking down to the Slough, I at first refused, thinking it unwise for a woman teacher to seem to be dating college boys even though she was near their age, but soon it developed that they, too, wanted to bring their problems to me. When I at first would refuse the invitation, there would follow: "Gee, I'm not asking for a date. I've just got to talk to someone. Please come!"

I suppose that my surprise stemmed in the first place from the fact that as a schoolgirl I never felt a need to take personal problems to a teacher. And in the second place, I was totally unprepared for this surprise facet of teaching because no one in my teacher-preparation years ever mentioned the possibility. Because some of our pupils asked advice of us, my generation of young teachers, as all before us, were plunged into counseling, whether prepared or not. From my many years of observation of school counseling carried on informally before professionally-trained counsellors came upon the educational scene, I realize that it was in large measure the physical education teachers to whom the great run of students took their problems. And so here was I in the direct firing line and taken by surprise.

Once I got rid of some of those Academy classes, I learned to drop my desk work whenever I could and go for a stroll with the chap of the moment down to the Slough where we could sit alone on the high bluff overlooking the water and he could talk things out. Sometimes it was merely a tap of a pebble on my office window and an embarrassed, "I've just got to talk to you!" and then I knew it was time for a stroll to the Slough. Thus, I soon learned that every college needs on its unofficial staff an "Auntie Mame" or "big sister Sue" in residence, a person who is not an administrative officer or a rules-maker or rules-informer, but a person to whom schoolboys and girls away from home for the first time can turn while they are trying their young wings to live in a world without "Mom."

And so, from my very first year of teaching, helping students solve their personal problems became one of my heaviest responsibilities (just more

"busywork" my president called it). All this was wished upon me by the students themselves, and came about because I was teaching in a favored field for student acceptance.

Then came another surprise. I soon discovered that of all the faculty women, it was I whom the students most frequently wanted as chaperone for picnics, hikes, parties and dances. I had forgotten the demands we made on Miss Poyneer in my own student days. The woman who likes physical education enjoys picnicing and knows how to play the sort of games mixed groups play at picnics. Also, she loves to hike, knows all sorts of interesting games to play and how to dance. Because of these things, she is accepted as a person who has enthusiasm for the things they are interested in.

* * * *

Not even knowing that there was a professional organization which I might join or a professional magazine to which I might subscribe, I started my teaching career leaning entirely on my professional training, the few books available on physical education, correspondence with a few personal professional friends, and a rare meeting now and then with the few colleagues I knew in my home state. I had been teaching three years before I was awakened by my friend, Hester Carter (who was then teaching at the State College at Oshkosh, Wisconsin) to the fact that I should subscribe to two periodicals, *American Physical Education Review* and *Mind and Body*, which she had recently discovered. I immediately applied for subscriptions to both and the former brought me into membership in the American Physical Education Association which was then 29 years old.

Perhaps I had missed little as far as this national organization was concerned, for then it was little more than an eastern organization with the physical education teacher population of America centering in that area and with practically all the meetings held in the East. But the magazine was of deep interest to me.

The first opportunity to get together with an organized group of workers in my field came my second year when Clark Hetherington (following several stormy years as head of physical education and athletics at the University of Missouri) now working in Chicago on a research grant from the Fels Foundation, Amos Alonzo Stagg, head of physical education and athletics, at the University of Chicago, and J. E. Rayeroft, M.D. on his staff, and E. B. DeGroot of Chicago's recreation department sent a leaflet to the schools, YMCAs, YWCAs and colleges of the middle west states, inviting all interested parties to come together at the University of Chicago, April 26 and 27, 1912, to

discuss the establishment of an organization to promote physical education in the middle western states. If one of these leaflets was sent to Coe College it never came to my attention. However, at the time I was saving every penny possible for a three-month trip to Europe the coming summer. Nothing in the world, as far as I was concerned, could compare with this claim on my finances. Thus, I missed this opportunity to become one of the first members of what was destined to become an important professional organization whose history some 50 years later I was to be commissioned to write!

At this time, among women who would later become well-known within the profession there were in Illinois, Gertrude Dudley and J. Anna Norris at the University of Chicago, the latter a BNSG graduate of 1895 who had procured the medical degree in 1900 and was at the time associate physician and physical director for women in the school of education. Also in Chicago was Blanche Trilling, associate director at the Chicago Teachers College, who that very fall would be going to the University of Wisconsin to head the women's department there, as would J. Anna Norris be going to the University of Minnesota to a similar position. There were a few other women working in our field in the other middle west states at this time but they, like myself, were for the most part unknown to the profession, even to each other. Men, too, working in the profession in this region were mostly unknown to other workers. It took the birth of the Middle West Society of Physical Education to bring these people together to develop leadership in this part of the country.

- After the first meeting in April 1912, the group met again in Chicago in 1913, 1915 and 1917, but no advance notices of the meetings reached me, and the national professional magazine to which I subscribed from 1914 on, put out by the American Physical Education Association, which was unrelated to this independent middle west group, did not carry advance announcements of these regional meetings. Since I had never attended a meeting, my name had never gotten onto the middle west mailing list. I knew nothing even of the 1917 meeting until my friend Hester Carter, then teaching at Carleton College in Minnesota, came to visit me at Coe the following March.

“Lee, why weren't you at the Middle West Society convention in Chicago last April?”

“What convention?” I countered, upon which Hester was astonished to learn that I had known nothing of the middle west meetings held in Chicago. I could so easily have gone had I only known, for Chicago was not far away. Those not reached at first in 1912 learned of subsequent meetings by word of mouth or from letters from friends. Blanche Trilling was kept informed of meeting plans, and she passed on the word to Hester. Evidently Blanche had not yet forgiven me for recently refusing a place on her staff. From the tone of

her letter following the refusal, she evidently looked on me as one not interested in professional advancement and therefore as one to whom word of meetings would be a waste of time.

“And had you been there last spring, you would have been one of the small group of us who organized the Middle West Society of College Directors of Physical Education for Women, at the University of Chicago on April 12. Why didn’t you at least come to that meeting?”

I had to confess to Hester that I had known nothing of that meeting either.

“But,” said Hester after a moment’s reflection, “I was the only one of two there who was not teaching in a university. Perhaps it was supposed to be a meeting just for university directors and my name got on the list through Blanche and Dr. Norris. Both knew me well and it was those two with Miss Dudley who were inviting the women to come.”

Of these three, Blanche was the only one who even knew of my existence.

“Who all were invited to this organization meeting?” I asked, trying to hide my hurt at not having been invited.

“Let me see. Of course, I don’t know who all were invited. All I can tell you is who were there.” And she listed them for me. There were the women’s physical education directors from the State Universities of Michigan (Alice Evans), Ohio (Florence Meyer), Illinois (Louise Freer), Wisconsin (Blanche Trilling), Iowa (Alice Wilkinson Bates), and Minnesota (J. Anna Norris), the University of Chicago (Gertrude Dudley), Earlham College (Clara Comstock), and Carleton College (Hester Carter)—nine in all, seven universities and two colleges represented.

“They plan,” Hester added, “to draw in all directors of departments for women working in four-year colleges as well as in universities of all the states in this middle west region. They are going to meet at the University of Michigan this spring, just preceding the larger convention of the Middle West Society of Physical Education in Detroit. Promise me you will come.”

“But Hester what if I am not invited?” I countered.

“Don’t be silly!” Hester replied, “these organizations are open to everyone working in our field who has an interest in attending. But to get a start and to assure that the membership is protected for professionally trained people, all new members of the women directors group must be recommended by two

members and approved by the board and elected by a two-thirds vote of all members. I'll put your name through."

Of the first members, there were four who knew me: Blanche Trilling and Hester, my BNSG schoolmates, Alice Bates at the University of Iowa, and Louise Freer at the University of Illinois with whom I had become acquainted when she visited a friend in Cedar Rapids.

And so I promised to attend, thus opening the door to years of service to and inspiration from my profession through its professional organizations. But this wasn't the end of Hester's queries.

"Why didn't Coe send a delegate and why didn't you go to the meeting at the University of Wisconsin last spring when Blanche called a meeting there of the Women's Athletic Associations of the Middle West Colleges?"

"I never heard of it, Hester, honestly I didn't, or I would have sent a delegate there, for we have a very strong Women's Athletic Association here, now 13 years old and with a student manager for each sport."

"You mean, Lee, you also did not receive a notice about that meeting?"

"Yes, this is the first I have heard of such a meeting and such an organization. Who all were there besides you and your Carleton delegate and what did you do?" (A year later, the *American Physical Education Review* still had carried no news of either of these women's groups.)

And so I received from Hester my first information of this third organization—this one born March 9-10, 1917, at the University of Wisconsin under Blanche's tutelage. Hester informed me that WAAs of 20 colleges and universities were represented at this conference, including three from Iowa: the State University of Iowa, Iowa Agricultural College (Ames), and Grinnell. I was all the more chagrined that I had been in the dark about this. I must confess that I was in a way glad that Mary McLeod of Cornell College had not been there either. So Coe was not the only college uninvited of our little Iowa group of directors—Coe, Cornell, Grinnell, Ames and State University of Iowa, that had enjoyed getting together now and then for the past several years.

Fifty-six years later, the department of physical education for women of the University of Wisconsin sent me a duplicated copy of the printed program of that conference and for the first time I learned the story of that two-day program. The last page gives a list of 12 schools represented, but since neither Carleton College nor any of the three Iowa colleges which Hester informed me

had representatives present, are listed, the 12 schools must represent only those which had definitely accepted the invitation before the program copy went to press. A record in the yearbook of the University of Nebraska, *The Cornhusker*, 1917, reports that Miss Dorothy Baldwin of that university attended this conference. So that accounts for a fifth school represented there but not listed in the printed program. The 12 listed are the Universities of Chicago, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Colorado, Missouri, and Wisconsin, and Beloit, Rockford and Milwaukee-Downer Colleges, and DePauw and Washington (St. Louis) Universities.

It was an historic event in the ongoing story of the development of sports for girls in America, for which Blanche Trilling should be remembered as the originator. During the three sessions of Friday and Saturday, the student delegates discussed point systems and awards, organization of activities, eligibility, and administration of athletic associations. They listened to addresses by the dean of women of the University of Wisconsin, and Blanche Trilling and C. W. Hetherington. And they engaged in a play hour, a basketball game, a swimming meet, and a banquet, and in the end, the assembled delegates and their sponsors listened to reports of their deliberations. The program listed basketball as one word—an innovation for that day.

By the time of the next meeting it had been decided to open up the organization nationwide, and invitations were sent to all colleges and universities in the United States granting the A.B. degree, stating that the school was invited to send a delegate if it supported a Women's Athletic Association. This national group took on the name Athletic Conference of American College Women (ACACW). In 1933 it changed its name to the Athletic Federation of American College Women (AFACW), in 1957 to the Athletic and Recreation Federation of College Women (ARFCW) and in 1971 to College Women In Sports (CWS).

In this same year, 1917, a so-called "Women's Intercollegiate Athletic Council of New England" had met at Smith College for its third annual meeting, with a Smith student serving as president of the group. They had drawn up a new constitution and the Saturday after the meeting, the president had called a mass meeting of all Smith students, who immediately accepted this new constitution in the name of Smith College. It seems that this group first met at Wellesley College (presumably in 1915 since this was its third annual meeting). Seven colleges belonged to this organization and its purpose was "to improve athletic management in New England Colleges for Women." At this meeting "Eleanor Lee of Radcliffe made intercollegiate athletics sound very feasible."² When the Athletic Conference of American College Women was born, this New England organization disbanded and its members joined this

new national group. To my knowledge, this was the last heard of this New England Intercollegiate Athletic Council.

Hester was true to her word and immediately recommended me for membership in the Middle West Society of College Directors of Physical Education for Women. Shortly I received an invitation to join as a charter member and was informed that the second meeting would be held within a few weeks at the University of Michigan. I also received advance notice of the larger gathering of the Middle West Society of Physical Education to be held at the Statler Hotel in Detroit immediately after the college women's directors conference in Ann Arbor. Now the decision to go to Ann Arbor and Detroit filled my every waking moment with anticipation since the world of professional organizations was still unknown to me. But I almost didn't get to keep my promise to Hester to go and get acquainted.

My closest friend in Cedar Rapids, a friend of undergraduate years, was taken suddenly seriously ill in March, was in the hospital while Hester was visiting me, and after her release from the hospital was taken home to die of cancer. This was my first brush with this dread disease, which was kept very hush-hush at that time as a sinister, dreadful thing not to be talked about openly. Her family swore me to secrecy about the cause of her illness. Because it was unusual then for a young person to be known to die of cancer, my friend's illness was a great shock. Because of the war, nurses were scarce and for several days I taught my classes all day while neighbors looked in on my friend and her mother who was an invalid in a wheelchair, and I sat up with her at night and looked after the mother. After four days and nights of this, when I was on the verge of a collapse from sheer fatigue, the family physician finally procured a nurse, and although I spent much time at her bedside from then on, I did go home for what little sleep I got at night.

In the midst of this, I received a letter from Alice Evans, director of physical education for women at the University of Michigan, inviting me to prepare a paper for the College Directors meeting. I was flattered and glad to have the invitation to present a paper to use as a lever with Prexy for an excuse to be absent from my work. I accepted the invitation although filled with alarm at the thought of offering a paper before those strangers—all teachers in large and important universities and I from little Coe. Before I could get to work on my paper, my friend died. Plunged into grief over her death, I looked after the invalid mother until a housekeeper could be found, which took a week or two.

When I approached Prexy about permission to be away for the two conventions, he looked at me in amazement over the news that there were professional organizations to promote physical education and that I now proposed to waste

time attending their meetings. For a clincher I told him of my invitation to present a paper at one of them.

"What will you have to talk about?" he asked. To Prexy, physical education (in spite of the good example I thought I had set at Coe of a good program) was apparently nothing but "fooling around" which he put up with merely because the students and some faculty demanded it and because some leading educators felt a college should have it in its curriculum. However, probably noting my extreme fatigue and being a bit aware of the emergency I had been through and feeling that perhaps I needed to get away for a spell, he consented to my absence for a few days. But I was too exhausted to prepare my paper. I decided I would just have to whip it together on the train or else speak extemporaneously.

As I was packing to leave for the trip East, I fainted and the woman in whose home I rented a room that year got me into bed. But the next day after a long evening and night of dead sleep, I felt like a new person and with my kind landlady's help, I finally got off the next day. At last I did prepare my paper on the train and in Chicago between trains, and arriving one day late it was a sadly underweight, pale-faced director of physical education for women from Coe College who made her first bow to a professional group at that second conference of the Middle West Society of College Directors of Physical Education for Women at the University of Michigan on May 2, 1918.

It was a small group of eight that met for this second conference. Three of that first group did not come to the conference—Mrs. Bates of the University of Iowa, Miss Meyer of Ohio, and Hester from Carleton College. But there were two of us who were new to the group—Beatrice Pearson from Milwaukee-Downer College and I from Coe. Although one of my Wellesley classmates, Marian Wood, and one of my early Coe pupils who had specialized in physical education, Marian Dawley, were on the University of Michigan staff and met me at the train and put me up at their apartment, they could not attend since membership in the group was open only to directors of departments. Blanche Trilling and Louise Freer were the only ones there whom I had ever seen before, and Blanche and I were meeting for the first time in nine years. Since we were so small a group, we met in Alice Evans' bedroom at her rooming house in Ann Arbor since she was hostess to the group. The older members sat in the few chairs and on the bed, and we younger ones sat on the floor. So it was while seated on the floor in a bedroom of a rooming house that I gave my first professional paper at my first professional meeting. And as the older ones fired questions at me afterwards, I suffered all the discomforts of the stranger and the rank amateur until kindly J. Anna Norris, president of the group, noting my embarrassment, called a halt with a: "Now girls, let us pass on to the next topic."

What my topic was I haven't the slightest recollection and my diary does not tell, but whatever it was, I am sure it was very inadequately presented for I was so very weary and also frightened of these strangers, all of whom seemed to me such important personages and I the merest nobody. But it was such a thrill to meet these other women and to hear them talk of their professional problems and how they solved them that I resolved there and then never again to miss one of these conferences.

My friend, Marian Watters, had a few years before left her position at Rockford College and was teaching in Philadelphia. Dr. Norris and I were the only ones there from west of the Mississippi River—the other nine were from Illinois, Wisconsin, Ohio, Michigan and Indiana.

Before we adjourned, Blanche Trilling gave us a report of the investigation of conditions at war camps near our large cities being made by the Fosdick Commission and of the work she was engaged in on leave from the University of Wisconsin as a regional recreation director of women's work of war camp community services which would keep her traveling for the next few months throughout the Middle West. She and my hometown friend, Wilma Haynes, then of the Dayton, Ohio, YWCA, were two women from the field of physical education assigned such position; during the Great War, both in the Middle West area. I well recall the civilian uniform they wore for this work—a navy tailored suit with a great navy cape lined in red. It was quickly apparent that all looked up to Blanche, the masterful, forceful, competent professional woman who along with Dr. Norris, as I sensed it, stood head and shoulders above all the others there. This was still the same Blanche whom all the girls at Miss Blake's in Rutland Square, Boston, had stood in awe of—that is, all but Coley and Hester. Although she was the only one there whom I had ever really known before, she was by the time the meetings came to an end, the one I seemed to know the least. It was several years yet before she would mellow toward me.

From these meetings the entire group moved on to Detroit to attend the fifth convention of the Middle West Society of Physical Education (my first time with that group). In those days no one made hotel reservations in advance, so I was delighted when Louise Freer of the University of Illinois asked me if I would share a room with her at the Statler where the meetings were to be held. To the best of my memory, there was a turnout of about 100 men and women. This was the first convention held away from Chicago and the first to be presided over by a woman president, Ethel Perrin, an early BNSG graduate who was founder of the large department of physical education in the Detroit public schools, the second woman in America, after Jessie Bancroft at Brooklyn, to head up a large city school department. I had heard much of Ethel Perrin, and at BNSG we had used her book on rhythmic. Now I was seeing her

for the first time and admired her from a distance, never dreaming I might sometime meet her.

As was the custom in those days at such conventions, at one general session the delegates from the various states were asked in turn to stand. When they called out "Iowa," I was the only delegate there who arose and, in embarrassment, I quickly dropped into my seat again. As the years passed, it was interesting to note how the various ones of the 16 states in the Middle West region were increasing the size of their delegations. At this meeting there was a reunion luncheon of the graduates of BNSG-Wellesley school, the largest reunion group there, and at last I met Ethel Perrin. We were proud of our school's graduates, who were holding down most of the top positions open to women in this region. This reunion renewed my pride in my professional school.

One evening there was a banquet followed by a cotillion. I was glad I had brought an evening dress so that I could take part in the dancing and thus have a chance to get acquainted socially with men in my profession. However, one of the older women looked at me disapprovingly as I whirled by in one of the dances as she sat on the sidelines.

"My dear," she condescended as the dance was ended and my partner had excused himself after seating me at her side, "if we women are ever to assert ourselves in our profession we must keep aloof from the men."

I was stunned at this so obvious reprimand and although I disagreed with her heartily I held my tongue. The charming Ethel Perrin, I noted, was mixing with everyone, laughing and joking with the men as well as with women. I quickly decided which of these two I preferred to emulate and anyway I felt no need for us women to assert ourselves. This woman was the militant type, a few of which I have encountered throughout life and have always wished to steer clear of. No matter in what line of work they are affiliated, they always seem to make things harder for the great majority of women who are pursuing careers and would rather work with men than against them. I had already in my brief career noted that often their intransigence seemed to paint all women with the same brush in the minds of many men, and that the rest of us needed to follow up after these irreconcilable ones to straighten up the misunderstandings they constantly engendered.

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As the University of Chicago played baseball against the University of Michigan the closing day of our convention, a large group of us went to Ann

Arbor to see the game. It was on the homeward journey for those Chicago-bound, so I went along with the crowd. Dr. Norris was trying to get a pullman reservation to Chicago for that night (it was also not the custom then to make railroad reservations in advance), so I asked if she would get one for me, too. To our amazement all berths were taken, but when Dr. Dudley Reed, head of the Health Service of the University of Chicago with whom Dr. Norris had worked several years, overheard her giving me the message, he said he believed he could do something for us and asked us to meet him at the athletic field gate at the end of the game. To our delight, he told us that the special pullman coach reserved for the University of Chicago baseball team would be standing on a side track at the station and that there were two unassigned upper berths which the coach would let us use provided we would go aboard well in advance of the team's coming and would be in bed and out of sight when the boys arrived. The coach would explain about us to the porter and he would be expecting us. Delighted not to have to sit up all night in a day coach, we assured Dr. Reed we would comply faithfully.

Dead tired as I was all that spring, I was not only tucked away in my upper berth but was sound asleep when the boys came aboard, but their noise and great hilarity soon awakened me. Apparently they were completely oblivious to the presence in the coach of us two women. There was a lot of horseplay as they prepared for bed and all were disrobing right there in the aisles of the coach. Soon a pillow-fight developed and I became apprehensive as now and then a flying pillow bashed in the curtains of my berth and many hands clawed at the curtains trying to retrieve the pillow. Finally, they discovered one of the players was missing and their alarm that he may have missed the train was quieted by one who spoke up and said to stop worrying, that the missing one was tired and said he was coming to the coach early and would go to bed in an upper berth to be out of the way. At that, an uproar went up.

"The old [so-and-so]! Let's pull him out! Where is he?"

"Boys, boys," the porter called in anxious tones, no doubt fearful for what might happen now to us two women and yet not wanting to give it away that we were aboard. "Leave those upper berths alone!"

But they paid no attention and began tearing at the curtains. Fearful now for Dr. Norris and myself, I stuck my head out of my curtains and called:

"Boys, please leave these two berths alone," indicating the one across from me as well as mine.

"For God's sake, Women!" someone shouted, and the pajama-clad crowd

melted away. They crawled into their berths at once but every now and then a fresh voice would call out: "Who let those dames in our coach?"

The porter was grilled repeatedly but he knew nothing. The next morning, Dr. Norris and I cautiously crawled out early and vanished into the women's dressing room, whispering to the porter that we would stay right there until we pulled into the station. A few years later when I first met Coach Stagg I told him of my night in a pullman coach with the University of Chicago baseball team when I was fearful I was going to be dragged out of my berth mistaken for the errant teammate. How he laughed!

"So the mystery is partially solved! The boys growled about that for weeks afterwards and tried to find out who had permitted those women to come aboard. So you and my old friend J. Anna Norris were the culprits. Who let you aboard?"

"That," I said to him, "I will never tell!" And for over 50 years I have kept that word. J. Anna Norris and Dudley Reed have long been deceased, and more recently Coach Stagg, too. The last time I saw Coach Stagg, then in his ninetieth year, we had another good laugh about the incident. He loved to call out teasingly to a group of friends in my presence:

"Say, did you ever hear of the time when the University of Chicago baseball team almost pulled Miss Lee and Dr. Norris out of upper berths in a pullman coach?"

At last, in Detroit and Ann Arbor that May of 1918 I had been initiated into the interests and excitements of attending professional meetings, at least on a district level.

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In the late 1910s women in physical education were awakening to a need to demand a larger share of attention within the American Physical Education Association. By 1917 they had achieved the enlargement of the old basketball committee into an overall women's sports committee. Even before this the women college teachers had been pressuring the men in control of APEA for a College Women's Section such as had existed in the Middle West Society of Physical Education from its founding in 1912. In 1913, Gertrude Dudley, chairman of the Middle West College Women's Section, had suggested to the APEA president (then Dr. R. Tait McKenzie of the University of Pennsylvania) that such a group be recognized in the national organization. He had concurred, and she was authorized to prepare an on-trial program for the 1914 convention. But when she found that Dr. McCurdy, secretary and editor,

would recognize it only as an overall Women's Section and not as a College Women's Section, she refused to go ahead with the plans. Again in 1916, Miss Dudley was asked to set up a meeting for a Women's Section, although no women but those teaching in colleges were asking for a section, and again she refused unless it could be a program to discuss women's physical education interests at the college level. President Arnold consented to this, and Miss Dudley prepared a program for the 1917 Pittsburgh National Convention, but it was announced in the *American Physical Education Review* and in the printed program as a meeting of a women's section with the word "college" omitted. This angered the college women teachers especially since within APEA a College Men's Section had been officially in existence for some time and also because they wished very much to get together alone at conventions to discuss their own problems peculiar to college situations.

But Dr. McCurdy, the editor, who was strongly opposed even to a trial College Women's Section, by omitting that word "college" from the printed notices, had his way, foiling in measure the college women's group. As yet, the college women were not organized nationally into an independent group of their own as were the college men physical educators through their College Physical Education Association (CPEA) which had been in existence since 1897. The men had both their CPEA and the College Men's Section of the American Physical Education Association, and the women as yet had neither and it began to look as if they were not going to get either within APEA except over the dead bodies of a few men.

Dr. Arnold, then president of APEA and aware of the New England Women's College Directors organization, which Miss Homans has started informally in 1910 at Wellesley College and had officially organized in 1915, was urging the college women in other parts of the country to get together with the eastern group for a national organization similar to the men's CPEA group. This, no doubt the men felt, would take the pressure off APEA to recognize a College Women's Section. All along the line in national life, men were feeling the pressures from women for more recognition in these years when the woman's suffrage movement was building up to its final burst of steam that was so soon now and at long last to carry through to victory for equal suffrage.

As it so happened, dynamic Gertrude Dudley, J. Anna Norris and Blanche Trilling were already at work on the idea of a Middle West Society of College Women Physical Directors, and in the spring of 1917, following Dr. Arnold's suggestion, Miss Dudley invited a group to the University of Chicago where they did so organize. But this was to be an organization of directors of departments only. There was still need to get all women college teachers together at APEA conventions and so that same spring Miss Dudley put on the on-trial program at the Pittsburgh national convention even though it was

stubbornly announced merely as a Women's Section meeting, not a College Women's Section meeting as the women who were pushing for it requested.

The first paper of this Pittsburgh meeting was given by Helen McKinstry of the Central School of Physical Education of New York City who raised the question of whether we should use the term "physical training" or "physical education" or even call ourselves "physical directors" since our work deals with mind and spirit as well as with the physical body. Much discussion followed her paper but, as all too frequently happens, no decisions were made. (Over 50 years later, the question is still raised and the discussion goes on.) Then there followed a paper by Augusta L. Patrick of the Newark public schools on athletics for girls and women; thus for the fourth time since the founding of APEA—32 years before (1895, 1906, 1916 and now in 1917)—the topic of sports for women was permitted a place on a national convention program within our profession.

Gertrude Dudley refused to have anything more to do with a Women's Section in APEA if it was not to be permitted to be a College Women's Section as was asked for. I well recall at my first meeting with the Middle West College Women Directors Society in 1918 hearing Gertrude Dudley, J. Anna Norris and Blanche Trilling discuss their displeasure with Mrs. James McCurdy, then assistant editor of APEA, because she refused to let that national section be listed in the *Review* and in the printed convention program as a college group and their displeasure with the intransigence of the men in being so reluctant at this same time to let the women have a place on the national programs to discuss women's athletics.

In 1919 the Council of APEA appointed Dr. Norris to revive the on-trial Women's Section, and again the women insisted it was not an overall women's section that was wanted, but a section of women working in the college field. Again they were assured that it would be thus, so Dr. Norris took on the task, but again a monkey wrench was thrown in the plans, and again the printed announcements and reports of the group omitted the word "college," thus seeming to prolong the struggle to force the group to become merely an all-women's section. Again, the hopes of the women working at the college level died at the national level, although the Middle West Society of Physical Education, since its founding in 1912, had been wholeheartedly in sympathy with the women's desire to maintain a college women's section. Such a group flourished within its own setup, supplementing the Middle West College Women's Directors Society.

By my eighth year of teaching I had not yet discovered a meeting of our national professional organization near enough to the site of my own position for me to feel I could afford to attend. I had at last joined the American Physical

Education Association four years before but its conventions since then had been held in Berkeley, California, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh and now in Philadelphia. I felt I could not on my small salary spend the money for such a trip that would involve only a few days. This national professional association was 33 years old but unknown to me except through its monthly periodical.

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On April 6, 1917 the United States declared war on Germany. The Red Cross asked me if I would get the college faculty and students organized to take first aid courses. They let me have a chapel hour to use for this organization work. Dr. Bailey on the faculty and several local physicians offered to teach the courses if I would be organizer and coordinator and attend to the administration of the classwork, collecting fees, keeping attendance records and such details. So to my many hours of classes I now added four hours of teaching first aid (having been accepted as one of the instructors on the strength of my hospital work and courses in first aid and emergencies in Boston), plus all the work involved in the details of the 14 sections of these classes.

We three faculty women who had an apartment together across the street from campus turned our apartment into a cutting laboratory on Sundays when students came to help us cut cloth for bandaging and for slings and to check class records. And when "Mr. X" (still after all these years looking for things to criticize me about) complained to the Red Cross that I was teaching first aid but did not have a medical degree or an official Red Cross First Aid Certificate. I joined one of the sections taught by a physician and procured the Official Certificate—a bit of red tape in a time of emergency that annoyed the physicians in the group deeply, as busy as we all were. But that certificate bearing Woodrow Wilson's name as President and William Howard Taft's as chairman of the Central Red Cross Committee still proudly holds its place in my scrapbook of the 1910s. Despite the countless hours I spent at this work of organizing, administering these 14 classes, and teaching four hours of first aid, the next spring's Junior Annual came out with a recognition of these courses as a war measure and claimed that the project had been put on by the college YWCA under the Cedar Rapids Red Cross. Again the college girls who had helped me with all this work were furious that the department of physical education for women had done all the work and the YWCA advisers had claimed all public recognition of it as their own. I was too busy to care who got the recognition, but this following on the heels of the YWCA trying to kill the Colonial Ball by claiming it as their own under the name of Colonial Assembly was too much, and that next spring when this second false public announcement came out, I had my hands full, calming the irate students.

Early in the spring, Coach Carrithers had finally whipped together a varsity baseball team which had just started preliminary practices; then, all of a sudden, half of the squad quit school to enlist in the Army. Shortly after that, compulsory military drill took over and men's athletics became a war casualty as in all other colleges in America.

Now, we were caught up in a great variety of activities sponsored by all manner of national organizations on behalf of the war effort, one of which I well recall. One national group sent physicians about the country lecturing on "Social Morality" and a woman physician was scheduled to cover Coe College with a series of lectures to girls, for a two or three-day engagement. The faculty balked at making the lectures compulsory, although it felt that we should manage to get all the girls out for them, and tossed the responsibility into my lap. For several years I had begged for permission to have a required hygiene course for all freshman and sophomore women. Finally Prexy, who alone had dictatorial powers over such things, gave in and permitted me to offer such courses provided they be worked into the physical education requirement. Now he expressed pleasure that the college was offering the women students such courses and proposed that I substitute these lectures on social morality as part of my course in order to get compulsory attendance of at least all freshman and sophomore girls. This I agreed to and with the great majority thus required to attend, most upperclass girls attended voluntarily. A man physician arrived later and lectured to the boys and "Prof" got them all out without benefit of hygiene class substitutions. Never in all the years I was at Coe as student and teacher did I ever know of the men students having a hygiene course of any kind, and I understand this was true at most other colleges. It was, as a rule, the woman physical education teacher who fought the battle and offered the courses if women college students received such education in these early years of this century.

It was almost a relief, in a way, when war was finally declared for now we could settle down to definite war work, war-time schedules, war-time enrollments with all the restless fellows at last settled in their resolution to be off to war. The uncertainties of the past few years had been disrupting and frustrating. At last we were into it. But we in the Middle West and farther reaches of the country really knew little of what things were like on the eastern seaboard. Not until I went to New York City in the summer of 1917 to attend the Vestoff-Serova School of Dance did I get a real feel that the country was at war. There I saw Fifth Avenue lined with the flags of our Allies, the Hudson River and the harbor filled with warships of many nations, the streets of the city full of lorries rushing the boys to ships to take them to the "front"—boys singing "Goodbye Broadway, Hello France," "Over There," "Tipperary," "Goodbye Pa Goodbye Ma." And up in Canada where Mother and I took a side trip on our way to New York, we saw hundreds of wounded soldiers returned from battle.

The streets of Montreal were filled with them. We had seen nothing of any of these sights back home. It was all very interesting, exciting, disturbing and thought-provoking.

* * * *

Blanche Trilling, my schoolmate of Boston days, was making a great name for herself in building an unusually fine department of physical education at the University of Wisconsin. When I received an offer of position on her staff in 1916, I was flattered that she wanted me. It was an offer (at a better salary than at Coe) to organize and administer within her department the section handling all the corrective work. True I had thought at one point of specializing in correctives, and Blanche no doubt recalled my interest in our hospital work, but now that I had had a taste of organizing and administering my own department, I knew that was where I would find my deepest satisfactions. I had written Blanche just how I felt about it and she had written back that that was exactly what she was asking me to do—organize and administer a department of correctives. But that one field alone was not enough for me, and against her renewed urgings that I come to her staff, I gave her a final refusal. The better salary was of itself no special temptation. I had already learned that for me money was but a small part of the consideration for any position. Except for the few thorns, and I knew to expect thorns with every rose, I loved my work at Coe. I loved teaching sports, gymnastics and dancing as well as correctives. I didn't want to give up any of it. I loved my independence (except for the deep prejudice against dancing) to run my own department as I saw fit, and I loved the students at Coe, an unsophisticated fine bunch of young people. I didn't want to give them up, just to work full-time in correctives, and not have all the delightful contacts with the entire student body, boys as well as girls, faculty as well as students that I enjoyed at Coe. So I had turned down the offer but Blanche did not accept refusals easily and I was made to feel her displeasure for quite some time afterwards.

Before leaving Coe for home in the spring of 1917, I had been told by the college treasurer that it was a disgrace that I had worked with such a heavy schedule for seven years and without a raise in salary and that he was going to see that I would have one—in fact, I could count on it. So in the fall when I received my first paycheck and found the amount, beyond the equivalent of the cost of board and room in the dormitory, to be the same that it had been for seven years. I went to him in astonishment and he, embarrassed, suggested that I see Prexy. But Prexy made short shrift of the interview, telling me that I was a beggar and should be ashamed to approach him thus in light of all his worries. I meekly withdrew, but with a decided feeling that I had done all I could for my alma mater. Since my salary was first set up as \$700 per year plus whatever

board and room cost at the dormitory, that is what it remained all the eight years I taught there.

However, by careful handling of the \$700 part of my salary each year, I had managed one three-month trip to Europe, three six-week trips back East, one six-week trip to the Rockies; I dressed well, purchased what few professional books came on the market, took in the important shows and concerts, paid my share of social expenses, for the first few years bought much of my classwork and janitorial supplies out of my own pocket, and wound up the eight years with \$1,200 in the bank. It seems fantastic but these are the actual facts from written records posted in my diary at the time. I must have squeezed every penny unmercifully to have spent so generously on travel and yet to have saved so much from so little.

On the other hand, there were no personal expenses in those years for automobiles, beauty parlors, radios, TV and the like to take large bites out of one's salary. Also most young people didn't carry insurance of any kind and so had no premiums to pay. And parts of those summers, for two of them all three months, I had no living expenses since I was at home.

How the rest of the faculty at Coe were faring salary-wise I never knew—in fact, I had not the slightest idea what salaries any of my acquaintances in physical education were receiving.

This was the third time I had been told I would have a raise and the third time the promise was broken. Now I decided it was time to move to another position. I felt sure that Prexy wished that I would, if for no other reason than to get him "off the hook" with the few stern religionists (for others as well as "Mr. X" were unhappy with me) who constantly complained to him about my "new ideas." Busy as I was, I had no energy left to seek another position. I did not even bother to write to Miss Homans that I was available. Therefore, it was a pleasant surprise to receive word one day in early spring of 1918 that I had been recommended for the position of director of physical education for women at Oregon Agricultural College and that Miss Homans was happy to back the recommendation and if interested to apply. So without a word about it to a soul, I put in my application.

Restless over the assurance that because of my constant underweight condition I could never pass a physical examination to get into war work—the War Department was urging young women trained in physical education to attend their special courses for physical therapists—I decided that even if I could not get into war work, I could at least move on to something more challenging than the small department at Coe. It had been wonderful to "try my wings," but now I felt the time had come to try something larger. Although I felt sure I was

appreciated by most of the faculty and the majority of students, at the same time I knew that my enthusiasms, my seemingly liberal views, even my popularity with most of the students, were resented by a minority on the faculty at Coe and that was a minority with power.

This inner searching only confirmed my decision that it was time to move on to another, more challenging position. So when I heard from Oregon with a show of interest in my application, I went to "Prof," my adviser of so many years, and he begged me not to leave Coe. I told him of my frustrations about my salary and he was thunderstruck to learn that I had had no raises and offered to go to Prexy about it. I begged him not to enter into any discussions with anyone in my behalf for I felt strongly that from then on I had no professional future at Coe and should move on regardless of salary. Just then, Alice Wilkinson Bates at the University of Iowa offered me a position on her staff. This was the third time I had been offered a position there. Even though all offers were at better salaries than I was getting at Coe, I turned them down for I knew definitely that I would never be happy except in a directorship.

I came to recognize myself professionally as a jack-of-all-trades, interested in all phases of a department's work, but finding great contentment in heading my own, even though small, department. In all my 42 years of teaching, I never served on any staff except as its head. I wonder what kind of staff member I would have been under Alice Bates or Blanche Trilling or Gertrude Dudley, estimable ladies, but I am sure I would have chafed at the bit. I am sure as I look back on it, some good fairy was leading me on to administrative work which was, after all, as I came to see it, my forte. I took courage in my resolution to stick to administrative work when I came to realize how competent several of my newfound friends were in this area despite their poor skills in the physical activities, such persons as Blanche Trilling at the University of Wisconsin, Mary Coleman shortly to go to Woman's College of North Carolina, J. Anna Norris at the University of Minnesota, Gertrude Dudley at the University of Chicago, to mention but a few, all essentially administrators, not performers in or demonstrators of physical activities.

Oregon Agricultural College asked for a statement from President Marquis so it became necessary for me to inform him that I had applied for a position there. When I finally got an appointment with him and asked if he would be willing to fill out the form which OAC had sent me for him to mail directly to them, he looked at me in silence as though hunting for just exactly the right words to express whatever it was he wished to say. Apparently finally thinking better of it, he decided to say nothing. Just a "humph" was all he gave me and slowly picking up the papers I had handed him he waved me out of the room, but as I reached the door, he said:

"I'll see what I can do about these," and the interview was over. Not one word as to whether he wished me to go or stay, or even to wish me well—just heavy, embarrassing silence.

The next day, the business manager called me in and begged me to persuade Father to sign a contract to supply the college with coal *all* of next year. Apparently Prexy had suddenly recalled how my personal pleadings with Father had procured for the college necessary supplies during the coal-shortage emergencies of the past two years due to war demands, and that, come next year, I might be gone. So wishing me well or not, in the end Prexy favored to ask of Father through me.

One day shortly after this, the president's wife sent a student to ask me if I would please call at her home as soon as possible to meet a Mrs. Gulick who was in town searching for women counselors for her summer camp in Maine. She had been referred by Wellesley College to Coe College where they told her a graduate of the department of hygiene and physical education of Wellesley was on the faculty. Thus, totally unaware of the importance of the woman to whom I was introduced, I met Mrs. Luther Halsey Gulick. I did not even think of her as possibly being related to the young Miss Gulick whom I had met eight years earlier at the G. Stanley Hall home at Clark University. After a brief conference, she offered me a place on her camp staff for the coming summer. This was my first contact with the great camping movement which was sweeping the country, particularly in New England.

Although this Gulick Camp was then 14 years old, the camping movement was still so young 9 and 10 years before when I was in Boston and Wellesley that we heard not one word about it. Opportunities for summer work as a camp counselor were then virtually unknown to the physical education profession. As much as I was intrigued over all that Mrs. Gulick told me about her camp and in spite of the fact that she frankly told me she would rather have counselors with training under Miss Homans at Wellesley than from any other school, I felt no desire to accept her offer for I had just then received the letter about a new position which would allow me to be home all summer, not far away in Maine. So I refused Mrs. Gulick's offer and when the next morning she came to my office to urge me to reconsider, I clung to my decision.

What strange pranks fate plays on one. All my professional career I have regretted deeply that I never met or even saw Luther Halsey Gulick, that great man of my profession who was one of the founders of the playground movement, of the camping movement, and of the Camp Fire Girls of America; founder of the physical education department of today's Springfield College where under his inspiration Naismith created the game of basketball; and founder of the physical education department of the New York City public

schools. Had I accepted that offer I would have been in that camp when he came there to rest in the summer of 1918 during a furlough from France where he was in the thick of things as head of the War Board for the International YMCA. Worn out from long exhausting hours of work, he was sent home to his beloved camp to rest. There one August night he died in his sleep. Had I accepted this offer, I would have met him and would have had some part in carrying out the plans for the burial services which were so unusual, yet characteristic of the man and his love of the out-of-doors. This refusal has been one of the deep regrets of my life. (Thirty years later, I was to receive the Gulick Award of my profession, the award given in honor of this great man. How proudly I have cherished it, yet sadly so, recalling how that summer of 1918 I missed my one chance to meet him.)

Commencement came and went and no final word from Oregon Agricultural College. I needed to do a housecleaning job in the dressing rooms at the gym and at the pool, so I rounded up the usual group of town girls, the loyal "Gym Crows," and we made a lark out of the janitorial work and put our quarters in ship-shape for me to leave, but I let them know nothing of possible plans to leave. Finally, still no word, so I left all my professional things in my office as I had not yet resigned, and went home to Centerville. Then in mid-June came the offer of the position at OAC as director of physical education for women with academic rank of full professor. At Coe I had been granted no academic rank but that was not unusual for that day for all special teachers in the field of physical education as well as in music, art and home economics. Now all at once a full professorship, and I had not even known enough to ask for academic rank at any level. And the salary offer was \$1,800 for a nine-month assignment, more than half as much again as Coe had been paying me. I was delighted.

No sooner had I accepted that offer and resigned at Coe than a message came from Gertrude Dudley of the University of Chicago offering me a position on her staff. I had met her the previous May at the University of Michigan and on my way home had spent a few hours at her University in that magnificent Ida Noyes Hall upon her warm invitation that I come out and see her facilities. I was flattered at her offer now of a position on her staff, but I refused, happy that I was to continue in a position as head of my own department.

Shortly after I sent my resignation to President Marquis, kindly Dr. Hickok, head of Coe's political and social science department for 12 years, put in a sudden appearance in Centerville, commissioned by "the authorities," whom he said he was not at liberty to name, to persuade me to reconsider my resignation. He came with a bona fide offer of a goodly raise in salary if I would but reconsider, but the "goodly" raise did not match the OAC offer, and anyway I felt the time was more than ripe for a new professional experience. Now that I had made the break I wouldn't for worlds have reconsidered, much

as I hated to send Dr. Hickok back, obviously downhearted at my firm "no." It was heartwarming to know that "when the chips were down" the "authorities" did not want me to leave. But for me the die was cast. If I had entertained any doubts of Dr. Hickok's real interest in urging me to stay, they would have been definitely dispelled 45 years later by a note I received from his daughter, Roby, in reply to my note of sympathy at the time of the death of her father which said in part:

Father was so fond of you, and proud of your accomplishments—whether it be writing a new book or coming back to your Fiftieth Reunion wearing your graduation dress. How he enjoyed seeing you last June!

A stained-glass window was dedicated to him in the first Sinclair Memorial Chapel, later destroyed by fire, and today's Social Studies Building at Coe is named for him. During his tenure there he refused three . . . presidencies to stay on at Coe. I am proud he wanted me to stay.

* * * *

Having left Cedar Rapids for the summer before I knew that I was leaving permanently, I dashed back in early August to pack my belongings and ship them to Oregon and to say farewell to those old friends whom I could find in town. A group of the "Gym Crows" girls living in town came to help me pack and clear out my things; we had a last "cleaning bee" and a "spread" in my office. They gave out the word of my leaving to a town reporter and the day after I left, the *Evening Gazette* featured an article I have always prized. It was a heart-stirring testimonial that for many years thereafter tided me over many difficult situations. The article, headed "Loved By Coe Girls," gave my brief professional history and the story of the innovations I had introduced to campus life. It ended with the following:

The greatest misfortune for Coe, however, is the loss of Miss Lee's personality. No teacher at the college has ever been more deeply loved and respected. . . . Her wonderful influence over the girls at Coe can hardly be estimated. She was not only a natural leader of girls, but took a deep personal interest in each one. . . . She was a perpetual magnet which drew all to her. Many other teachers have been more honored than she, many more will be, but none will ever be more greatly loved.

At the very last I hunted up "Prof." What a wrench to say goodbye to him! He, too, begged me to reconsider. "Coe needs you," he said simply. And on my final "no" he presented me a note, addressed: "To Whom It May Concern," saying, "Here, keep this always with you, and if you ever need a quick reference from anyone for any reason, use it."

On second thought he retrieved the note and opening the envelope handed me the enclosed paper, saying, "I wish you to know what I have written."

Upon reading part of the message which said, "Miss Lee is the best woman physical education teacher in the United States," my face burned with embarrassment and astonishment.

"Oh, no!" I exclaimed handing it back to him. "You don't know what you are saying. I'm not at all a good teacher. I am poor at all physical activities, especially at sports. I really don't excel in anything."

He slipped the paper into his pocket and, seizing me by the shoulders with both hands, looked me intently in the eye, his lips tight as was his habit when very serious about something. Giving me a little shake, he said:

"Don't ever belittle yourself. What does it amount to—excelling in physical activity? That's for professional sports people. You are deeply interested in your pupils—~~and~~ for them—and you help them in many ways and make them want to do their best, and you do it in such a way that they all admire and respect you. That is what I call being a good teacher."

And recovering the note from his pocket, he handed it to me again, saying, "I mean every word of this. Use it as you wish."

I realized I could never use it. His laudatory statements were beyond anything I ever deserved. I also realized that if faint praise could damn, so also could overly great praise, and so I have ever kept the note merely as a memento of "Prof's" great faith in me—dear "Prof" who, like an indulgent father, saw only the best in me.

On the whole, I had been happy teaching at Coe in spite of petty troubles. I had squarely faced the thought that wherever one is, there will surely be some conflicts. I had been free to try out my young professional wings, first of all in familiar and, for the most part, friendly surroundings. That had meant much to me. Now I was ready to try those wings in a strange setting and among strangers.

In 1966 the Ford Foundation listed Coe College as one of several colleges chosen as recipients of special grants "selected on the basis of their tradition of scholarship, their plans and ability to make pace-setting improvement, the quality of their leadership, and the strength of support from Alumni and other sources. The grants are intended to strengthen ability to achieve and sustain new standards." The Coe College of today is a far cry from the Coe College of my student and early teaching years. With a greatly enlarged campus and many

more buildings, it is meeting the challenge of higher education today just as it was so valiantly doing in earlier years. The wonderful group of young students and dedicated faculty members of the early years more than held their own with the equally fine group of students and dedicated faculty of today. Succeeding presidents have been fitting heirs of President Marquis who kept some of us in constant hot water, caught between those who wished to have Coe College a showcase for strict conformity to ultraconservative religious views and those who wished to help Coe College move into the educational world of the twentieth century.

Seven years after leaving Coe as a faculty member (1925), I was invited back to give the dedication speech for the new athletic field and fieldhouse for the women (located on the very vacant lots I had, as a student, helped clear of tumbleweeds so we girls could play field hockey there on a lot-loan basis). Another 14 years later (1939), I returned to receive an honorary doctorate (LL.D.) with "Prof" as sponsor. Another 12 years later (1951), I returned to crown the May Queen at the fortieth anniversary of my first May pageant. Seven years after that (1958), I returned for my class fiftieth reunion, wearing the dress I had worn at my graduation (however, let out somewhat at the hips). Three years after that (1961), I was back for the fiftieth anniversary of the Colonial Ball which I had started in 1911. Seven years more (1968), I was back for my class sixtieth reunion year, this time wearing both my 1908 graduation dress and the Merry Widow hat that had been lost for many years and was at last returned to me by a careless borrower. Eight years still later (1976), I went back in May to be crowned Queen of the May in celebration of a review of the history of the 49 years of pageantry I had started there in 1911—this was a feature of Coe's 125th anniversary celebration as a part of the nation's Bicentennial observance. Eight of the 49 May Queens through the years returned to the campus to be my honor attendants. I am sure I broke all world records that day for age of a May Queen being crowned—67 years with only a few weeks to go to the 90th birthday.

'Twas a nostalgic weekend! But alas, only one of all who took part in the 1911 pageant was there for the celebration 65 years later. Many Cedar Rapids girls had taken part and had lived there for years but by 1976 most were deceased and a few living far away. Grace Salor Hamblin, the 1913 queen, came from her home in Bedford, Iowa. As a freshman she had been a dancer in my first pageant in 1911. Except for Grace, the campus on May 22, 1976 was filled with naught but ghosts of the past as far as May 30, 1911 was concerned. Yet it was a thrilling experience!

Lining up all these dates, the years have witnessed a long love affair between Coe College and myself—1904-1976 as of this writing.

And so in 1918, I once more said goodbye to Coe.

Chapter XII

An Interlude Out West and a Flu Epidemic

The summer of 1918 held one serious assignment for me. My weight was down to 102 pounds, just about where it was when I finished college 10 years before. I had gained 16 pounds in 9 years, then lost it all. I couldn't go to a new position so underweight, and Father and Mother insisted that I spend the summer at home with relaxation, quiet and Mother's good cooking. Ferné had been studying at the Art Institute in Chicago, tiring of history teaching, and was to be home, too, before going to a position with an interior decorating firm in Des Moines. The other two sisters were married and gone. Gone also were nearly all the old high school friends, so it was indeed a quiet, lazy summer and I gained several pounds.

But when it came time to start for Oregon in late summer, Father insisted that I give up my plans and stay home because I was too frail to go so far away alone. Even up to the time I was bound for the train, he begged me to reconsider, saying no good would come of my going so far away. His worries concerned me deeply, but I was not to be deterred from this new venture.

I took a trolley from Centerville to Albia, there caught a train to Minneapolis, there another up into Canada, and then by Canadian Pacific Railroad to Vancouver. From there by boat to Seattle, then train to Portland, and there another to Corvallis. It was a thrilling trip, especially through the Canadian Rockies with a parlor car attached for the daylight mountain stretch.

I thrilled over the setting of the campus of the Oregon Agricultural College (familiarily spoken of in those days as OAC), founded in 1868, with its many large buildings set in a green valley with the high mountains of the Sierra

Nevada Range to the east and the lower but equally beautiful mountains of the Coastal Range to the west. I was full of high hopes and anticipation. At last I was to be head of a department large enough for a staff of five teachers and a department secretary under me. The gymnasium building was for the women's exclusive use, with a janitor and a dressing room matron all its own. And for the first time in my teaching career I was to have academic standing—a full professorship inherited from my predecessor, bypassing the ranks of instructor, and assistant and associate professor. And my salary still on nine-month assignment was almost 60 percent more than Coe had been paying me.

As for that professorship, although it was rare, for a woman in physical education, it was not new. It hadn't bothered me during my first eight years of teaching that I had been granted no academic rank. It was sufficient that I was recognized as the director of a department. Physical education teachers were granted academic rank in so few colleges in those days that I am surprised as I think back that OAC conferred a full professorship upon my predecessor and now handed it on to me. It was to be several years before the great run of colleges and universities would grant that rank to a woman director of physical education. However, the strangest thing about this, as far as I personally was concerned, is that although possessing this rank was a great professional achievement in those days, it meant so little to me at the time that soon I forgot completely that it had been granted, and for years I informed inquirers that my first full professorship came only in 1924, six years later than was the case. In fact, not until my old scrapbooks turned up 40 years later, containing an old OAC departmental letterhead giving my name and rank as director and professor, was I reminded of this rank at so early a date. I was so surprised and disbelieving at this that I checked with today's registrar at that school who verified the 1918 rank of professor as indeed official.

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My days of teaching 35 and 40 hours a week in addition to helping run off much of the campus extracurricular activities were over. No sooner had I met my staff, unpacked my things and settled into my office (which horror of horrors was completely covered, ceiling as well as all four walls, with blood-red burlap, seeming to close on me from all sides) than my high hopes began to vanish as troubles appeared. In late summer, OAC had been selected as a center for the Student Army Training Corps (SATC) and just before college opened the military had taken over the girls' large dormitory for barracks. We faculty women were ordered to meet all trains arriving all day on the Saturday and Sunday before college was to open, to divert all incoming women students to the woman's gymnasium where registration tables had been set up for a temporary housing committee to reassign them rooms in sorority houses, rooming houses and private homes all over the village. Early Sunday morning

President Kerr was on the telephone to tell me that the military was taking over the woman's gymnasium as auxiliary barracks and that Army trucks would be at the front door to move out the women's department beginning at 8 a.m. and that we must move out everything we would need all year. Once we were out on this day, none of us could expect to return later for anything.

"Where are we to be moved"? I asked in astonishment.

"The driver of the first truck will have the orders. You can ride over with him," replied the president and hung up his receiver before I could put in another word.

I hurriedly called my staff to meet me as quickly as possible at the gymnasium—no time for breakfast—come at once. I arrived from my more distant room to find an angry staff awaiting me, even the janitor and matron were in a fighting mood.

"We're not budging out of this building," they informed me. I was dumfounded. To me, military orders were to be obeyed in this emergency, and the president's orders also were not to be flouted.

"We are caught up in a war!" I exclaimed, "we have no choice." But I had a ~~many~~ ^{many} on my hands. Precious time was wasted before I had them calmed down and convinced that we had to move whether we liked it or not. I realized at once that I had to start the year with a belligerent staff. I was heartsick as I hastily decided with them every last item that was to be loaded into the string of military trucks lined up outside of our building, the officers in charge growing more and more impatient as the loading was delayed while my staff dragged its feet and argued and glared at me as the real enemy.

"Don't you have any fight in you?" one of them would growl at me every time our paths crossed.

"Yes, I have fight in me for what I consider just causes. The U.S. Army is fighting for us over in France. I don't intend to fight them here in Oregon. They will have my 100 percent cooperation."

At last, we had everything loaded—office furniture, supplies and equipment, sports and all loose gymnastics equipment, all dressing room supplies and equipment—everything that was loose as the president had said, and the military caravan started across the campus with me riding on the high seat with the driver of the first truck and the officer in charge and my staff scattered throughout the other trucks.

"Where are you taking us?" I asked.

"To the home economics building," the officer replied.

A stranger to the campus, I had met the president only by telephone but not the dean of women, the dean of home economics, or the men's athletic and physical education staff, the ones I would expect to know the most, and so I was completely taken by surprise by what was to come. The military officer, also a stranger on the campus, was equally unprepared. As we pulled up in front of the home economics building, the officer helped me from my high perch and together we walked to the great stairs leading up into the main floor, but before we reached the stairs a woman darted out the door and from the head of the stairs with feet planted firmly apart, called down to us in a belligerent attitude: "I am the dean of home economics and you cannot come into this building."

As we had been walking down the long stretch to the stairs, the soldiers on the first truck had jumped down and were unloading my office furniture. As the first two advanced with my desk, the belligerent woman ran down the stairs and with accusing finger pointed at the culprits.

"Put that down," she called. "You can't bring that in here." And as the other trucks began pulling up, she exclaimed:

"You can't bring any of that stuff in here!" and her angry finger swept in a circle to include the whole military outfit.

The officer took me by the arm with a "We might as well get out of here!"

"What are we going to do?" I asked.

"We're going to get this one truck back to the gym where we can get the president on the phone."

By then the driver and his assistants were putting my desk back in the truck and as the driver climbed back into the high seat with the officer and me, he exploded: "If you'll pardon me, ma'am, I'd like to say 'All Hell's a poppin.'" I gladly pardoned him. He had spoken for all of us.

And so we had a bit of an embarrassed laugh as in utter defeat the military and I retreated to the women's gymnasium.

The president was amazed and called the dean of home economics to his office at once but she apparently was too much for him. Although he won the first battle in that she must give us part of her three-storied building, she won the greater victory in an agreement that in all that building she was to give us only

what part of it she chose to give. And so we returned to the building and seeing nothing more of the woman who had ordered us off the place, we were received by the janitor who informed us that we were to move into the basement laundry room. After all the office things were moved in and set up here and there among the large laundry tubs which were cemented to the floor at regular intervals all over the large room, I asked:

“And now where do we set up our classrooms and dressing rooms?”

“There ain’t no other rooms for you, ma’am,” said the janitor, obviously reluctant to break the bad news. “This one room is all you can have, ma’am.”

I couldn’t believe my ears. Again the military officer took me back to the gym where I would have at least a friendly telephone to use. Again I called the president, who, irritated by now at what he obviously considered merely a quarrel between two women, curtly informed me that the dean had graciously admitted me into her building and now I was to have only what she was willing to give me and please accept this as final.

“We are at war,” he said, “can’t you cooperate?”

Cooperate—that’s exactly what I had been trying to do against all my staff, against this militant masterful woman, and now I was accused of being the one not cooperating. It was too much. I felt completely licked.

“I’m so sorry!” the officer said as I hung up the receiver. He had heard the president’s remarks as well as those from my staff as the trucks had been loaded, and had witnessed the dean’s intransigence toward me.

“I wish to goodness there was some other place to move you.”

“Oh, I’ll live through it,” I replied, choking back the tears over the president’s unwarranted curttness with me. And so we went back to the home economics building and I ordered all the stuff that was loaded on the trucks moved into that one room with immovable laundry tubs.

Thus I began my departmental work in a strange school with 500 girls registered in my classes and with a staff angry at me and in a place that was so inadequate it would have been laughable if it hadn’t been that we all were made to feel most unwelcome in that building. But there was one ray of sunshine—the janitor of that building. He, like the military officer, said to me on his first opportunity when he was sure not to be overheard:

“I am so sorry, ma’am!”

Overcome at a second show of kindness and sympathy for the day, I patted him on the arm.

“Thank you so much. I appreciate your kindness. I’m sure things will work out some way after a while. And I know that we two are going to get along splendidly.”

And we did get along splendidly. He seized every opportunity to make things easier for me and the chances of a janitor in such directions are never to be discounted. But I learned to keep his easing of my path a secret for I soon sensed that he was in trouble whenever it was known he had abetted me in anything.

Our schedule of physical examinations was ruined when orders were given that those hordes of girls were to be kept out of the building; the screens we had found to create some semblance of privacy for offices in the laundry room were ordered removed; the wires the janitor strung across the room from which we hung our restroom blankets to substitute for the forbidden screens were ordered down; the great stacks of athletic equipment, hockey sticks, tennis rackets, balls (OAC furnished everything for the students, it seemed, which was a new experience for me) to say nothing of a veritable mountain of bath towels and shower robes plus a thousand or so other items, were ordered out of sight as eyesores, and to keep peace, we hid much of them in the large laundry tubs. Nothing we could do pleased the unfriendly boss of that building. Even our schedule of out-of-doors sports played in school dress because we had no dressing space was constantly under fire and disrupted by the home economics girls who were the great majority in all our classes and who were constantly informed they would be expected to attend temporary lectures in home economics elsewhere at those hours.

Finally, the difficulties that confronted us daily brought my staff around to my support. Then a final blow befell us. As a flu epidemic broke out among the SATC, military authorities suddenly commandeered the college health service building. The president ordered the health service staff out on as short notice as he had given us and they, too, were ordered into the home economics building. They, too, received the same reception that we had experienced. The dean steadfastly refused to let them enter her building. She had already given up one room in the basement of her three-story building and that was absolutely all she would release—war or no war. So, deeply sympathetic over the predicament of the nurses after they had canvassed the campus and found no place open to them, and with the president unwilling to take up cudgels for them, I offered to give them part of my laundry room. Our department work was ruined as it was. Gratefully, they accepted my offer. From then on, that one room housed all that previously had been housed in both the woman’s gymnasium and the health service building, and it was turned largely into storage space and staff offices

for two departments. The nurses of the health service were as unwelcome there as were we, and so, thrown together in our discomfort, we became good friends as people usually do when enduring adversity together.

To add to my difficulties, I soon discovered that I had inherited for the most part a staff whose professional standards and philosophy were a far cry from mine. I was appalled at the lack of professional ethics on the part of one in particular who seemed to feel that my ideals were so much nonsense.

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Also, on top of all these worries, my predecessor had promised the better hockey players the previous fall that they could have a varsity team and challenge other west coast teams this fall. Now these girls tried to hold me to her promise. I refused to support them to the delight of both the president and the dean of women who did not want such involvements, but in so doing, I won the enmity of this group of girls and the staff member who had expected to travel with them for these matches.

Everyone else, too, seemed to assume that I was there merely to carry out the policies of my predecessor. I soon discovered that she had a reputation for fighting everyone from the president down to get her own way, and apparently everyone assumed that I, too, was like that, and all were determined to "beat me to the draw." Quarrels were brewing in all directions before I had any more than arrived. I was taken by surprise and dismayed to find almost everyone belligerent toward me. A peace-loving soul, I scarcely knew how to cope with this. The head of one department angrily called me up in my first week and told me he would not stand for any more nonsense from my department. As I had as yet had no contact with his department, I asked what his complaints were only to find that he was still angry over some advantage my predecessor had taken the previous year. When I assured him I was a new person and knew nothing of the past year's affairs, he calmed down but warned me I had better not try the same tactics for he was fed up. Why couldn't he have waited to see how I was going to perform, I wondered.

The purchasing agent also called me to his office. Since I had never before had a departmental budget at my disposal and so had much to learn, I welcomed this opportunity to receive instructions. So imagine my surprise when he informed me that the dubious purchasing habits of my department of the past years had to cease and that he expected cooperation with the administrative rules on all purchase orders. His belligerency over past refusal to abide by rules melted when I informed him that all he needed to do was to acquaint me with the rules and I would gladly conform. Then he poured out a sorry tale of nonconformance, including a story of kickbacks which some staff members were

understood to have enjoyed on orders of supplies and equipment from certain firms and of overly large orders to increase the size of the kickbacks. I was deeply shocked. Never before had I met with this form of dishonesty, but then never before had I been working in a state-supported institution with the opportunity to meet the sort of person who thought nothing of shady dealings "with the taxpayers' money." My so-evident disapproval of accepting a kickback on any departmental order assured him of my determination to see that all such things stopped at once.

The great storage closet full of bath towels, hundreds as yet unused, enough to last for many years to come, was a sad commentary on the purchasing agent's accusation about kickbacks. I was embarrassed at such riches.

And here was I at Oregon Agricultural College where girls were supposed to have been receiving professional training in my field for the past several years but either the course had died out or the war emergency had caused the course to be dropped temporarily before I arrived. There were no registrations for any teacher-training courses and no students presented themselves claiming they were majoring in the department.

Also there were no physical examination records among my office files. Upon inquiry, I learned that the department had given no examinations. One bewildered staff member, amazed at my interest in such things, asked why would anyone waste time thus. I realized all the more that there was a wide gulf between me and most of my staff that would be difficult to span. There was nothing I could do but accept what was at hand, do what I could to build up standards and ideals, and pray for the best.

These many incidents of unpleasantnesses led to my growing desire to get into the war effort if at all possible and thus escape this unhappy situation. By now my cousin, Marcia Prosser, had joined as an Army nurse, and I took painful note of my continuing underweight condition against the growing feeling that I must somehow, somehow, get into this war effort. Early in the war, the Army had come to recognize the value of physical therapy as an adjunct to medical treatment in the Army hospitals, and calls were coming for women trained in the fundamentals of this work. That meant all of us trained at the better schools of gymnastics of that day. My underweight condition still led me to question if I could pass a physical examination to get into such work.

Now when I learned that physical examinations for such work were being given at Reed College in Portland, I decided to try my luck. At the first opportunity to get away, I rushed to Reed College. The staff there was extremely interested in my BNSG and Wellesley training, but I could not pass the physical. "Gain several pounds and come back in a few months," the head

person had said. So I returned to Corvallis a bit more reconciled with my lot. At least I had tried and had also had a brief respite from all the quarrels and bickering. I tightened my belt, determined to make the best of my lot.

Gradually, I learned a little about the department I had inherited. It had been started in 1900 when a man physical education instructor had offered the girls some activities at their insistence. But it was not until 1908 that a woman physical education teacher was listed in the college catalog and a few years after that before a director of physical education for women was listed. In the brief years of the department's existence my predecessor had built a large department, had acquired a woman's gymnasium that was as adequate as any across the country and far superior to most.

Because of the war emergencies, all social life on campus was drastically curtailed. There had been no welcoming parties or receptions, no get-acquainted affairs of any sort and so I found it difficult to get to know the faculty. But gradually word evidently got about that the new department head did not feel bound in any way to carry on her predecessor's policies, most certainly not her quarrels, and pressures began letting up a bit and friendly greetings began coming my way. Gradually, I found a few more friends on campus besides the military officer who moved us, the men's athletic coaches and physical director, A. D. Browne, M.D., who, too, were suffering the ruination of their work in behalf of the SATC, the janitor at the home economics building, and the nurses of the health services (the college doctors were all off to war). Finally, the dean of women, a most charming person, befriended me. She organized a special mass meeting of all women students, introduced me as the new physical education director and asked me to talk to them of what my department had to offer. This was a great break and from then on I began to feel the friendliness of the women students.

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By November 9, things had calmed down enough that it seemed quite possible to have at last a trip into the mountains for a respite. Three of my five staff members had become friendly and proposed that we spend the weekend on Mary's Peak to the west of town. So I purchased my first pair of hiking boots, hiking trousers (then much like riding breeches), knapsack, heavy woolen socks, flannel shirt and wool hat. On Saturday we set out and reached the summit in time to see the sun set in the Pacific Ocean. Then we hiked down to a shelter cabin and spent Sunday morning prowling in the woods and the afternoon on the return trip to town. Dead tired, I went to bed at once to be awakened at 12:30 a.m. by wild ringing of bells and blowing of horns. It was 3:30 a.m. in Washington, D.C. Thirty minutes earlier the State Department had received official word of the signing of the Armistice Treaty. The Great War was over!

That morning the SATC put on a big parade. Of course, school was dismissed. Everyone turned out for a huge college, community and military celebration at a great convocation held on campus. There I had my first look at President Kerr, top college officials, the faculty and student body. The president announced that the SATC would be closed at once. However, it took an entire month to be rid of it and to have the buildings the Army commandeered returned to the college. Now we would have our own building and could get on with our work.

I was called by the business manager to inspect the woman's gymnasium with him and determine the repairs and replacements needed. What a shambles the SATC had made of that building! I knew it would be several weeks before we could move out of the home economics laundry room.

Two days after I inspected our building and learned that it would be after the Christmas holidays before we could return it, the winter rains set in, bringing an end to all outdoor classes. Now we had no place for classwork. The dean of the home economics department refused to loan us a lecture room, even at hours when empty, and the president would not press her in our behalf. So I dashed about the campus and found a department head in this building and another in another building, and a third in a third building who would permit us the use of lecture rooms that were unused at various hours. As best I could, I set up for the month of December a series of health lectures for the service classes and did what I could to whip a still somewhat belligerent staff into line for these last unhappy weeks until we could have our own building. My staff had been openly rebellious all fall over the lack of any cooperation whatsoever from the home economics department in our difficulties, and this attitude on their part made my duties all the more difficult. The Great War in Europe was at an end but I was still fighting a most unhappy, unwanted and senseless war at Oregon Agricultural College.

At last, Christmas vacation was at hand and since we were assured we could not move back into our building until January, there was no reason why we couldn't get away for a change of scenery, a change of people, and hopefully a change of spirit. An old Iowa friend and I secured permission from the National Park Service to go to Mt. Rainier for a holiday trip to Longmire Springs Hotel, provided the winter caretaker and his wife would accept us and would arrange to meet us at the park entrance from Tacoma. The caretakers, glad of visitors now and then, hastily sent us word to come along, and as our visit coincided in part with the annual trek to Paradise Inn of the Mountaineer Club, our outing turned into a thrilling adventure. This trip sent me back to OAC greatly restored in spirit, also in general well-being from several hours each day out in the above-the-clouds sunshine, skiing or hiking in the snow. I returned to my position once more full of high hopes, for we were to move back into our own

building immediately after my return. Perhaps now I could salvage my department work before the year was over.

By the end of the Christmas holidays, the workmen were out of the women's gymnasium. A complete new floor had been laid in the large gymnasium room and all new equipment and partitions installed in the dressing and shower rooms, all rooms replastered and redecorated. It must have cost the government a merry penny and senselessly so to put our building back in order after only two months' occupancy by the SATC. Enemy occupation could scarcely have damaged the building more. But at last we were settled in our newly-repaired gymnasium and perhaps I could at last discover what normal life could be at OAC.

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There was to be a meeting of the Oregon State Physical Education Society in Portland soon. Here would be a chance to meet professional coworkers from over the state, my first chance to meet with a state organization. This later materialized happily when I met for the first time Mabel Cummings of the University of Oregon, a graduate of BNSG with whom I could talk over my many professional problems in an atmosphere of sympathetic understanding, for here at last was one person I could talk with in Oregon whose standards and ideas of professional ethics matched my own. She understood the unhappy situation I had inherited at Corvallis and gave me courage to carry on.

At this state meeting in January 10, 1919, the group accepted the report of a committee chaired by A. D. Browne, M.D., of Oregon Agricultural College. The committee had drawn up a bill to present to the state legislature calling for compulsory physical education in the public schools. With the sponsorship of the State Teachers Association, the bill was introduced six days later in the Senate and on February 21 the governor signed the bill into law. It was quick action, and I changed my original sorry opinion of Oregonians to one of admiration. This group was far ahead of Iowans. As early as 1914 it had put out a state manual on recreation for children, published by the State Department of Education.

Besides Mabel Cummings, at this meeting I met A. C. Manthe, head of physical education in the Portland Public Schools, Dean H. Walker, head of physical education and athletics at the University of Oregon (Eugene), and Leslie J. Sparks, head of physical education and athletics at Willamette University, among others—those named I particularly remember. (Fifty years later at a professional meeting, Leslie Sparks renewed acquaintance with me when he was serving as archivist of the North West Association of Health,

Physical Education and Recreation and I, as the archivist of the national group, when he presented me with a copy of the report of that meeting a half century ago.)

Finally I had won the confidence of the student who was president of the Girls' Athletic Council and she had swung into line most of the girls who had objected to make up the varsity field hockey team and were so bitterly disappointed in my lack of cooperation with their plans. I proposed to try to help me put on a program of intramural sports programs for when the rainy season would be over and they enthusiastically went to work on the plans. But their staff sponsor was so disgusted with anything so "un-American" as intramurals that she asked to be released from her assignment as sponsor of the Girls' Athletic Council. Nothing could have pleased me more if she had been the disturbing element trying to keep the girls discontented with my policies. With her hands off that part of the departmental work, these problems soon vanished and the girls—full of enthusiasm and surplus energy—turned out to be a joy to work with since they were rescued from bad leadership.

Out of this interest on the part of the girls grew a desire to try to get faculty women out for some sports. I eagerly seized this as an opportunity to show friendliness and get acquainted. I had been there for over four months and as yet was almost totally unacquainted except with the many people who hunted me up to quarrel over past wrongs. Five women faculty members and one faculty wife had called on me and I had returned their calls but nothing further happened. Either I had not passed inspection or the war situation was too much for all of us. It was a lonely time for strangers. For comradeship and friendliness I was thrown back completely on the two or three staff members who had finally come to accept both my policies and me and were cordial. It was a situation not of my choosing but the dean of home economics refused to accept me in any capacity and the dean of women accepted me enthusiastically when doing so served her purposes and ignored me completely the rest of the time. I felt a social outcast—I who in my first eight years of teaching had been quite "the belle of the ball" with the students and most of the faculty in a small college setting.

So with two or three loyal and cooperative staff members back of me, we organized a faculty women's basketball team in hopes of offering something that might bring faculty women together for some fun. A good sized crowd turned out and we had several games with each other and with college girls. Even the dean of women came out to root for all sides and in some measure I accomplished the purpose behind it, opening some doors for faculty women.

The year before, the staff had put on its first indoor meet for the girls. As soon as we were back into our building and were outfitted with costumes, the former

students began begging for a second such meet. I pointed out at once that no one was in practice and we should put it off at least until March, but no, they wanted it at once to stir up enthusiasm for departmental work as they put it, so we decided to go ahead and plan for the ~~second~~ Annual Indoor Meet. We set up a large student committee and formulated programs, stunts and events that would require little if any practice. ~~By the first semester~~ 200 girls signed up. All came wearing yellow ties with black ~~and white~~ ties. All leaders for each class were dressed in white trousers (the ~~regular~~ ~~girls~~ girls wearing trousers other than hiking breeches or for a masquerade), blouses and ties of their class colors; the physical education staff wore great yellow diagonal bands across their blouses with the word "Referee." At the student committee's earnest request, the dean of women, the dean of ~~some~~ economics, and I acted as the three judges. This was the one and only event of the year when the three of us faculty women worked together, and agreeable on a project.

After the contests, the girls spent the rest of the evening dancing, happy to have the use of the gym once more and for the ~~first~~ ~~time~~ to get acquainted with the freshman girls. I felt sorry for all the ~~college~~ high-school girls who entered college that fall of 1918 to find ~~the~~ ~~college~~ ~~would~~ so disrupted because of the war.

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By the second semester, things were running somewhat smoothly, most of my staff members had at last swung into line behind me, and the quarrels I had inherited with several departments had ~~disappeared~~.

In mid-February I was surprised by a telegram from a person named Abby Shaw Mayhew saying that she had an important message from Hester Carter to deliver to me and asking me to meet her in ~~Portland~~ at the Benson Hotel. Filled with curiosity and anticipation, I wired acceptance. It turned out that Hester was asking the National YWCA for release from ~~her~~ three-year contract at the close of the first year to return home from China to ~~marry~~ an old friend of many years, a lawyer in Iowa, and she had suggested that I might be willing to fill out her unexpired contract.

Miss Mayhew, a graduate of Wellesley College and the Sargent School of Physical Education, had founded the ~~department~~ of physical education for women at the University of Wisconsin in 1894 ~~and~~ turning her position over to Blanche Trilling in 1912, had gone to China for the International YWCA and established a Normal School of Physical Education in Shanghai. Now returning to China after a second furlough home, she was going back to help Hester start physical education work at Ginling College in Nanking. But Hester was asking for release and Miss Mayhew was offering Hester's position to me, to report in

Shanghai in late August. But I felt I should sack it out at OAC—perhaps I could put that department on a firm professionally-correct foundation, and perhaps even learn to like the place which I greatly desired. It would take another two or three years at the very least. Then, too, I could see so vividly in my mind's eye Father's stricken face when he told me goodbye as I was leaving home to go as far away as Oregon for only nine months. I didn't see how I could ever do this to him—go off to China for two years. Also, I had never dreamed of doing foreign work and felt no particular call for it. And so I just couldn't accept the offer, as much as I hated to disappoint both Hester and this new-found friend, for whom I immediately developed deep admiration. As fate decreed, I only saw Miss Mayhew that one time, but when 13 years later it was my privilege to confer upon her *in absentia* the Honor Award for distinguished service of our national professional association, I recalled with a happy glow what my own meeting with her had meant to me—a sad, discouraged, lonely, homesick young teacher in February 1919.

I arrived back on campus to find trouble brewing from an unexpected source. The best basketball players, determined not to be put off like the hockey players, had organized (unknown to me), and, calling themselves the OAC Varsity Girls' Basketball Team, had issued challenges to other colleges and universities. In my absence over the weekend, word of this had leaked to the president through the president of one of the schools contacted and with me away, he had called in the dean of women and demanded that she put a stop to the proposed games. The dean was furious at being called in on such a mission and was angrily awaiting my return. Why had I stopped the hockey matches and then behind her back set up these basketball games? I had a difficult time convincing her that I, too, knew nothing of this project, and I was deeply hurt that I was considered guilty before I had a chance to utter a word in my own defense. When I learned who the leaders were and rounded them up in my office to talk the matter over, I found I had a real mutiny on my hands. This just when I thought I had things calmed down in all directions! So when a few days later I received a telegram from a person named Vera Barger asking me to meet her in Portland at the request of Miss Mayhew, I gladly complied. This latest unjust criticism from the president and dean of women was the last straw! I was now ready to listen to Miss Mayhew's offer. Anything to get away!

Miss Barger, too, like Miss Mayhew, was a stranger to me. She told me that she was a 1911 graduate of the University of Nebraska where she had specialized in physical education. This was the first I had ever heard that the University of Nebraska trained students in my field, although by then they had been turning out majors in physical education for 19 years. I was chagrined at my ignorance about this teacher training work so close to my home state, but I had to confess that Miss Barger was the first graduate of that department I had ever met or even heard of.

Before we entered the Civil War, Miss Barger had been physical director of the YMCA of Youngstown, Ohio, but once war was declared she was commandeered by the War Work Council of the National YWCA and sent to Kansas to develop recreation programs for the soldiers at Fort Riley and Camp Funston. A year later she was called to the National YWCA headquarters staff in New York City to take charge of the training of recreation leaders to operate munition centers and army camps. This mission took her all over the United States and she was in Portland on this work at this time.

She informed me that Miss Maynew had sent her an SOS begging her to have a talk with me when in Portland. She hoped I would resign my OAC position at the close of the school year and enter a visit back home, go to China in late summer. The offer matched the OAC salary and was considerably better in terms of what I could save since U. S. dollars could be exchanged in China at a two-to-one rate and travel expenses would be paid. So I capitulated and said I would go in August but as it turned out, it was to be almost 10 years later before Vera Barger and I would meet again to pursue a friendship I looked forward to from the moment I met her.

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Following the conference with Miss Barger, I rushed to catch the late-afternoon train back to Corvallis, for I had promised to play on the faculty women's basketball team against the seniors that evening. I was no sooner on the train than I was seized with chills, and my feet and arms felt as if they were made of lead. I longed to go home and directly to bed, but I had had great difficulty getting this faculty women's team fully whipped together and I felt that I must be the last to rail it. So, feeling too miserable to eat any supper, I went directly to the game with the chills now gone but with a suspicion of a temperature creeping up on me. The game had just started when I fainted dead away in the middle of the gymnasium floor. I was now one more flu victim. There was only one physician in the entire town and it was three days before he could get to my apartment. By then, I was running a high temperature and the minute he saw me, he called for help and got me to the YMCA building which had been converted into a college hospital when the epidemic struck.

Since late fall, the flu epidemic had been steadily moving westward. The one physician and a few college nurses were carrying on alone as best they could. With no community hospital, basement rooms in churches were turned into temporary hospitals for the townspeople. They, as well as college faculty and students, were coming down with the flu in great numbers. There were many deaths after only a few days of the epidemic. One faculty woman was teaching on a Tuesday, became ill on Wednesday and died on Thursday. It was frightening.

The nurses from the health service for whom I had made room in the laundry room in the home economics building, were in charge of this hospital, and the bread I had cast upon the waters returned to me many-fold now, for my young seemed too much for them to do to many men. For days, my life hung in balance. Others far more robust than I were coming after only a few days of illness. Many students and several faculty members died in that final strike of the flu on the West Coast. The very attractive young doctor who rode on the train to Portland with me that morning when I met Vera Barton was at the time complaining of feeling cold. Later I learned that she had died two days later, one more victim of the dread disease.

Everyone in the village who knew one thing about home nursing was drafted to work in the two temporary hospitals and the one physician in town took care of both town and college patients. Finally the epidemic was subsiding. I was the last patient admitted into the makeshift college hospital and soon had either died or been released but me, in fact, the hospital was kept open for me until I was able to travel. The few friends on my staff closed out my apartment and packed my belongings and I was sent home as the doctor said "for a few months to recuperate." Little did I dream that it would be a year and a half before I would be back on my feet again. I was a sorry-looking creature, down below 100 pounds, weak as a cat, and utterly stripped of vitality.

When the president through the doctor offered me a leave of absence, I gave my resignation instead. Twice in the years that followed I was approached to see if I would consider returning to that position. I was pleased that in my brief period there I was remembered favorably by someone in the administration. I am sure I would have succeeded in whipping that department into good shape had not the flu epidemic dealt me that almost complete knockout blow, and I am equally sure that once back to normal I would have learned to enjoy life and work at OAC as have the fine young women who have succeeded me through the years in that position.

Home was no longer Centerville, Iowa. During the war, the government had taken over the railroads as a war emergency move. This caused so much difficulty for independent coal operators that Father, by then 66 years old, sold out his share of the Lee Brothers coal business and the old home and moved to Des Moines where my sister Fern had gone into interior decorating business. In April 1919 when I was well enough to make the rail journey to Iowa I joined them to recuperate.

For months, I was worth little and finally had to give up plans to go to China. Even a year after I had returned home I could walk only a few blocks without having to sit on a curbside for my legs to go on. Perhaps Father's deep concern over my going to Oregon had been a real premonition of the troubles in store for me there.

Chapter XII

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An Understanding College President and Some Sweet Mad Youth

The influenza epidemic of the Great War period had taken a serious toll of life in civilian as well as in military circles and had left thousands of others sadly depleted physically. After over a year in the family fold, once more playing the role of childhood years as the family invalid, I was by the summer of 1920 beginning to get on my feet once more, and I was eager to get back to my career for I had to prove myself all over again.

So I wrote to the new director of the department of hygiene of Wellesley College (Miss Homans had retired the year before) of my availability for a position in the fall. Almost immediately I received a letter from Dr. Melvin A. Brannon, president of Beloit College in Wisconsin, informing me that he was looking for a woman to reorganize the department of physical education for women and that Wellesley College had informed him that I was available. He invited me to come to Beloit at their expense to look over the situation.

I stepped off the train from Chicago on a July morning and there at the station to greet me was a tall, distinguished-looking, middle-aged man handsome in a beautifully-tailored white Palm Beach suit. He introduced himself as President Brannon and whisked me off to the president's stately mansion where I was to be a guest. His wife had recently died and he introduced me to the hostess in his home and to his two lovely college-age daughters. It was a home that radiated culture, gentility and refinement, also kindness and friendliness. After a brief pause to chat and to change to a summer dress (for no woman of good taste would have dreamed of taking a train journey in anything but a strictly tailored suit, and a tailored suit, summer as well as winter, then, meant only one thing—wool), I was off to see the campus and to meet the few faculty people who were still in town. Then for a serious talk in the president's office of his



"Visions" of the closing episode in the Beloit College pageant of 1922 celebrating its 75th anniversary.

dreams for the future of physical education for women at Beloit and of my ideas of what could be done toward developing those dreams.

This was a surprising and new experience. Neither of the two college presidents under whom I had worked had discussed my work with me. In eight years at Coe, I had not once had an opportunity to talk to my president of any hopes or dreams I might have had about my work. Nor did I ever sense that he, himself, had the slightest interest in my work or the slightest idea that it was really of any value whatsoever. What my second president thought of my branch of work, I never had a chance to find out. The brevity of my stay at his college and the exigencies of the war limited my acquaintance with him to a few brief telephone calls about military orders. Only once in my several months there did I even see him and that was when he was presiding at the huge mass meeting on that exciting Armistice Day of November 11, 1918.

Now at Beloit College I was meeting a man with whom I knew it would be a joy to work—a man who was ready to accept me as a partner in the educational game. He had an appreciation of my profession, knew about its aims and objectives and desired them to be realized for his students. I was immediately caught up in his enthusiasm and knew at once that here I could start all over again and find great contentment in my work.

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The woman who had just given up the position there (as I later learned) had been deeply interested in those women students who were highly skilled in sports (the minority), only mildly interested in those of medium skills (the great majority) and interested not at all in those of a second minority who were physically unfit—in fact so disinterested that she couldn't be bothered with them and dismissed them from the physical education requirement, thus getting them out of her way. She had been promoting intercollegiate athletics for women to the dismay of most of the faculty, to the downright disapproval of the president and the dean of women, to the neglect of most of the students and to the delight of the few girls who were chosen for her varsity teams. Many of the parents of the neglected girls were threatening to send their daughters elsewhere unless drastic changes were made in the policies and practices of the department of physical education for women. Also, some women students, not interested in intercollegiate athletics but with splendid physical education backgrounds in Chicago suburban high schools, were openly critical of the poor department at Beloit. Two in particular had as freshmen become close friends of Lyda Brannon, the president's younger daughter who was in their class, and she had urged them to take their complaints to her father. This they had done in the early spring and President Brannon had promised them he would do something about it. Now, true to his promise, he was taking action. He carefully concealed all this information from me. Instead he drew me out about how I would organize a department and what I would do for those physically below par, also for the highly skilled, who were not interested in intercollegiate participation, as well as for the in-between ones.

When he asked me about the highly-skilled girls and threw in the statement that the Beloit girls had won all their intercollegiate matches in basketball games the year before, I, alarmed at what he might then expect of me for the coming year, exclaimed:

“Oh! you'll never in the world want me on your staff if what you want is a winning girls' basketball team. I don't approve of competition for girls on the intercollegiate level.”

With this pronouncement I was sure I had spoiled all my chances for consideration, but at least I had been straightforward and honest. So imagine my surprise when immediately he leaned back in his great swivel chair and broke into relieved laughter, exclaiming,

“Fine, Fine! That is just what I was in hopes you would say! I want our next physical director for women to stop this nonsense and give attention to all the students. Whoever takes the position will have hard sledding at first, for last year's varsity girls will be bitterly disappointed if she doesn't carry on and they are girls with influence on the campus.”

"I won't be afraid of them. Perhaps we can soon become friends," I countered.

Then it was that he told me a little of the department's past failures and talked of his hopes for physical education for women students. Here at last I was talking with a real educator, for the president of Beloit College was nationally known in the world of education. I felt new life surging in me. I had not only been seriously ill for the past year and a half, but had come through nine years of discouraging work as far as any encouragement from superior officers was concerned. Now here was a college president who saw eye to eye with me about my work, one who felt my work was important and would give me enthusiastic backing. It seemed too good to be true. Soon, other faculty members drifted in for a chat, and a group of us had lunch together. What a friendly, relaxed feeling there was! I liked the entire atmosphere. Suddenly President Brannon exclaimed, "We are tiring Miss Lee too much!" and turning to a young man, said, "Please escort her to my house and tell the hostess there that I want Miss Lee to have the rest of the afternoon to herself—a nap, reading, whatever she wishes—but to herself." And turning to me, "I hope you don't mind orders. We've tired you out, I fear. Now I want you to be quiet and alone till dinner time!"

And so I was dismissed. How thoughtful and considerate!

As I threw myself on the bed I realized I was tired, dogged tired. After dinner, other faculty people dropped around at the president's home all so informally and friendly, and they talked of Beloit and let me listen and relax. By the time I had said goodnight and was alone in my room for the night I felt that this was where I belonged. I felt as if all those people were my friends of long standing. I seemed to be one with them and as I thought of becoming actually one of them, I burst into tears for I realized I could not accept an offer if it were made in the morning. It would not be fair to them for I was tired, tired to the very marrow of my bones. Just a few hours of conferences and meeting a group of strangers had left me completely exhausted. Was I never to regain my strength—was I now to drift back into years of invalidism? Must I now find some new way to earn my living, some way that would not make heavy physical demands of me? I wanted above everything else in life to be able to maintain my independence—I still felt one great urge to prove to myself, my family, my friends, that I could do it.

When I awakened next morning greatly refreshed, I found that I had slept late and the family had quietly scattered for the day's engagements. President Brannon had left word for me to come to his office as soon as I had breakfast and to have my suitcase ready and he would have it taken to the station for me. When I arrived at his office he was very business-like, and with other duties

pressing asked my pardon if "we got right down to work without any preliminaries" and he at once told me he wanted me to "toss in my lot with them," as he put it. But before I could say a word, he added:

"Now I had thought before you came that if it developed that I wished to bring you to my staff, I would offer you \$2,000. I understand you were getting \$1,800 at Corvallis, but I want you to come so very much that I am offering you \$2,200. I hope you will accept our offer!"

"Oh! No!" I burst out to his great astonishment. How could I go on with it? "I want to accept your offer so very much, but I can't!" In the tenseness of the moment I could not find the words to say what I had to say in the way I so much wanted to say them. So, in my inadequacy, I merely blurted out:

"I'm no good! Really, I'm not! I've been very sick for the past year and a half, and I'm afraid I would go to pieces. I was so tired last night! I'm afraid I can't hold out when the time comes to get down to real work again! You must look for someone else."

In astonishment he asked, "Don't you like us? Is it that you do not want the position here?"

"Oh! No!" I exclaimed, putting my hand up on his desk and leaning towards him to try to make him understand the better what I was saying:

"That isn't it! You don't understand! I really am no good! You wouldn't want me if you really understood! You need someone who can really do the work!"

At that, he reached over and patting me on the hand, said:

"I think I am the best judge of what I want. I understand you have had a serious bout with the influenza. Won't you trust me? Come and work with me. I will keep an eye on you while you are getting completely back on your feet. We'll start out with a light schedule and work up to full schedule gradually. I want you to come very much! Please accept this offer and we'll work out your health problem together. Won't you let me help you get started again?" And he gave my hand a final pat as he rose from his chair.

"Not another word of objection. It is all settled. You do accept?"

What could I do but nod yes, for I wanted so very much to accept. Now my conscience was clear. I had warned him that I was no account and he was willing to take the chance. Sensing that I was close to tears as I nodded my

assent, not trusting myself to speak, he brusquely said as he drew his watch out of his pocket:

“Well, we’ll have to rush. It’s about train time!”

And he put me aboard my train and saw me off with a big smile and a boyish wave of the hand as the train pulled out. And I knew a fine new world was opening up for me. So I went home to devote all my energies to the one task for the rest of the summer—to gain more weight and more strength before fall would come so that I could do the job which President Brannon wanted done, the kind of job I so much wanted to do with a president who would appreciate my efforts and understand what I was striving for. I knew it was going to be a glorious experience—and indeed it was!

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The town of Beloit, then about 30,000 in population, is on Rock River in the southern edge of Wisconsin. It, as well as the college, has a fascinating history as I was soon to discover. It was settled by New Englanders and I was instantly aware of the New England atmosphere that permeated the town with its lovely New England type Congregational Church standing on an attractive village green. Nearby is the New England type “Old Main” or Middle College of the campus set on a hilltop overlooking the river with the several other buildings clustered about it on wooded knolls. All around campus on the three sides away from the river are the homes of prominent citizens and the faculty, exuding friendly togetherness between “town and gown.” A unique feature of the campus is the collection of Indian mounds scattered throughout the wooded knolls.

The college was an outgrowth of a gathering of seven men in the Beloit area who had attended a convention of the Congregational and Presbyterian churches of the Northwest in 1844 in Cleveland, Ohio. At the conclusion of these meetings, this group of seven shared a stateroom on the steamer, *Chesapeake*, for the westward journey home by way of the Great Lakes route, and they discussed the possibility of starting a college for men “in the west” to be located in Beloit.¹ In 1847 the college opened and, because of its heavy leaning upon Yale graduates for its faculty, soon became known as the “Yale of the West.”

One of the three members of its first graduating class was Stephen Denison Peet who later founded and edited *The American Antiquarian* and became known as “Dean of American Archeologists.”² As a student at Beloit he became interested in the strange mounds scattered over the college campus and

sought an explanation from his teachers, but they knew no more about these strange formations than he.

This interest at Beloit in archeology and anthropology, first awakened in undergraduates by those Indian mounds scattered about the campus, has produced many students who later specialized in these fields. Among them was Roy Chapman Andrews, for many years director of the New York Museum of Natural History and discoverer of the dinosaur eggs in Outer Mongolia. His mother kept up the family home in Beloit so that he came to town now and then and generously gave time to his alma mater, so that I was privileged to meet him and hear him speak. It seemed impossible to teach at Beloit without interest in these subjects building up. In my case, it was a prologue to interest in archeology to be awakened 30 years later when on a Fulbright professorship in Baghdad I found nearby the ruins of the ancient cities of Babylon, Ur and Nineveh. I was grateful then that at Beloit College my interest in these subjects had been aroused and all the years between I had been an ardent reader in this field.

The faculty members who concerned me the most were President Brannon, Anna Lyttle Tannahill, the dean of women, and Dr. Herman Conwell, head of mathematics who was shortly to have an important post in the College Athletic Committee, which had control over physical education and athletics. President Brannon, a biologist, was a summa cum laude Ph.D. graduate of the University of Chicago—a real educator in every sense of the word.

Anna Lyttle had graduated from the University of Nebraska at the early age of 18 and had done graduate work at Wellesley and the University of Chicago. While dean of women at an Idaho college, she married a friend of Dr. Brannon's, Mr. Tannahill, who was killed during World War I in an automobile accident while on a trip pushing the sale of war bonds. When a year or so later Dr. Brannon left the presidency of the University of Idaho to go to Beloit, he persuaded his friend's widow to resume educational work and to come to Beloit. Now as Mrs. Tannahill, she was the fifth dean of women I was to come to know. What a contrasting group these women were! Of the five, she proved to be my greatest joy as a partner in educational work. In the tumult of the postwar years, those disturbing and rowdy years of the early 1920s, she was a haven of tranquility, poise and self-possession—a wonderful example to the students. Her instant interest in support of plans for my department meant much to me.

Dr. Herman Conwell, like myself, was one more of the many newcomers to the faculty that fall of 1920. He and his wife were about my age and we had instant liking for each other. Immediately, their home became a second home

for me as they placed me on a "run in anytime" basis and let me know where they kept the cookie jar—the height of neighborliness.

The other faculty members were most cordial and friendly. Not a soul greeted me with a chip on his shoulder, as had happened all too frequently in Oregon. Here I could relax and pick up the unravelled threads of my life once more.

The women students too were cordial and friendly, especially the group whose complaints to President Brannon about the physical education department had resulted in his bringing me to Beloit. I did have to "tread lightly" at first with the past year's varsity basketball girls, but they soon entered enthusiastically into my new plans for them. However, I was in for a surprise when the students arrived on opening days. Here was a new type, a far more sophisticated group than I had encountered in my many years at Coe and my one year at Oregon. Many of these students were from large Chicago suburban high schools and set a totally different collegiate atmosphere from any I had known. These students were more self-adjusting and less needful of an older person with whom they could talk out their personal problems. No longer was much of my time to be taken up "lending ears" to worried students. It was a rare girl at Beloit who sought me out for sympathy, solace or advice, and never a male student. It was a great change in this respect. Now I had more time for reading and socializing with the friendly faculty.

The arrangements for me were that I was to live in Stowell Cottage, an overflow house for the upperclass women's large dormitory, Emerson Hall, across the street. I was to be a "big sister" or cottage chaperone, not a matron or housemother. The Women's Student Government (the first such organization I had as yet encountered in any school that really functioned) was responsible for all discipline matters, routine locking up at night, checking girls in and out and granting permits. This student organization actually functioned and spendidly so.

My salary included the cost of board at Emerson Hall plus a room at Stowell, the remainder to be paid in cash by the month. So I was back to dormitory life once more, but in a cottage with only 14 girls and no responsibility for discipline. It was a pleasant assignment especially since I had my own large room and private bath, a luxury for that day.

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My physician had told me it would take five years to recover completely from the attack of influenza which I had suffered in the 1918-1919 epidemic, and how truly he spoke. I had lost 20 pounds. After a year and a half at home with

Mother's care and excellent food, I was up to 111 pounds. By September, I had gained considerably in physical vigor and with a position secured, I had picked up in self-assurance and arrived at Beloit enthusiastically ready to get back to work once more.

Beloit College was functioning on a three-terms-a-year system, a new experience to me. Although it was well-adapted to physical education—offering fall sports for all of the first quarter, winter activities for the second quarter, and spring sports for all of the third quarter—I never came to like it. Chiefly, I didn't like the disruption for final exams and getting in grades and registering, which came three times a year instead of two. But I eagerly tried it and got what enjoyment I could out of having to arrange physical education classes once for each of three terms instead of twice for each of two semesters with part-indoor and part-outdoor seasons.

President Brannon had insisted that I keep my actual teaching hours down to three hours each of credit classes for freshmen and sophomores and a three-hour elective course for upper-class girls for a total of nine hours for the fall term, to start on, but I persuaded him that I must have at least 12 hours plus time to get the Woman's Athletic Association reorganized with some after-school sports. He consented to this schedule but warned that he would be keeping an eye on me and if I seemed to be getting too tired, he would order the extras dropped. I assured him that I had arrived at the place where now I needed activity and exercise to build strength and endurance. To this he agreed.

As director of physical education for women, I had jumped from no academic standing at Coe to a full professorship at Oregon Agricultural College and immediately at Beloit plunged back again to non-academic rating and to a one-man staff. But at the time, this mattered not at all to me. It was how I was accepted as a person by my coworkers that counted and I had no complaints at Beloit. It was my directorship that set the pattern for my salary which was considerably better at Beloit with no academic rank than it had been at Oregon as a full professor with a five-person staff under me and a building of my own to look after. President Brannon had been most generous with me, and taking such a gamble on me to boot. And at Beloit I was given a raise of \$100 each year, without even as much as a hint that I even desired a raise, which most certainly would never have come from me, grateful as I was for the kindly consideration I received in so many ways.

In the midst of my picking up the reins of my career once more, I came upon the published presidential speech which Dr. Dudley Reed of the University of Chicago had made at my profession's national convention in 1920 and it affected me deeply, for he expressed so well the feelings I felt in regard to my work but which I could never effectively put into words. Now I copied a part of

this speech and kept it posted over my office desk. These words are still worth posting today. In part, Dr. Reed had said:

We yearn for definite, logical, unwasteful methods of procedure and concrete laboratory proof of accomplishment. We long for figures which do not lie. . . . We would have fool-proof systems of instruction which prescribe what each teacher shall teach on each day. . . . We would have standards of efficiency and tests of progress, measurements and proofs. Properly applied these things may be good. . . . If they tend to make us forget the immeasurable elements of human nature, the difficult problems of individuals and the moral factors in accomplishment, they are not unmixed good. . . . The greatest things in human experience and the most real are not the least tangible. The weight of a mother's love would not cause your balance beam to quiver. The patriotism of a boy in khaki is not measured in foot pounds. The calorimeter will not record the beauty of a sunset on a mountain lake. Your tape is not long enough to encircle happiness nor your calipers accurate enough to evaluate the grief of a child with a broken toy. But such are the things that make up life. Such are the things that determine personality. . . . To forget individual human nature in the lust for figures is to handicap ourselves in the fact of opportunity. . . . In certain respects those of us who are teaching athletic teams are the best educators of us all. We know that the best results are not obtained by treating all individuals by rule of thumb. We have learned to prod the sluggard, to curb the impetuous, to inspire the cowardly, to encourage the sensitive, to humor the petulant, to make the poor man good and the good man better. And this we do by recognizing not only what the tape shows but also the mental and moral qualities which make one person unlike another. . . . Would it not be well for us whose privilege it is to work with individuals on so intimate a footing to take cognizance of man as he is, the imponderable as well as the ponderable? . . . Might we not all be better men if we were more human?³

Yes, I was determined to do my bit to "forge the immeasurable elements of human nature" in my pupils and in the doing of it to be more human myself.

I had been giving physical examinations to my pupils since my first position in 1910—now in 1920 I was introducing them to Beloit College women. I gave the examinations in my large office room which I screened off into compartments for weighing and taking measurements and a private one for posture examinations. From these examinations I classified all the students, as I had done all eight years at Coe, into groups, A, B, C and D, permitting those in A group to elect anything they desired of departmental offerings for class work, those in B to have two hours of a set requirement and one hour elective, those in Group C to take all three hours of special exercises as prescribed for each and

those in Group D, restricted work, two hours a week of personally prescribed exercises with individual instruction and supervision and one hour of hygiene. The elective activities were grouped into three classes—group sports (hockey, basketball, baseball), individual sports (tennis, archery, swimming), and dancing. The girls were overjoyed at this program which seemed like wealth compared to the limitations of the preceding years. Excluding the restricted girls, most took for fall, hockey two hours and one hour of either tennis or hiking (hiking was run in when I decided not to attempt to introduce archery until the following year); for winter, basketball or gymnastics for two hours and one hour of dancing or swimming; for spring, two hours of baseball and one hour of tennis or hiking.

I soon learned that Beloit, like Corvallis, was in an iodine-deficiency belt. Many of the students had goiters which concerned me in reference to their exercise program but I had no physician available for consultation. So I took up the matter with President Brannon at once. He hadn't realized that such a problem existed. Apparently my predecessor had ignored it. So he called a local physician and asked him to receive me for consultation about student welfare whenever I felt it necessary to have advice and to send the bill to the college. This opened the door to organizing a corps of physicians in the community who would take turns giving medical examinations for my department. I inherited not one scrap of information of any kind about any students. Now as I had done at Coe, I designed physical examination cards and got this phase of a physical education program going at Beloit, and in my second year I began begging for some rooms to be set aside in one of the dormitories as an infirmary and for a college nurse. This latter idea, however, did not materialize easily. A few administrative officers opposed it as an unnecessary expenditure. If students became seriously ill they could go home or to a hospital. And I asked, "What about these light illnesses that spread like wildfire through a dormitory when there is no one with authority to isolate?" Finally in my third year a serious epidemic of scarlet fever broke out in one of the dormitories. The college capitulated and established a college infirmary in a house near campus and hired a full-time college nurse who was to be backed up by a core of local physicians as needed. This was one triumph I was proud of, even if it took an epidemic to assist me.

But living in an iodine-deficiency belt did things to me. At least I now blame the trouble on this, although at the time I did not know even to suspect it as the cause. The migraine headaches I had suffered at uncertain intervals throughout my high school years now returned, but from what we now know of migraine headaches, these earlier ones were no doubt due to faulty posture causing muscular tensions. Since I was not a meticulous perfectionist nor frustrated in my career (two acknowledged causes today for migraine), another cause, iodine-deficiency, might be the answer. However, at that time we knew nothing of such a cause, nor did we know that aspirin has no effect on

migraines. Fearful of ever taking any drug without a physician's advice to do so, I never dreamed of taking even aspirin on my own. So I suffered these attacks isolated in a darkened room since light intensified the pain, and with a sign on my door for no one to enter. A footstep across the floor, the opening of a door intensified the throbbing aching that spread throughout the temples, forehead, back of head, neck and even face, and left me helpless and too weak to lift my head from the pillow until the storm had worn itself out. After the several years of freedom from migraine headaches, they had returned briefly while in Oregon, and then had gradually cleared up after a return to Iowa. I took their return in Beloit to be the after-effect of the flu and the tension of return to work, and so I suffered them out about once every week or two regularly all four years in Beloit. (When I left Beloit for Nebraska where I have lived these over 50 years since, these headaches vanished never to return.) Iodized salt was as yet not talked of. Perhaps it might have saved me all those headaches. I wonder if the Department of Physical Education for Women both at Oregon Agricultural College and Beloit College today have as many cases of goiter as I found in both places in the late 1910s and 1920s.

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The department I inherited at Beloit had been started in 1899 (so I was to learn many years later—in fact, not until I had retired when I took time at long last to do research into the history of the departments of the four colleges where I had taught, and also of Wellesley where I had been a student). Beloit had been established as a college for men and did function so for almost a half century before it opened its doors to women students in 1895. Four years later, it brought to the faculty as director of the women's gymnasium Cora Palmer, a graduate of Oberlin College. Although she graduated there before that college established an academic major in physical education, she did take the special courses offered in physical education and did procure a special certificate of competence in the subject. Her teacher, Dr. Delphine Hanna, was one of the earliest pupils of Harvard's Dudley A. Sargent at his private physical education school, which would account for the fact that Miss Palmer gave her pupils at Beloit work on the "Sargent developing apparatus,"⁴ and also physical examinations and exercise prescriptions for individual needs, a specialty of both Dr. Sargent and his pupil, Delphine Hanna.

The college women of that day rated what must have been a fairly good gymnasium even though relegated to the attic of Emerson Hall. Since this dormitory was unusually large, the attic must have furnished a large exercise floor. Also there were dressing rooms with showers. The catalog of 1902 reports that physical education was required of all women students for three years. Miss Palmer put on an annual Girls' Prom, beginning in 1908-1909 when the girls waltzed and two-stepped together at their all-girl party, the

earliest one attended by 200. This antedates my first all-girls Colonial Ball at Coe by two years. Miss Palmer stayed in her position for 11 years (1899-1910), providing a program of gymnastics and rhythmical activities such as was offered at few schools in the Middle West in this opening decade of the new century. But she offered no sports.

In the next 10 years there were to be five more women directors of physical education at Beloit. The second woman to hold the position was Margaret Fuller Rogers whose tenure was from 1910 to 1913. The catalog listed her as director of women's gymnasium and instructor of physical training but does not mention where she received her training. So Beloit at an early date recognized the position with academic rank. She gave the girls dumbbell, wands and Indian club exercises and esthetic dance.⁵ The third director of physical education for women was Mary Edith Cutter, a 1910 graduate of the University of Minnesota, who held the position for the one year only, 1913-1914. By the fall of 1913 the girls were playing tennis on two courts at Emerson Hall. That winter, Miss Cutter introduced a game new to Beloit girls, basketball. Apparently they had not played it before this and no doubt the game was possible at this time only because the women were granted the use of the court in the men's Smith Gymnasium on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. This must have marked the date when the girls got that first proverbial toe-hold in the door opening the men's gymnasium to them and for years afterwards causing much complaint from the men. In the spring of 1914, Miss Cutter gave Beloit its first May pageant—three years after I had put on the first at Coe. It was staged on the great lawn of Emerson Hall.

The fourth director, 1914-1916, was Florence Farnum, a 1913 graduate of the University of Nebraska with a major in physical education. She attempted to carry on with the May Fete her first spring there but rain interrupted just as the program was starting, and it was neither finished nor attempted at a later date. These are the only records found in college yearbooks of May fetes at Beloit College.

Ruth Jeanette Davis, a 1914 graduate of the University of Nebraska, another major there in physical education, came to the position in the fall of 1916. During her two-year directorship she carried on the program of Swedish gymnastics for the entire freshman year and German gymnastics for the entire sophomore year. This no doubt had been the requirement the two previous years under Miss Farnum for both of these women were Nebraska graduates, and in 1924 I was to find to my dismay that this was even then still the pattern for the full two years of the women's physical education program there for the regular women students. The third year requirement at Beloit seems to have been dropped. When the swimming pool was put in at Smith Gymnasium in 1917, Miss Davis procured its use for a few hours per week for the women.

Elsie Spahr succeeded Miss Davis in 1918 (Beloit archives give no record of where she received her training). She procured the use of Smith gymnasium for women's activities other than swimming. The permit for basketball of five years earlier had apparently been canceled. According to the available records, Miss Spahr was the first physical director there to attempt to organize a Woman's Athletic Association. Under it, she set up an Outing Club, a Pep Club, and a "Literary Sorority" in which membership hinged on a perfect attendance record and excellent grades in physical education. For the credit class program, she carried on the two years of Swedish and German gymnastics offered the previous four years, but she added in the winter, basketball, swimming, esthetic and interpretive dancing; and in the spring, baseball, volleyball, swimming, track and tennis.

She must have been a good promoter, for the 1920 yearbook, *The Codex*, was the first to give real coverage to women's physical activities. The 1915 and 1917 issues had each been given one page headed, "Beloit Women In Athletics" as a section under a department headed "Girls' Activities." But Miss Spahr got an eight-page section in the 1919-1920 *Codex* entitled "Co-ed Athletics," which carried for the first time a picture of the Woman's Athletic Association officers and of a college girls' basketball team. It reports that with the coming of Miss Spahr, basketball was made a requirement of all freshman and sophomore girls and that in the year 1918-1919, the girls' varsity team had played Lawrence and Monmouth Colleges. It also reported that a girls' baseball diamond had been laid out on the Emerson Hall tennis courts. From the reports handed on to me from faculty and students, the girls of 1918-1920, regardless of the ambitious program "on paper," apparently got little attention except for varsity basketball. This was the situation I inherited when I took over the department of physical education for women at Beloit College in the fall of 1920 as its seventh director in 20 years.

The men's department with which the women's department was to share the one and only gymnasium, as at Coe, was one of the oldest physical education departments west of Chicago. From the 1850s on, the men students had carried on sports on their own. By 1867 they had a college baseball team called the Olympian Baseball Club, coached by Henry T. Wright, class of 1866, who claimed it to be the first college baseball team west of the Alleghenies.⁴ The pitcher was W. A. Cochran, a town chap and a senior who pitched every game and won all, even defeating a Milwaukee semi-pro team. Since it is claimed to have been the first college team in the Middle West, one wonders what teams it played against besides Milwaukee semi-pros in 1867.

In the late 1880s a group of students set up an outdoor gymnasium of sorts under a great oak on the site of the later Smith Gymnasium with flying rings installed from a great over-hanging branch, and the fellows contributed what

they had to offer in way of mitts, balls, fencing equipment, boxing gloves and the like. But it was not until the early 1890s that the college awakened to the need of an organized physical education department and obtained the part-time services of Glen E. Plum, an Oberlin College graduate, who later made a name for himself as the author of the Plum Plan for operating the nation's railroads.⁷ In 1892 the college went a step further and hired the first athletic coach,⁸ and in 1894 the college brought to the faculty its first full-time teacher of "physical culture" using the title used by the University of Chicago when it opened its doors in 1892. This first full-time Beloit assignment was dignified with the academic rank of instructor. By 1906, there was added to the title director of Smith gymnasium; and by 1908 the position was dignified with the listing of director of gymnasium and assistant professor of physical training.

The Smith Gymnasium, today's student union building, built in 1904-1905, probably on the site of the oak-tree gymnasium of earlier years, was a large building with a standard swimming pool in the basement which was not installed until after the Great War. Men's and women's dressing rooms and offices were on the first floor and a large drill floor with a running track and visitors' galleries occupied the top floors.

In that fall of 1920 there was an entire turnover of staff in both departments. "Tommy" Mills, a Beloit graduate of 1905, was new on the faculty as head of men's athletics and physical education, having come from Creighton University in Omaha where he had been football coach. Also new was his assistant, Edmund J. Osgood, a Grinnell College graduate of 1918. We three started out together, graduates of Beloit, Grinnell and Coe, all in the same athletic conference. I soon discovered that "Tommy," as the students called him, was inclined to be a bit of a dictator and also was somewhat dramatic and flamboyant, but "Ozzie," as his assistant was known, made a good shield for me when Tommy went on the rampage, wishing to clear all of us women out of the building. Our offices were at opposite ends of the building. As the main entrance to the building was reached by a wide outside stairway leading directly out of the men's offices and dressing room, it was reserved for the exclusive use of the men. We women had to go around to a side ground level entrance. Therefore, our paths seldom crossed, and I had little opportunity to help establish the friendly relationship such as had existed between the two staffs at Coe College.

* * * *

The Beloit catalog announced the women's physical education program prosaically as merely elementary and advanced gymnastics, correctives and hygiene, completely ignoring from my second year on that it also included elementary and advanced interpretive dancing, folk dancing, swimming,

hockey, basketball, volleyball, archery, tennis, bowling and baseball. I was never given an opportunity at either Coe or Beloit to prepare or approve material for the catalog in regard to my own departmental courses. Yet regardless of catalog announcements, I was quite free at Beloit as well as at Coe to offer whatever I pleased insofar as there were facilities and equipment available for the activities desired and at the hours needed.

Immediately upon the opening of college my first year at Beloit, I was confronted by members of the past year's varsity basketball team eager to learn when practices would begin. They were filled with dismay to learn that we would give no thought to basketball until winter but that I hoped to introduce English field hockey in its place to all the women students for the fall term. Intrigued over the prospects of a new game, they soon came around and helped me make a big success of field hockey, so successful that faculty and men students frequently stopped by the field, between Middle College and the freshmen girls' dormitory, to see what this game could be about that was holding the women's interest throughout the glorious fall weather. On occasion the girls even got up before daylight, and were out on the field ready to play as soon as it was light enough to see the ball the length of the field—all this in order to play off match games before breakfast in order to get all in before the season would end. Never, except among the Coe girls, did I experience such devotion to a sport.

Although girls in America had been playing field hockey since 1901, the Beloit girls did not know the game by the fall of 1920 in spite of their having had supposedly trained physical directors for over 20 years. Also, no restricted or corrective work had been offered for those unable to keep up with the regular run of active girls, except under the first director at the turn of the century who was trained by Delphine Hanna of Oberlin College. Nor had they had the fun of intramural competitive sports; if they had dancing, as no doubt they did, since they had put on a May Fete some years before, it had died out and I had to start dance classes once more from scratch. There was too much to be done to revive a run-down department to give basketball a thought for several weeks yet.

Through all the excitement of getting my department on its feet once more, Prexy kept a close eye on me and frequently called me to his office to remonstrate over some of my enthusiasms and my eagerness to get things moving.

"You don't have to do everything all at once," he would say, "remember there will be other years. Promise you will take things easier." Then he would walk to the door of his outer office with me and with a friendly pat on the arm would say:

“Remember, now, let me hear no more of these new plans until next year!”
How many times this little scene was acted out my first two years at Beloit!

I had been there only a few weeks when the student paper came out with this: “Beloit women welcome Miss Lee with open arms, for we realize that we are entering upon a new era in women’s athletics and that the wishes and desires of the many are at last to be granted.”⁹

Surprised to learn that the Beloit girls of 1920 knew nothing of the Athletic Conference of American College Women, I immediately arranged for their joining in time to send a delegate to the triennial convention at the University of Indiana in the spring of 1921, thus putting Beloit in contact with this national movement. (Many years later in doing research into the beginnings of this organization, I discovered that Beloit College had been represented at its founding in 1917 but apparently it had let this tie die out.)

Trying to get swimming back on the schedule after my predecessor had given it up, I negotiated all fall with the men’s department and the Athletic Committee, and (because of the anger of the men students over the idea of sharing the pool with the women) finally with the faculty itself for a final showdown. Over the stiff resistance of the men’s department and the horrified outcries of the men students, I finally won permission for the women to use the pool part-time, and Prexy saw to it that I had a paid lifeguard on duty at all swimming hours.

Now, too, I started correctives (as we called this activity then) for the restricted students. These classes I kept down to a very few girls per section and held the classes in my office which was to my joy a large room with two large windows and a private adjoining dressing room. This spared me the bother of negotiating with the men for additional use of the large gym floor and also could be worked in at any day and hour that suited the schedules of the girls involved.

I felt all these activities constituted the minimum of what I should be doing, and they did not as yet include the non-required work—the after-school hours sports program of a Woman’s Athletic Association—which I hoped to get organized at once. President Brannon was highly skeptical of the amount of work the program was developing into for me, yet highly approving of it all. He asked me if I could use a student assistant to relieve my load. He had in mind one of the freshmen of the previous year who had had excellent physical education at Oak Park High School in suburban Chicago, was one who had begged for a change in the physical education department and a student who could well do with a chance to earn some money. When he mentioned her, I was delighted for I had already recognized her as an excellent and enthusiastic sports person and a student who from the very first was 100 percent with me on my philosophy of sports. Thus it was that Mary Wheeler, a sophomore, became my

student assistant, and a most valuable one, and with her help my entire program at Beloit was launched with Prexy's blessing.

Come winter I was glad to get back to the teaching of gymnastics once more after a two-year interlude. I always enjoyed gymnastics as a student and teacher and as a rule was able to make my pupils share my enjoyment, but never did I have students who were more enthusiastic than these Beloit girls. The only explanation I have is that a large percentage of these girls had come from high schools where they had had excellent physical education training, and in the late 1910s this meant good gymnastics. Never before had I students who had experienced physical training of any kind in their public school days.

As I think back over the success I had at Beloit with gymnastics at the very time when this activity was being heavily attacked by many educators, I am amazed. Arguments about this activity had been rife in the United States for at least a quarter of a century. The movement in its earlier phase was not against gymnastics per se but whether German or Swedish gymnastics should be taught in the schools. Educators were taking sides for one or the other. Now spearheaded from Columbia University, an attack was being waged on all foreign systems of gymnastics as un-American. This type of formal disciplined work done by pupils at the commands of a teacher was declared inappropriate in the education of youth to prepare them to live in a democracy. As early as 1920, shortly before his death, Dudley Sargent of Harvard had seen the handwriting on the wall as the progressive education movement was gathering momentum. At a speech at the convention of the American Physical Education Association in that year, he exclaimed:

To condemn a thing simply because it is old or to recommend it simply because it is new, is not the best way to advance our cause. Read into physical education every thing you can of the slightest value but don't read out of it the most fundamental thing of all—that is, all-round *muscular exercise*.¹⁰

But Jesse Feiring Williams of Columbia University (then coming into notice in the profession and seizing every opportunity to poke fun at the exponents of old forms of gymnastics) countered with the statement that we needed to aim higher than profuse perspiration, declaring that "calisthenics and gymnastics are a deformity in education and we should seek a cure."¹¹

Apparently the girls at Beloit had not heard of this new philosophy and as I considered the attacks on the teaching of gymnastics so much nonsense, I went blithely on my own way teaching Swedish gymnastics. In fact, both as a student and a teacher, I did my best technical work in Swedish gymnastics and I was enthusiastic about the physical benefits I could bring to my students through

gymnastics which had done so much for me. With assurance about what I was doing, I refused to toss gymnastics out of my program.

My students at Beloit rewarded my efforts with excellent performance just as had my Coe girls before them. But at Beloit, because of the enthusiasm of the girls for gymnastic marching with which I usually ended each class hour, I stumbled upon a new quirk for voluntary out-of-class work. After some training, the girls in one class in particular had become quite proficient so that no matter how fast I threw the commands at them, I could not readily catch them off-guard. When the bell rang and I would bring them to a halt and call out "Class dismissed," they would shout, "No, No! Let us march some more!" But I had to stand firm. So one day at their disappointed calls for more, I suggested that we have a marching "spell-down" on a Saturday morning—open to all who were interested in it and from all of the classes. "Yes, yes," they called out, "let's do it."

And so, on many a Saturday morning after a check with me, the cry would go up at one of the three women's dormitories and passed along to the other two. "Everybody out for a marching spell-down over at the gym in 30 minutes" and a good-sized group would be there. Many times ahead of me, waiting for the dressing room door to be unlocked. Then, what fun! The minute any one girl failed to follow a command correctly she had to drop out. Then a realignment and a fresh start. This we would keep until only one girl was left on the floor. Sometimes it took a long time, sometimes only a short time to get down to the champion, but no matter what the time, at the end all would dash onto the floor, again shouting "More, more! Let's do it again" just like grade school children or young adults demanding an encore at a dancing party.

In reply to those philosophers in my profession who were declaring that all forms of formal gymnastics were not the right kind of education for living in a democracy and that children and youth hated formal gymnastics anyway, I longed for them to see my girls perform and with such enthusiasm and beyond any class requirements—all for the joy of it. Some of those girls I later watched grow into wonderful citizens. I am sure this activity did not damage their sense of democracy in any way.

* * * *

As soon as time permitted and Prexy did not frown on such an extra too heavily, I reactivated the Woman's Athletic Association which had existed on a great scale on paper but only half-heartedly in reality in the years just before my coming to Beloit. By spring, the college paper took note of this effort as follows:

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Under Miss Lee, the program of the department includes organized games, aesthetic and folk dancing, swimming, gymnastics, and corrective work. The latter has been stressed particularly because it was felt that the women not physically perfect should receive special attention. The number of athletic sports enjoyed by the girls has been materially increased under Miss Lee's able coaching. Not a little of the successes of the Woman's Athletic Association has been due to her efforts.¹²

Mary Wheeler, my student assistant, had been active in a thriving Girls' Athletic Association in Oak Park High School and from this experience was valuable help to me in our college WAA and took the lead in stirring up enthusiasm for its activities and in running them off.

Throughout the years I have strongly felt that the way to provide recreational sports is to offer opportunities to all who desire to play—the "dubs" as well as the skilled players. As a result, we had a turnout of a large percentage of all women students just as I had at Coe. At this time, the girls at the University of Wisconsin nearby were coming out by the hundreds for a great variety of sports. I never knew what percent these hundreds represented of the total woman enrollment there but it must have been high. In my much smaller school, the interclass team system took care of all who wished to come out for any sport, most sports bringing enough for at least two teams in each class. From these we chose a first and second team, then played off first and second team interclass tournaments, ending with the choosing of an honorary varsity team. So many girls were coming out for all sports at Beloit now that the college was having a real awakening to the possibilities of the physically active life for women.

With the WAA well-organized and actively functioning through its officers and various sports managers, we ran off an indoor meet such as I had held 10 years before at Coe, a swimming meet and a WAA banquet. For the indoor meet, we used 10 activities; on the horse, face vault, straddle vault with 90 degree turn, and straddle mount and dismount; on the Swedish ladder, forward and side travel; on the flying rings, travel with twist; on the parallel bars, right and left swings; and at the bar stalls, head stand.

After all these activities were well underway, we started a hiking club within the WAA. From its very start, it was an ambitious undertaking leading up to hare-and-hound chases and to picnics in some wooded spot which a kindly farmer gave permission for use. One winter chase across fields along trails in the snow led to a farmer's house where the wife, by advance arrangement, had piping hot oyster stew awaiting the hungry and cold "hounds." These peppy Beloit girls were the only ones in a 44-year career of teaching I was able to interest in hare-and-hound chases in any time of year, let alone in the winter.

Hiking became such a fad with the women that they begged to be allowed to

wear knickers while on hikes. This new garment had become quite a fad for golf in the early twenties. On the visit of the Prince of Wales to the United States about that time he had frequently appeared so attired, and knickers for ladies as well as for men shortly came on the market. However, this request stirred up quite a hornet's nest among the men.

When the college authorities decided that I should be responsible for fire drills in the women's dormitories, leaning on my earlier experiences at Coe, I channeled this responsibility into the hands of the WAA and the girls rose to the occasion splendidly. They appointed a committee to meet with me and this committee developed a corps of student fire captains who, with one of their number serving as fire chief, ran off the fire drills. Such an arrangement I could not have managed 10 years earlier at Coe, for then college faculties, as a rule, did not trust students with such leadership duties. Now in a college that was completely sold on student government and a decade later when college faculties had begun to see the light, the idea worked splendidly.

At the end of each sports season the WAA gave a party or picnic for all girls who had taken part in the sport. It had taken a two-year buildup of a program covering the required classwork, recreational activities and some health promotion. The social activities reached all women students, which was deeply welcomed, particularly by those whom the fraternity and sorority social affairs did not reach. I was pleased when the campus forgot my "wild schemes," as the boys liked to call them, enough for the college biennial book *Codex* to come out in late spring of 1922 with 16 pages of photographs and write-ups of all the departmental activities with one full-page tribute to me which said, in part:

For the last two years, Miss Mabel Lee has been director of the Department of Physical Education for Women. Miss Lee is a woman of exceptional personality and ability and has completely reorganized the work of the department. In the past, physical education has meant only drudgery and inconvenience to the women. It failed to give them the splendid opportunities for physical development which every woman needs.¹³

* * * *

The successes of the department of physical education for women were not welcomed wholeheartedly by the men students since the more activities we organized, the more we asked for a share in Smith Gymnasium, the only gymnasium for the entire student body. The men didn't want to use the entire building all the time for organized activities, but they were accustomed to having the gym floor and pool available for their personal use as the fancy struck. The women were demanding unused class periods for their own classwork, and thus the men were unhappy that the women's department was waking up and demanding attention and a fair share of facilities.

The spring before I discovered Beloit, the 1918-1920 issue of *Codex* came off press, opening with the following:

I
can never
forget the golden
glory of it
The
sweet mad youth
at
Old Beloit

Everyone was still quoting it when I arrived and shortly I was to come to realize what it meant to me—sweet young girls and mad mad young boys.

Not until I learned that the college opened its doors to women only in 1895, did I get the full implication for my departmental work of the undercurrent of non-acceptance of women on campus by many men students. And no department was more resented than the department of physical education for women because it was the one threat to the men in demanding a share in the one building the men felt should be their exclusive domain.

My predecessors evidently had not been much of a threat to their liberties. Now things were different. The women of the nation had won their 72-year war for equal suffrage the very summer I had accepted appointment at Beloit. Now the women students championed by me were demanding a much larger share of the gymnasium, including the pool, and the men, alarmed at the support the women were now getting from the Faculty Athletic Committee and President Brannon, were not letting a chance go by to poke fun at me and the women students. This campaign did not include the great mass of men students but it was kept alive by a few with much influence and cleverness at subtlety and hiding behind the skirts of others.

From all I could ever pick up "by the grapevine," a particular fraternity, backed by its alumni, kept alive the 25-year dislike for the presence of women on campus. But I never knew for sure which fraternity it was. No matter, they had a big "to-do" over our women's hiking club and when the girls won permission from the dean of women to don knickers on their club hikes, the men stirred up enough sentiment against it that the student paper came out with: "Women now have the vote but for Heaven's sake let's not let them begin wearing pants, too."¹⁴ Earlier when my first attempts at bringing the department of physical education up-to-date brought demands for more use of the gym, the student paper said:

Since Miss Lee has come to the Beloit faculty she has introduced many

innovations—most of them wild! The next thing we know she will be bobbing her hair.¹⁵

What could a woman teacher of 1921 do that would be wilder?

In spite of these pinpricks from disgruntled men students, what a joy it was to work in an atmosphere of complete confidence and approval of my efforts from the faculty and women students.

I won permission for the girls to wear bloomers on the campus for outdoor sports, and the men took the occasion for a few snide remarks, but this innovation caused nothing of an explosion compared to the earlier uproar over knickers. In my third year at Beloit (1922-1923), there was an increased enrollment in the college and I had 22 girls sent to live with me in Stowell Cottage, but "the more the merrier" I said, since I had no disciplinary problems to handle and since they were all such fine young girls. But this increased enrollment caused troubles with my departmental work, for there was little room for expansion in the gymnasium. As it was, the men were complaining in the student paper that "the women use the gymnasium most of the time and yet the building was built for the men as the inscription on the copper slab on the cornerstone proclaims." True enough, the men had ruled almost supreme in the gymnasium up to the time of my coming.

The boys apparently had been in the habit of running all over the building in the nude. One day, assuming that the men had left a gymnastics class by the door leading to their dressing room since the last bell had rung, I walked out onto the gym floor with a class of girls at my heels only to find a floor full of boys playing basketball, every Mother's son of one team strip-stark naked, the other team with some item of clothing on to differentiate the two teams. I was furious. Many a time I, alone, had encountered nude boys in the hallway when I had needed to go across to the men's office at the opposite side of the building for some conference and always I had protested to the men's director who assured me it wouldn't happen again. However, he added a disgruntled aside to the effect that women had no business in that building anyway. But this time the boys were on the large gym floor at a time when the floor was assigned to the girls. The girls had turned and fled to their dressing room, some in tears, many furiously angry. I followed them, calmed them down as best I could, and dismissed them. Then I changed into street clothes and made one beeline to the office of Dr. Herman Conwell who was chairman of the college athletic committee. He was as angry as I and when I told him of my earlier experiences and broken promises, Dr. Conwell said, "We're going to the president with this." There was a prompt order to the men's department that if any man was ever again seen outside the men's dressing room or swimming pool nude, he would be expelled. The men were in an uproar over this ruling, and I came in for much abuse in the college paper.

Despite all the complaints by the men students, my classes were using the gym floor only half of the morning hours, and the least favorable ones at that, and only 5 out of the 20 afternoon hours. But that was more than my predecessor had demanded for required classwork.

Permission to use the swimming pool in the basement had also caused an uproar. The student paper even came out with this one day shortly after we had started to use the pool:

SWIM CLASS MEET CANCELLED BY OZZIE

Cancellation of the proposed interclass swimming meet was announced Thursday by Coach E. J. Osgood. The reason given for the action was that the meet would interfere with the use of the tank by the women of the college.

Since the tank has been put at the complete disposal of the women's athletic department, any aquatic hopes the men might have cherished have been shattered, according to Coach Osgood.¹⁶

Of course the tank had not been put at the complete disposal of the women. We used it only during the hours agreed upon. The boys wanted the use of the tank anytime any boy might take a fancy to have a swim. In the fall and spring we were allowed to use the swimming pool four hours a week and the first year not at all in the winter, but since there were no hair-drying machines on the market as yet and this was still the day of long hair, we had no quarrel with the winter shutout. However, my second year I did get an additional swimming class hour arranged at the town YMCA pool at the same time I had procured the use of the bowling alleys there for the women students.

Pressed for still more space in my third year, I persuaded Fairbanks Morse, a large manufacturing concern near campus that maintained tennis courts for their employees, to let the college women use their courts during the workday hours when they were not in use. The Warners, a prominent local family with a huge lawn and a lawn tennis court near campus, hearing through their college son of my need for more facilities, kindly offered me the use of their court, a most generous gesture, deeply appreciated. So now I could offer more tennis and with bowling added. I still further increased my offerings by starting archery, using an isolated corner of the campus for the range, and in the winter I introduced volleyball. Then I found a large room in Scoville Hall not in use several hours during the week. With a platform at one end, it had served as an auditorium in the early years of the college, and now with the chairs pushed back against the wall made it a fairly good room for dance classes. The college rented a piano for this room and put up screens at one end to fashion a dressing room. Thus we acquired more space to expand without asking the men to give up any more hours at the gymnasium.

* * * *

Mary Wheeler dropped out of college my second year there, as she was needed at home, but she took some courses at the Chicago Normal School of Gymnastics and assisted part-time in the physical education department in the Oak Park high school, so when she returned to Beloit, she was even better prepared to assist me. In her absence, Miriam Wagner, a Beloit town girl, then a junior, had helped me but she had not had the fine high school physical education experience Mary had received at Oak Park, so I had to devote much time at first to train her. However, she was highly skilled in physical activities and, most important for me, an excellent swimmer.

President Brannon, concerned about all the expansion in my department in my first two years and my enlarging schedule, still protested that I was undertaking too much. I had gained strength and endurance and a little weight, but he insisted that I must not lose ground. So since Mary Wheeler was returning to continue with her college work the next year, Prexy insisted that I use both student assistants and hold to my original 12-hour teaching load.

With two assistants and both such "eager beavers," I expanded Woman's Athletic Association activities still more, and also found time to do research work along professional lines. I had been out of school 12 years and had not been drawn into any such work other than collecting data on periodic physiological functioning for Dr. Clelia Mosher in the 1910s at Coe. The Society of Directors of Physical Education for College Women of the Middle West, which I had joined in 1918, held its conference at Iowa Agricultural College in Ames in the spring of 1922. There the older women were talking of efficiency tests which they were giving. I procured the directions for giving the tests and started my own testing program—using a battery of tests covering coordination, balance, accuracy, arm and shoulder strength, agility and speed. From the first tests the Beloit girls fell into the following groups: A, 2 percent; B, 10 percent; C, 70 percent, and D, 18 percent. It was such a novelty to hear of testing physical efficiency of women that one issue of the student paper *Round Table* gave this project large headlines and almost an entire column write-up.¹⁷

I had also become interested, through reports picked up at conventions, in the new machine called the schematograph, developed at the University of California for recording posture. It proved too costly for us to purchase but when I explained the machine to Professor Shallenberger, head of the physics department, and showed him drawings, he volunteered to make one from cameras and other materials in his own laboratory. His young, pre-school age son was induced to serve as model as the two of us experimented with the homemade machine until we were satisfied with it. Thus, the physics department was drawn into one phase of our work, and when physical examination periods were

on three times a year, Professor Shellenberger and his assistants brought their equipment to my office and set up the homemade schematograph. After the examinations, the schematograph was dismantled so the parts could be used by the physics department.

When I said we couldn't afford to purchase a schematograph, I really never knew what I could afford, for, like at Coe, I was given no budget. However, at Coe that meant that if I wanted something enough I could purchase it out of my own pocket or raise the money somehow; here at Beloit it meant that I should go to the business office and if whatever I needed could be covered by some fund, I could have it—if not, I was refused but with great kindness and regrets. I never had the slightest idea what was paid out in any year for my departmental requirements nor was I ever asked to present any lists or estimates of what my needs might be for the coming year. But that was just about the way wives and mothers still carried on financial affairs for their families in those years—never knowing what the family pocketbook contained or whether they could afford anything until they asked the head of the house and were either refused or granted the request. So this lack of budget did not worry me since I was always granted whatever I most needed. Some way in some manner unknown to me, the bills got paid.

In the spring of 1923, Elizabeth Kemper Adams, formerly director of physical education at Smith College, then head of the national Girl Scout Leader Training Course, came to town and persuaded me to join the department of education in sponsoring a short 10-hour course to train college women to work with local Girl Scout groups after graduation. To give encouragement to what I felt was a most worthy cause, I permitted any of my students who signed up for the \$2 course to substitute these 10 hours for 10 hours of physical education classwork. Thus, I had my first encounter with the Girl Scout organization which had come into existence in the previous decade and was only now expanding into the Middle West.

Miriam Wagner, my senior assistant, graduated in 1923 and went on to Wellesley College to take professional training in the department of hygiene and physical education. Prexy then permitted me to bring in a graduate of the Battle Creek School of Physical Education as part-time assistant while she took courses toward the bachelor's degree, so that I still had two assistants.

That winter we had so much snow and for so long that both faculty and students went in enthusiastically for skiing. On late afternoons, the campus came alive with skiers on the hill leading down toward town from the gymnasium. In spring, the Woman's Athletic Association sent its president, Mary Wheeler, to the ACACW Conference at the University of California in Berkeley. To raise the last bit of money needed, the girls persuaded the Majestic, a local movie house, to let them give a movie benefit.

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Because dancing, both as an extracurricular and class activity, took up so much of my attention and energies at Coe, it is surprising to recall how little prominence it had in my professional life at Beloit. I assume this was because at Beloit there was no objection to dancing as a class or a social function, and therefore dancing took a normal place alongside all other activities because the temper of the 1920s was somewhat different from that of the 1910s, and because Beloit of the early 1920s was a far more sophisticated college than Coe of the 1910s. But all was not well in regard to the type of social dancing. The faculty was making a great to-do, and well they might, over the form which social dancing had taken since the war, culminating in vulgar cheek-to-cheek positions and close contact of dancers, with couples moving about the dance floor merely shuffling the feet along, a form of dance called toddling. Vernon Castle, the idol of the collegiate world of the 1910s, had been a war casualty and with his influence for proper social dancing gone, the forms of ballroom dance of the cheap dance halls had taken the college campuses by storm.

Shortly after my arrival at Beloit, President Brannon called me to his office and informed me that he was greatly disturbed over the vulgarities of most student dancing. He said he had been thinking a lot during the summer and hoped the faculty would come up with something positive and not just sit on the sidelines criticizing. He had a plan and wished to sound me out about it. He said the dean of the college and the dean of women were in favor of trying it, but he wished my opinion. His thought was that these students probably danced the way they did in the mistaken idea that what they were doing was socially *the* thing and that perhaps if they would receive instruction from a socially recognized dance master who would not scold them for what they were doing wrong but show them correct forms, perhaps they would drop the vulgar forms and dance in an approved manner. I could scarcely believe my ears—a college president proposing social dance instruction to all students free of charge with the college picking up the tab. His specific plan was to bring to the college for several weekends an outstanding dance master of Chicago, one whose name would carry authority with the large group of sophisticated students from the Chicago suburbs. I was 100 percent for his plan and assured him I would do all I could to swing students into line for this instruction. The plan was carried out most successfully, and I was delighted to find that here was a church-oriented college that had no quarrel with dancing as a proper social activity for young people provided they danced in a socially acceptable manner.

As to dance in its interpretive forms, my dance lessons under Sonia Serova of the summer of 1917 were still serving me well. Using her dances and techniques, I got by at Beloit with the aid of several students who were talented dancers trained in various Chicago dance studios. At last, the days of putting on

May pageants were over for me and no doubt for many others who had been caught up in like fantasies just before the Great War. Now we had moved on to other things such as "bare-legged females cavorting on the lawns of colleges . . . clad in two yards of cheese-cloth for self-expression" as the author, Shaemas O'Sheel irreverently spoke of such endeavors.¹⁸ Or such as Max Eastman spoke of in more favorable terms when he said:

All the bare-legged girls, and the poised and natural girls with strong muscles and strong free steps wherever they go—the girls that redeem America and make it worthwhile to have founded a new world, no matter how badly it was done—they all owe more to Isadora Duncan than to any other person.¹⁹

In the Middle West the "poised and natural girls with strong muscles and strong free steps" were not yet bare-legged, but shortly barefoot dancing did come to Beloit and other colleges to be looked upon by the ultraconservatives as one more reason for calling the 1920s the decadent era.

Following the Great War, there had developed a feeling across the country that America was for Americans only. Anything foreign became suspect. This America First movement was felt in all phases of life, and the dance field was not immune, so that Isadora Duncan's return to her native America during the war placed her in a favorable position to be accepted above all Europeans as high priestess of the dance. But in the educational world the name of Isadora Duncan was kept pretty much in the background or ignored, and she had given the world plenty of reason for this.

However, Gertrude Colby of Columbia University, deriving her dance work largely from Isadora Duncan's teachings but without Duncan's unacceptable personal philosophy, offered educational institutions a valuable book, *Natural Rhythms and Dancing* in 1922. Duncan's work thus modified was made acceptable in the schools of the land. This book was a great help to me to move on from Chalif and Serova to something newer.

Two years later came Lucile and Agnes Marsh's book, *Dance in Education*, which carried still further forward the new ideas in dance education. In the four years, 1920-1924, dance in the college world advanced so markedly that 1924 seemed worlds apart from the 1910s. But this last book came too late to help me at Beloit.

Although I attempted no more pageants on my own, I was nevertheless drawn into serious undertakings with my dance classes in cooperation with various groups. The Shakespeare Club at Beloit was a women's club that existed for the sole purpose of staging Shakespearean plays. It had already had a long, distinguished career when I first encountered it, and in my first year at Beloit it was offering *Midsummer Night's Dream* to be given out-of-doors on

Shakespeare Hill, a beautiful wooded knoll and glen offering a natural amphitheater.

Having been thwarted twice in attempts to offer this play at Coe because of resistance of influential persons to the idea of fairies dancing on the campus, either indoors or outdoors, I was delighted to discover a friendly climate at Beloit where such alleged wickedness was tolerated. Thus, at last on the third attempt I did produce a troop of fairies who danced on the green in a setting of full moonlight. Nature could not have cooperated more beautifully on that gorgeous June evening on Shakespeare Hill.

The following year, the college was celebrating its seventy-fifth anniversary and the entire faculty and student body went all out to stage an all-college pageant entitled *The Lighted Door* for which my dance classes supplied the dancing. It was a most interesting and successful venture, with dignitaries from colleges and universities across the country coming to represent their institutions in paying tribute to Beloit. But there had been unhappy and tense moments when a group of men students attempted to force the abandonment of the plans or to keep all men students from taking part in it. But in the end, Tommy Mills straightened out the men and the plans proceeded to a successful conclusion.

Although my advanced dance class carried the important dance roles for this project, I was able to swing into line the beginners for lesser parts, even a group of men dancers for one episode after the troublemakers had calmed down. So I was deeply pleased when I arrived home that June following Commencement to find a special note of appreciation from President Brannon thanking me for my special efforts on behalf of the seventh-fifth Anniversary Pageant, and he added that my work at Beloit was a joy to all associated with me. How pleasant to work with a president who not only appreciated my efforts but took time and thought to tell me so!

The following spring my dance classes put on court dances for the Shakespeare Club's offering of *Much Ado About Nothing*, and on one beautiful May evening the advanced class put on a Twilight Interlude on the front lawn between middle college and the chapel, using the chapel organ for music which floated on the breezes through the opened windows. It was quite a novelty for a spring evening campus entertainment.

Chaperoning dances was a pleasant duty at Beloit since the dean of women insisted that chaperones were to be looked upon not as necessary evils but as friendly persons whose presence made the social activity possible. She saw to it that any unattached woman who was asked to chaperon was provided with an escort. With no acquaintances of my own among unattached men in the community and no unmarried ones on the faculty who danced, the students

imported older, unmarried brothers, bachelor uncles and family friends from Chicago, Rockford, Madison or Janesville to be my escort so that I was always a part of every party which I chaperoned and not a sideline looker-on; the various fraternities put up the escorts for the night. All dances, whether formal or informal, were in a measure formal, for here, too, the dean of women set the pattern, insisting that each begin with a receiving line made up of the hosts and chaperones and that no couple should step out onto the dance floor until it had presented itself to the hosts and chaperones. And the students for the most part observed these rulings meticulously. They also made sure that the chaperones had every dance taken. Thus I soon came to know the men students, too—at least those who attended dances.

But there was one thing about their dances that amazed me. They never waltzed—not even at fraternity dances when it came time to sing the fraternity sweetheart song which was almost always in waltz time. Instead of singing it as they danced with their partners as we had always done in Cedar Rapids and at Coe before the war, little groups of boys stood about singing with the lights dimmed as the girls sat on the sidelines listening. After a Phi Psi formal, I wrote in my diary:

What do these boys and girls know of the real joy of dancing? Apparently not one of them knows how to waltz. All they do is to walk forward and backward around the room stiff-legged to tin-pan music called "dance music" and they call that dancing. I felt sorry for them as they sang that lovely waltz song with the girls just sitting and listening. They were missing all the joys of gayly whirling about the dance floor as they sang to that enchanting rhythm.

Astounded, I inquired around and discovered that, sure enough, not a father's son or a mother's daughter of them knew how to waltz. Waltzing wasn't on the postwar socially approved list of dances. I offered to teach them, but there was no interest.

Social dance in the early twenties—toddling, cheek to cheek—shocking as it was to the grownups was no whit worse than the vulgar menagerie-named dances of the 1910s—the grizzly bear, the turkey trot, the bunny hug, the camel walk, the fox trot. But as some of the dances of the 1910s hung over to blend with those of the twenties, the sum total made for a dance craze that in a large measure was deeply responsible for the designation of the decade as the Terrible Twenties. But the educational dance fared better, for the old stiff, unimaginative esthetic dance of the turn of the century had by the 1920s been almost completely replaced by the creative and expressive interpretive dance. Not all of the 1920s was decadent as some interpreters of that decade would lead us to believe.

Chapter XIV

Women's Lib Early Nineteen Twenties

Always slow blooming, I was at long last awakening to my profession as a whole and seeing beyond my own little position. I had had a first taste of attending a professional convention in 1918 when I went to the second meeting of the Middle West Society of Directors of Physical Education for College Women at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. Then I went to Detroit to attend the larger gathering of men and women working at all levels and all phases of physical education through the then six-year-old group, the Middle West Society of Physical Education. Now back at work in the Middle West again, I had skipped the national meeting in the spring of 1921 in Cleveland as one thing I could omit until I was back on my feet physically, but I did go to Madison for the meeting of the college women physical directors at the University of Wisconsin with Blanche Trilling, now serving as president. It was my first chance to be with that group again since the 1918 meeting.

Dr. Norris, the first president of this group and ever the leader, was pushing for the group to effect a tie-up with the similar and older Eastern group, but she reported only lukewarm reception. Nevertheless, the group did vote to affiliate. Then in the spring of 1922 the Middle West group met at Iowa State College at Ames. Blanche was still president and she asked me if I would present the arguments against intercollegiate athletics for women, with Gertrude Hawley of Northwestern University supporting the affirmative side. I gladly accepted, for I was strongly convinced that physical education for women had too much groundwork to do getting physical education established in the colleges to spend time on programs of intercollegiate athletics which would engage only the highly skilled. I began correspondence on the subject throughout the country on a sort of hit-and-miss basis as time was too short to canvas a large

group of colleges. Replies to my queries showed an interest in the subject and some diversity of opinions, although the great majority of those who responded were against intercollegiate athletics. From those few who favored such activities, all easterners, I gathered material from which I could refute my affirmative opponent, sensing that these would be the very arguments she would present:

I was happy to be back into debating once more, an activity I had enjoyed in high school. But when the meeting opened in Ames, my opponent did not show up. Whether she had missed the train or had been detained by business or other reasons I have forgotten, remembering only that Blanche begged me to go ahead with the topic and to present both sides.

"Surely," she said to me, "in preparing for the debate you have marshalled all the arguments you could on both sides."

"Oh, yes indeed!" I replied.

"Good, then you do the entire debate by yourself taking both sides. I am not willing to give up the topic entirely just because one side has not shown up, and no one will take Miss Howley's place without opportunity to prepare for it."

So to the amusement of the group and to my confusion, I presented each side and then refuted the arguments of each side, and as I got into the topic, various members of our little group spoke up to air their views. From their remarks, it became clear that all but one were with me on the "against" side but were willing to help me present some semblance of a "for" side if for no other reason than to have something to aim at in refutation. It generated a lot of merriment, but our hostess, Winifred Tilden of Ames, said I had not been fair in presenting the arguments "against," for it was obvious that I had written only to people who, like myself, were "against" the issue. I proclaimed my innocence since all to whom I had written were strangers to me, and I did not know where they stood on the question, but I was more than willing to admit that because of the pressure of time I had contacted too few people to get a real consensus, and I apologized to the group for this inadequate research work. But Blanche, our president, replied that the important thing was to bring the topic out in the open and see where people stood and as she said in closing the meeting, "It is quite plain that practically every last one of this group stands with Mabel Lee and me on the subject." At this, no one raised an objection. Later, I was dumbfounded when I received a copy of the minutes by mail and read the following:

The discussion was very interesting in that it revealed the fact that several present are beginning to look with favor on some form of intercollegiate competition.¹

This was an astonishing statement in view of the fact that Miss Tilden had been the only one present who voiced an opinion in favor of such competition. The minutes were signed by Gertrude Hawley, secretary. Since she had not been present at that meeting, she obviously had asked someone to prepare that part of the minutes for her and in all probability she turned to our hostess, who presented a statement to her liking. Knowing that Blanche and Miss Tilden were at loggerhead over this issue and that Miss Tilden would have her own way at any cost, I felt that this untrue statement should not go unchallenged. How right time has proved me to be on that point! At the time I was unaware of historical implications of permitting a false record in minutes to go unchallenged, but 35 years later I caught the full import of this error when this statement in the minutes was quoted as proof of the thinking of 1922 by many on this subject!

At the next meeting of the organization when minutes were read and approval called for, I wanted to object, but being one of the younger members, I hesitated to dispute the word of the secretary.

I kept still hoping one of the older ones would speak up but no one did and the minutes stood approved. This bothered me enough that I wrote to Dr. Norris whose advice I valued highly. She replied that the situation bothered her, too, but she had kept silent knowing what a firebrand Miss Tilden was and not wanting to cause dissension within the group. But she now felt something should be done about it and that she was writing to all the older members for their opinions. Later, she wrote that others agreed that the statement should be challenged, but that it was more important to keep peace. As she said, "We all know the truth of the matter anyway and so can overlook this statement." Yes, we all knew the truth then, but historians of 50 years later do not and reading this statement will arrive at the wrong conclusion as to the majority thinking on the subject in 1922.

* * * *

At the closing of the 1922 meeting of the Middle West Society of Physical Education for College Women, Louise Freer of the University of Illinois was elected president for the coming year and I, vice-president. (The history of this organization of 1959 in mimeographed form states that Lydia Clark was elected president, but the many entries in my diary and correspondence in my files regarding my work with Louise Freer as president proves this in error.) Then we adjourned and hastened by trolley to Des Moines to attend the convention of the larger professional group, the Middle West Society of Physical Education, where I was elected chairman of the College Women's Section.

Now I became interested for the first time in writing for our professional magazine. Since the space allotted us at Beloit for a hockey field was not large enough for a regulation field, I had made adjustments in the size of the field and

also at times in the number of players on a team to accommodate the number that would turn out at any given time for a match game. At the Ames convention, someone had asked what one could do under such adverse situations and I had explained how I handled this situation. After the meeting, someone asked why I didn't write up my explanation and send it to the editor of our professional magazine. I followed her advice and to my amazement the editor accepted the article. This was my first published material.² I was proud and happy over this first writing venture, unimportant as it was.

In late June of that year, the department of hygiene of Wellesley College sponsored a Conference for Women Physical Educators. It was something unique for that day and a large group of women attended from all parts of the United States. The announcement had said that there would be an opportunity for all to play hockey. On the strength of this alone, I decided to attend. As a college girl I had loved playing field hockey above all other games, and not once in the 12 years since graduation had I had an opportunity to play. As the teacher, I had run up and down the field with my whistle but I preferred to have a stick in my hand. So now I could play once more and because of that lure I immediately sent in my registration slip. But what a surprise awaited me once the conference opened. More than enough for two teams turned out the first day. We were all given an opportunity to play a few minutes in what was called "tryouts" and enough were eliminated to cut the squad down to just the correct number for two teams. When it came my turn, I missed the very first ball shot at me and was immediately ordered off the field. Not even a second chance offered me! Still unbelieving, although the others who had been eliminated also had departed at once for the dressing room, I hung about the field with stick in hand, feeling that surely, since I had come out and was showing an eagerness to play I would be given a chance to go back on the field for part of the time. Surely there would be turns for all who wished to play. But my hopes were soon dashed when the woman in charge of the playing came up to me and said, "You may as well go back to the other meetings. The girls on the field now are the ones who have been chosen to play for the hockey periods of the conference."

"You mean there will be no opportunity for us others to play?"¹

"No," she explained, "just those who are the better players will play from now on!"

I could scarcely believe my ears! I thought that field hockey was for everyone—not just the skillful players—but apparently I was wrong, at least wrong by the standards of that staff member of the department of hygiene of Wellesley at that time. So, deeply disappointed, I withdrew. But I made one firm resolve that day—one I had previously unconsciously followed and now consciously reaffirmed—that in my teaching I would follow the American

concept of democracy and would be mindful of all and see that the unskilled had opportunity along with the skilled to enjoy sports.

In later years, I frequently heard this woman who refused me the joy of playing talk on the values of democracy and how we must follow its tenets in all our teaching. I always smiled to myself and wondered what she actually knew about real democracy in teaching. This disappointing experience (for I had come all that distance for this one thing alone and then had been denied it for a reason that would never hold water to a real believer in democracy) served me well, however, as a valuable lesson of how not to let myself ever become an autocrat, kowtowing to the aristocrats of sports.

But as it turned out, that conference was not a total loss for I met Clark W. Hetherington, a philosopher in our field of physical education, and heard him lecture. While head of athletics and physical education at the University of Missouri, he had some years earlier tried to clean up men's intercollegiate athletics and had founded and tried to guide into enlightened paths the Missouri Valley Conference. Giving up hopes of athletic reforms there, he had gone to Chicago briefly and then to the University of Wisconsin for several years before founding the California State Department of Physical Education (the second such department in the country after New York state). For the year 1921-1922 he had been an "investigator for physical education" at Teachers College Columbia University. He had just written a book, *School Programs in Physical Education*, as yet unpublished and had the manuscript with him. It presented a new approach to the entire philosophy of physical education. I was immediately caught up in enthusiasm for this man and his ideas. Here was a dreamer trying to make his dreams practical so that they might come true.

He was working at Columbia University with Dr. Thomas D. Wood, five years his senior, who had been college physician and had organized the department of physical education at Stanford and had strongly influenced Hetherington in his student years there. Dr. Wood had long been advocating a departure from the formal gymnastics which the Germans, and later the Swedes, had brought to America, and Hetherington was committed to his philosophy. By now the term "natural gymnastics" had evolved from their theories and this new form was being pushed by educators of Teachers College, Columbia University. Neither Wood nor Hetherington had published their theories but in this year of 1922, Jesse Feiring Williams, a young teacher on the physical education staff at Teachers College, had put out a book, *Physical Education*, publicizing the idea and calling for a physical education program built around games, dancing, stunts and even camping, rather than the old style built around formal gymnastics alone.

Although Wood had developed the first "natural" program in the country

many years before at Stanford, and many college women's departments had been organized around this plan without knowledge of Wood's and Hetherington's theories, it was Jesse Williams' book that first brought the attention of the profession as a whole to the idea. Now natural gymnastics became *the* topic of conversation for many years within our professional circles. This natural program was after all but a return to the eighteenth century theories of Locke and Rousseau who stressed attention to individual differences and the need to measure a child's progress in terms of his own growth and not as pitted against another child.

Professor Hetherington led us into much thought-provoking discussions which were quite heady to most of us who had been brought up on the old lecture and note-taking plan. He confronted us with his ideas and asked us to tear them to pieces and he tossed out to us for discussion parts of a speech made by George J. Fisher, head of the physical education department of the international committee of YMCAs at the 1920 American Physical Education Association Convention, which said in part:

The new physical training must fit the man to the new age. What does the new age demand? . . . Not muscular energy, but nervous energy. Not muscular power but organic vigor. . . . The old emphasis was upon structure; the new emphasis will be upon function. . . . The new age demands men of initiative, men who are alert, men of imagination. . . . These qualities are developed in play. . . . The old emphasis in physical training was upon materials used. The new emphasis is upon the individuals served. . . . The old emphasis in athletics was upon the spectacle. The new emphasis will be upon participation.³

We revelled in these discussions but between lectures we women huddled together and wondered what we should do about the rising fad of bobbed hair which was shocking parents, preachers and school superintendents but which our students seemed determined to follow. Although we teachers had no personal objections to girls bobbing their hair (with no thought as yet that we ourselves might do such a thing), our concern was with the students preparing to become teachers in this period when school boards across the country were quite unanimously thumbs down on candidates with short hair. It was agreed that "If you want a job, don't bob," was to be our advice to girls in training to go out to teach. However, these mundane things were put aside come evening for Ruth Doing, a rising young dance teacher, and the new dance ideas which she presented to us on the lawn during those lovely June evenings. Old dance forms as well as formal gymnastics were under attack now by the profession, and Ruth Doing was offering transition ideas in the dance. Altogether, it was a most stimulating conference. And the first time I met women from both coasts and was no longer limited to Middle West and BNSG acquaintances.

* * * *

Then I hid myself to Oneonta, New York, where to defray summer expenses, I had accepted on Wellesley's recommendation, a position for six weeks to teach in the State Teachers College. It was my first contact with a teachers college and my first summer teaching, and my strongest memory of that assignment is of the calendar in my room on which each night I crossed out one more day, wondering if the six weeks would ever end. (It was to be another 17 years before I would take another summer position.) Nine months were always all I could handle in a year and come out physically on even keel. Perhaps I always spent myself too liberally during the nine months, but it would have been difficult to enjoy teaching any other way.

Here for the first and only time in my life I had huge classes—almost 100 each of six classes meeting five days a week for a teaching schedule of 30 hours. Also, for the first time I had men in an activity class, most of them as old as myself, all there for formal gymnastics for the public schools. These were all classroom teachers, both men and women, back for refresher work, all drawn into teaching gymnastics along with their major subjects, none with any professional training for this particular work. All devoted gum-chewers! The Middle West was at that time acknowledged to be the gum-chewing capital of the USA, but never did I encounter so many devotees of that art as in this New York State Teachers College. These gum-chewing summer pupils were teaching in the public schools of New York State during the school year and most probably chewing gum all the while.

The minute the summer session was over, I was off for Albany, New York, to meet two friends from Iowa and one from Beloit whom I had agreed to take on a hiking trip along the Long Trail of the Green Mountains. None of them had ever done any mountain trails. I, almost as inexperienced, had at least had an overnight trip up Saint Mary's in Oregon 3½ years before, and I had longed for another such opportunity. I had heard about the Green Mountain Club and its Long Trail and with the trip East to attend Wellesley conference as the incentive, I had found three friends who would join me on the venture. It was a glorious 10 days of hiking, sleeping at night on the raised shelves of the three-sided shelters furnished every 8 miles by the Green Mountain Club. We did 80 miles of the trail which then stretched from the Massachusetts line to Canada, running from one forest-clad summit to another. We picked up the trail out of Middlebury and ended at Mt. Mansfield near Burlington. In all that time we never encountered another woman on the trail. We were a great surprise to the groups of men, who encountered us with unconcealed astonishment that women would be out in the woods and, of all things, wearing knickers. I stood the trip wonderfully well and rejoiced in this evidence of physical fitness.

The next summer I tried my luck in the Rockies, at Glacier National Park in Montana. The trails there were wide for horseback parties, not just footpaths as on the Long Trail in Vermont. At the higher altitudes of the Rockies, my companion (Dorothea de Schweineitz, a new-found friend who had done lots of hiking in the mountains on the East Coast and was eager to try the Rockies) and I soon found we could do 12 to 16 miles a day there as easily as 6 to 8 miles a day in the Green Mountains. The two of us hiked alone day after day from chalet to chalet, starting out each morning about an hour ahead of the horseback parties, which overtook us by the lunch rest period and arrived at the end of the trail well ahead of us, leaving word at the chalet of us two women still out on the trail to arrive by foot.

Here too, as in Yellowstone Park in 1915, automobiles were not allowed, but unlike Yellowstone, not even stagecoaches could function here. It was a vast wilderness with only foot and horse trails to accommodate human beings. The two of us alone on that trip crossed the Continental Divide five times on foot, carrying a pack on our backs. It was a glorious adventure and we swore we would do it again some summer, but as Robert Frost states it so beautifully in one of his poems, "knowing how way leads on to way" we, too, doubted if we would ever come back and as it turned out we never did--oh, I did go back briefly a few summers later, but not prepared for hiking.

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In 1921 Blanche Trilling succeeded Elizabeth Burchenal as chairman of APEA National Committee on Women's Sports. She was one of the most brilliant, and also most militant, of our women leaders. She pushed hard and persistently for what she wanted, sometimes getting her own way merely by pounding away until her opponents gave in from sheer disinclination to let the battle rage any longer. Evidently she believed in the adage, "It's the squeaky wheel that gets the grease." She nearly always finally got "the grease," but thereby frequently created a "sticky" situation which those coming after her had to clean up. But it was not Blanche's persistence alone that brought an improved climate for the women.

Before Blanche took over the committee chairmanship, a sympathetic middle westerner, Dr. Dudley B. Reed of the University of Chicago, came into the presidency of APEA (January 1, 1920)—the first person not from the Atlantic seaboard to hold that office after 34 years of easterners at the helm. In Dr. Reed, Blanche found a sympathetic national president who believed in "letting the ladies have their way" insofar as possible but to hold tight to what the men considered fundamental policies of APEA—in other words, grant the little inconsequential favors but stand pat on the big issues. Because of that policy and under Blanche's persistence in carrying on the demands of Elizabeth

Burchenal in the late 1910s, the men now deferred to the ladies to the extent that the National Committee on Women's Sports was now allowed to put on programs at conventions. To make this appear legal, they were allowed to pretend that these programs were put on by an unofficial Women's Section under the auspices of the National Committee on Women's Sports. However, this was a subterfuge openly winked at by the men in order to calm down the insistent women. The other request, which to the men was the most militant one the women wished, was official representation of their national committee on the National Council with vote. To the men this was asking too much for a mere committee. With majority vote they adamantly refused to grant this favor.

The way to get voting privilege legally was to get a majority vote to recognize within the APEA a Section on Women's Athletics, since only sections had the right to representation on the Council and to put on programs at conventions. The women now decided to wage war to accomplish this. The lines were drawn in a battle that raged in inner circles of the profession until 1931, 10 years after Blanche first opened fire on this stronghold of the men which then was just one year after the women's suffrage movement had come off victoriously after a 72-year struggle.

Apparently, President Reed had been using his influence on the other men who were in control of majority votes, for by 1922 Blanche was in luck. He got permission for her to put on at the national convention in Detroit an "unofficial" program under the heading of Woman's Athletic Section, which was in reality nonexistent, "meeting under the auspices of the National Committee on Women's Sports," which as a committee really had no right to put on a program. Thus, the women at last got "a foot in the door."

At this program Janet Walter, director of girls' athletics for the public schools of Philadelphia, read a paper on "Track for Elementary and Secondary School Girls."

Under such subterfuge, Blanche was able to get women's athletics listed on several convention programs. In the spring of 1923, courtesy of the College Women's Section of the Middle West Society of Physical Education, she got the topic of intercollegiate athletics for women on the program for the Chicago convention. This drew so tremendous a crowd that the meeting had to be moved twice to larger rooms to accommodate the audience. I was the hapless speaker for this occasion. (It was my first speech before a mixed group.)

The topic brought out a deeply interested audience. My talk was published in both *Mind And Body* and in the *American Physical Education Review*,⁴ and was reprinted in hundreds of copies in pamphlet form and incorporated wholly and in part in several books, so that this maiden effort plunged me most

unexpectedly into professional notice. It was a heady experience for one so little known in the profession. All this helped advance the feeling on the part of most women and many men in the profession that the women should be allowed to have a Women's Athletics Section within APEA, so that unhampered by red tape they could get on with their desire to have women's athletics discussed at conventions without constantly having to beg for privileges.

* * * *

In November 1922, representatives of 19 national organizations concerned with the promotion of athletics in America met and established the National Amateur Athletic Federation "to mass their forces to solve the scholastic, ethical, social, and religious problems in relation to standards of sports in order to focus attention upon the great national needs."⁵ In December they met again and elected officers with Colonel Henry Breckinridge, a prominent New York City attorney, president; Julian S. Merick, president of the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association, General Palmer Pierce, president of NCAA, and Mrs. Herbert Hoover, president of Girl Scouts of America, as the three vice-presidents; and with representatives of the U. S. Army and Navy, Boy Scouts of America, YMCAs and APEA on the executive committee.

Following the organization meeting of February 21, 1923, Mrs. Hoover, whose husband was Secretary of Commerce under President Harding and had achieved worldwide acclaim as head of the European Relief Committee, called a meeting in Washington, April 6-7, 1923, to organize a Woman's Division of NAAF to establish national standards for sports for girls and women. Blanche Trilling as chairman of APEA's National Committee on Women's Sports, was called upon to suggest women to be invited to attend this meeting, and thus the women of the physical education profession were drawn into this organization from the very start, along with leaders of the many national women's organizations that might possibly be concerned about standards of sports for American girls and women.

Blanche had been negotiating with me shortly before this about my presenting the paper on intercollegiate sports for women at the Middle West convention in Chicago, April 22, so she had to know of my interest in women's sports, yet my name was not included in the list of women physical educators to be invited to attend the meeting of women in Washington to organize a woman's division of NAAF. This I have never been able to understand. However, Mary Coleman was on the list and, shocked at my absence, she had my name added as one to be notified before a second meeting. Thus, thanks to Coley I was drawn into the work of this group from its second meeting on, and I plunged enthusiastically into the work of this new organization.

After the organization meeting in Washington, the first conference was held

the following spring at the University of Chicago. At this time it took a stand against the participation of American women in the Olympics. Dr. J. Anna Norris, chairman of the Platform Committee, presented its first report, offering 16 aims, such as sports for all, protection from exploitation, qualified women in charge of women's sports, adequate medical examinations for participation, elimination of gate receipts and discouragement of sports involving travel.

This meeting closed with a banquet at a nearby hotel and since it was listed on the program as a 7 p.m. banquet, I wore an evening gown, only to find myself the only woman so arrayed. My embarrassment was not relieved until the group that was to sit at the head table entered in a body later, with all in formal attire, the men as well as the women. When it developed that there was an empty space at that table (Mrs Hoover was absent because of laryngitis), a search was undertaken to invite some woman in evening gown to take the empty seat. Thus, the lot fell to me, and most unexpectedly I found myself seated between the ever-so-popular football coach of that day, Amos Alonzo Stagg, and the nationally known and popular University of Chicago English professor, James Weber Linn (nephew of Jane Addams) two of the four speakers of the evening. I felt more than repaid for my earlier embarrassment. This first acquaintance with Coach Stagg marked the beginning of many future encounters. I soon discovered that he was only a few days older than my mother, and he showed at once his great love of teasing which in later years I learned to parry.

As this Woman's Division with its so very important work got underway, we graduates of the old Boston Normal School of Gymnastics were bursting with pride for the old school since four of the seven members of the first executive committee of this infant organization were that school's graduates: J. Anna Norris, Ethel Perrin, Helen McKinstry and Blanche Trilling.

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As soon as the 1924 woman's division meeting was over in Chicago, most of the group went on to Kansas City to attend the convention of the American Physical Education Association preceded by the college meeting of the Middle West Society of Directors of Physical Education for Women. We were housed at the Baltimore, a fine old hotel of years of distinction where we had looked forward to staying. The bellboy took my bags, led me to my room and unlocked the door; he threw it open and stepped back for me to enter ahead of him. I stepped in and to my astonishment fell full length over crossbeams that were there to support a floor but the flooring was missing. The bellboy jumped to my rescue and he too, fell full length into the room. We had difficulty picking ourselves up, draped as we were over crossbeams with legs and arms hanging down into what most obviously was the top side of the plastered ceiling of the room below. Fortunately, the plaster held so that no arms or legs broke through

that ceiling. Once up and balanced on the crossbeams, we noticed that the room was completely bare—not a piece of furniture, no drapes, not even a floor. Safely back into the hallway, I tried to brush the grime and plaster dirt off my suit, and inspected my two skinned knees and shins and torn hosiery while the boy ran back to the desk to report the situation. He returned shortly with the manager and the hotel doctor who anxiously queried me about possible injuries. Relieved that there was nothing seriously wrong with me, the manager escorted me to the bridal suite, assuring me that the place was mine for the price of the single. Thus domiciled in unexpected elegance, I attended my first national physical education convention. I was so overcome with such glamour that it never entered my head to demand that the management have my suit cleaned and pressed and replace the pair of stockings that was in shreds. But I never was one to make a fuss over things that turned out after all not to be too serious. However, I am still wondering all these years later how a hotel room could be stripped of everything, including its floor, and the registration desk not know it.

From the bridal suite I sallied forth to the meeting of the Middle West Society of Directors of Physical Education for College Women for a continuance of our discussion over admitting into membership persons other than directors of physical education departments of institutions which the American Association of University Women approved as colleges and universities from which it drew its membership. This AAUW list did not recognize normal schools, teachers colleges, or junior colleges. From the very beginnings of our little Middle West organization, Blanche Trilling in particular had been insistent that we observe this AAUW ruling.

However, the big business of this 1924 meeting came when the official representatives of the Eastern and Western branches of the organization (Mabel Cummings of Wellesley College, the official representative serving for Katharine Sibley of Syracuse University, and Helen Bunting of Leland Stanford University) joined J. Anna Norris, the Middle West representative and chairman of the organizing committee and our Middle West group, for final discussions to clear the way for the birth of a national women's organization to encompass the three district groups.

The men of our profession who were working in the college field had had a national organization of their own since 1897, first headed by Edward Hitchcock of Amherst College. It had taken the women 13 years after the men's organization was born to have a first informal get-together of an Eastern college group (1910 at Wellesley), another 5 years to organize as an Eastern Society (1915 at Wellesley), and another 7 years before there were other district groups to unite for a national organization—the Middle West group of 1917 and the Western group of 1922.

However, as early as 1914, APEA president Dr. R. Tait McKenzie had

appointed Gertrude Dudley as chairman of a committee to organize an Association of Directors of Physical Education for Women in Colleges. Her committee included Dr. Norris of the University of Minnesota, Miss Cleveland of the University of California, Clara Baer of Tulane University, Harriet Ballantine of Vassar and Mabel Cummings of Illinois State Normal School at Normal. This group presented a proposed constitution at the next APEA convention which was held in Berkeley, California in 1915 but no action was taken and no follow-up on it occurred in 1916.

Under the leadership of Amy Morris Homans, an Eastern Society of College Directors of Physical Education for Women had been organized in 1915 but it was an independent group seeking no affiliation with APEA. Then, two years later, the independent Middle West group was organized. Then sometime before 1921, the Eastern and Middle West groups entered upon discussions to unite into a national group. In March 1921, the Middle West group, at its annual meeting held at the University of Wisconsin under Miss Trilling's presidency, took a formal vote to affiliate with the Eastern group, reviving the thought that the united groups would seek acceptance, as related earlier, by APEA as a section within that organization. By that time the Western group was organizing. Following the vote by the Middle West group, Miss Trilling urged the Eastern group to take quick action. She informed their president, Rachel Harwick of Boston University, that Dr. Norris had prepared a suggested national constitution for such affiliation looking forward to APEA acceptance.⁶ This proposed constitution Dr. Norris had prepared after much correspondence and several conferences with the representatives of the other two groups. Now all that remained was to get this ratified by the members of all three groups. Ratification had been quickly obtained in 1923 by the Middle West and Western groups so that it was assumed it would also be ratified by the Eastern group and thus the word spread that this spring of 1923 saw the birth of this national organization, a rumor that persists in some quarters even today.⁷ But the Eastern group rejected the plan, not willing to accept certain limitations of membership agreed upon by the other two groups. Thus, negotiations continued for another year.

The serious obstacle to the formation of a national organization was the objection of the Eastern group to accepting the limitations on membership imposed by the Middle West group. This was quite an anomaly for it was the usually so very conservative easterners who were opposed to the liberal notions of the middle westerners. But now the Eastern group objected to the "closed door" policies of the Middle West group.

In the first years of the Middle West Directors Society, which was an organization open to directors of departments only, there soon arose serious differences of opinions. Although all were believers in the democratic process

and willing to abide by the majority decisions, and were an outgoing, friendly group imbued with ideals of good sportsmanship and could remain friends in spite of disagreements, there were a few strong-minded members who were adamant about not opening membership to members of departmental staffs other than directors or even to directors of physical education for women in normal schools and junior colleges.

Soon, however, they realized this exclusive policy was keeping out Lydia Clark, a graduate of BNSG, then at Illinois Normal School, who was another dynamic and recognized leader. So in the first few years, they gave up the prejudice against normal schools. This was just before Lydia changed to the directorship at Ohio State (looked upon in those years by many as a move up into academic respectability, although this idea made Lydia furious, as she confided to me one day) and also just in time for her to be elected president of the Middle West group.

But strong-willed Blanche Trilling did not give up so readily on admitting directors of junior colleges. Blanche wielded a lot of influence; once she arose in meeting and spoke her mind to the membership, the majority, whether actually agreeing with her or not, usually voted as she wanted. It was a few years before we others could corral enough votes to open the doors to directors of physical education for women in junior colleges, thus admitting Wilma Haynes of Stephens College and a few others. The last prejudice—not to admit into membership members of department staff other than the directors—died the hardest of all, for the overwhelming majority of us felt that we directors needed to get together without staff members present to talk over our mutual problems frankly and without restraint.

When I hear young teachers of today laugh over the militant determination of department heads of the late 1910s and early 1920s to keep their organization exclusively for directors, I realize they little sense the circumstances under which we worked in those years. In our training we had received a heavy dose of science, much heavier than today's student, but had known nothing of courses in organization and administration, tests and measurements, curriculum planning, principles and philosophy of physical education. We were all feeling our way in these things, each alone in her own position or, as in the case of those in the large universities, working with small staffs, and none too eager to have the younger staff members sense how anxiously they were learning on the job. These conferences for heads of departments only were lifesavers in many ways as we compared and explained to each other how we did things in our departments and why, and queried how the same things were done elsewhere. Those two- and three-day meetings were intensive post-training sessions and intensely valuable to all of us, filling in the gaps of our professional training courses; hence we needed to meet by ourselves. As one of our members said of this

period in later years: It was "a little close-knit family, a source of mutual strength and reassurance to women who were pioneering in a relatively new field."⁸

In 1923 the Eastern group had suggested changes to the proposed national constitution, refusing to endorse it at that time, thus holding up the birth of the organization for another year. During the year, by correspondence the Middle West and Western groups had agreed to the East's wish not to limit membership to directors of departments. Now, with but a few minor points yet to be agreed upon, representatives of the Eastern and Western Societies had come to the Middle West group's meeting preceding the APEA national convention in Kansas City in the hope of placing final signatures on the proposed national constitution. A few telegrams were exchanged between the two East and West Coast representatives and their presidents. Last points were agreed upon, and the papers signed by the official representatives of the three groups. It was a memorable moment for women in our profession. The constitution declared the national officers to be the officers of the District Society acting as host to the conference. This made the Middle West officers the first national officers. Thus Lydia Clark of Ohio State became the first president, Winifred Tilden of Ames the first vice-president, Clare Small of the University of Colorado the first secretary-treasurer, of the new national organization, today's National Association of Physical Education for College Women—NAPECW.

At this historic birth meeting of a group that today claims several hundred members and wields great influence in the physical education of American college women, the following 14 persons were present from the Middle West group: Miss Barto, University of Kansas; Margaret Bell, M.D., University of Michigan; Lydia Clark, Ohio State University; Clara Comstock, Earlham College; Louise Freer, University of Illinois; Gertrude Hawley, Northwestern University; Mabel Lee, Beloit College; Gladys Leonard, University of South Dakota; Gertrude E. Moulton, M.D., Oberlin College; J. Anna Norris, M.D., University of Minnesota; Mabel Rilling, University of Denver; Claire Small, University of Colorado; Grace Stafford, Missouri State College; and Blanche Trilling, University of Wisconsin. From the Western Society there was Helen Bunting of Leland Stanford University; and from the Eastern group, Mabel Cummings of Wellesley College and Alice McArdle of Smith College. (This does not mean that these 17 were the first members of the national group since all members of all three groups automatically became members of the national as soon as the national constitution was accepted by all three groups, but it does mean that these were the ones present at the official signing of the papers that signaled the birth of the organization.)

Marie Ortway, M.D., women's medical adviser of the University of Chicago, was present as a guest and as soon as the birth was announced as

official, she and Miss Comstock ordered ginger ale sent to the conference room, for it was intensely hot that April day in Kansas City and all drank a toast to the infant organization.

* * * *

Immediately following this meeting, the convention of the American Physical Education Association convened in the same hotel. This 39-year-old organization had already held 30 national conventions, 19 of them in eastern cities (12 in the New York City and Boston areas alone), 8 in the north central states (Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Indianapolis and St. Louis), 2 in the San Francisco area and 1 in Canada. This convention in Kansas City was announced as a meeting in the Southwest. To easterners, even as late as 1924, Kansas City, Missouri meant the Far West.

This was one more year when Blanche Trilling had her way and put over a program for the Women's Sports Committee, this time boldly calling it a Women's Athletic Section meeting, although such a section had not as yet been officially accepted into the structure of the organization. However, at the official Council meeting that followed in New York City in January 1925, Dr. McCurdy, the executive secretary of APEA, called the attention of Katherine Sibley of Syracuse University, who was succeeding Blanche as chairman of the Women's Committee on Women's Sports, to the fact that this committee was not a section and it must cease acting as if it were. He subtly reminded her that she had been invited to attend the Council meeting merely as a guest, not as a bona fide member as a chairman of a section. "This nonsense has to stop," he declared.⁹

At Blanche's 1924 meeting she placed three topics before the delegates: "Telegraphic Intercollegiate Athletic Contests" presented by Gertrude Hawley of Northwestern University, "Track Athletics for Women" by Florence Somers of the Cleveland public schools, and "The Work of the Women's Division of NAAF" by Lillian Schoedler, the executive secretary of that organization.

This was to be my first attendance at a national gathering of this all-inclusive professional group made up of both men and women working at all levels and in all phases of physical education and sports. But when I was on my way to register for the convention, I received a telegram that Father had suffered a stroke. He and Mother had been in Norman, Oklahoma, spending the winter with Jean and her husband who was then pastor of the Presbyterian Church there and Presbyterian student pastor at the State University. I immediately made reservation for Norman on the first train out of Kansas City, checked out of my palatial suite, and then killed time as best I could until train time.

The opening session of the convention was scheduled as a recreational evening in the ballroom in charge of Elizabeth Burchenal. Her name had long been familiar to me from using her many books on folk dancing and from seeing her name in frequent reports in the *American Physical Education Review* as first chairman of the Women's Athletic Committee. Now I saw her for the first time, and from a place in the front row in the ballroom balcony I admiringly watched this dynamo of energy in action as she swung that large crowd from one dance to the next. Soon an older man edged his way to my side and engaged me in conversation. Upon learning that this was to have been my first national convention and that I must leave before this evening's entertainment would be ended, he exclaimed, "What a pity! But before you leave, let me point out our leaders to you!" And so I saw for the first time many of the leaders. As we talked, one handsome, prematurely gray-haired gentleman on the dance floor below stepped under our balcony position and, cupping his hands over his mouth, called up to my tutor: "Come down and bring the lady with you. I would like to meet her and ask her for a dance." But, glancing at my watch, I realized it was about time for me to be leaving for the train. I leaned over the balcony rail and called down:

"Sorry! I must leave at once! Perhaps another year!" and I turned to my companion and asked who the handsome gentleman might be.

"You don't know?" he asked in surprise. "Why that is Carl Chrader, our national president, and Massachusetts State Director."

How little I sensed as I dashed for my train without meeting him that soon both he and Elizabeth Burchenal were soon to become close friends of mine and that seven years from that very month I would be presiding over this same group as the first woman to hold the national presidency. Had any inner voice breathed such a suggestion, I would have declared it insane, so remote was such a possibility. Professional horizons were indeed widening!

Through the years I have wondered who the kindly gentleman was who pointed out to me for the first time my profession's leaders of that day. Surely I came to know him later but if he remembered the incident or that it was I to whom he talked that evening, he never reminded me of it. However, at the moment I had but one thought and that was of Father. He was in a semi-coma when I arrived, but after several days he rallied and I returned to my work.

* * * *

The year before there had been some unpleasantness at Beloit¹⁰ when a group of disgruntled men students attempted to discredit President Brannon and to bring about his ouster. But at a mass meeting Mary Wheeler, then vice-

president of Associated Students swung the women students to Prexy's defense and gradually won over the men to bring about a resounding defeat to the troublemakers. I was proud of my student assistant. But in the end we lost our wonderful president when shortly thereafter he was called to Montana to be chancellor over their several university presidents.

The attacks on Prexy resulted in some embarrassing "taking of sides" among faculty members, and after he left several of his staunchest supporters resigned (the dean of the college and important heads of a few departments), as some said, "to maintain their self-respect." Many others loyal to him, such as Herman Conwell, stayed on, as did I, and carried on his policies, most of which prevailed in the long run. But I sorely missed his kind, friendly interest in my work and his genuine concern for my health. The following summer, President Brannon returned to Beloit and persuaded Dean Tannahill to marry him, thus robbing the college of its unusual dean of women. Now I had to carry on without her ever loyal cooperation.

With the new year, former President Eaton, in his mid-seventies, left retirement and returned as interim president for the first semester of the year 1923-1924. He had graduated from Beloit in 1872 and studied at Yale, Leipsig and Heidelberg; he held honorary degrees from Yale and Wisconsin and had been Beloit's second president from 1886 to 1905 and 1907 to 1917. In his first presidency at Beloit the college was still a men's college until his last nine years there. He seemed quite unaware of my presence on the faculty and never once engaged me in the slightest conversation about my work or my department. However, he wasn't unfriendly. He just ignored me as he did women students for the most part. It was a strange experience.

The new year also brought a new dean of women who, the board of trustees decided, must have a doctor's degree. The trustees adamantly refused to consider several candidates merely because they did not have that advanced degree, even though one or two of them whom I happened to know would have been splendid. Dean Tannahill had not held that degree, yet had been a superb dean of women. But the trustees stubbornly stood for the degree and in the end they got their doctor's degree but it could in no way make up for the loss of their former dean's superb qualifications--charm, personality, social aplomb, integrity, dignity, scholarly interests and a calm poise that made her a joy to work with and a model the women students rejoiced in. How I missed her as well as President Brannon! And Beloit College paid a sad price for that Ph. D. It came accompanied by quirks of personality that presented difficulties hard to cope with as a co-worker, so that thoughts of a new position seemed a bit more acceptable, and I considered a long time before I finally refused an offer from Gertrude Dudley to join her staff at the University of Chicago, a second offer from her in the past few years. But as in earlier years when other offers beckoned me to become a member of a large staff in a large university, I

realized I was not interested in such a position. The thought of living in a large city like Chicago and working on the campus of such a large university had no appeal for me. I was a small-town, small-school person and I loved being head of my own department, even if it were small. So I sent regrets to Miss Dudley, turning down her much larger salary offer, to stay on at Beloit.

At mid-year of my fourth year (1923-1924) at Beloit we had a lucky break when the trustees persuaded Dr. Irving Maurer to be the new president. A graduate of Beloit of 1904, he had done his postgraduate work at Yale, finishing in 1909. I felt at once when I had my first conference with him that he was going to be another President Brannon—a joy to work with. All thoughts that probably I should move on to another position vanished from my mind—that is, until in early May I received word that the University of Nebraska was looking for a new director of physical education for women and that President Brannon had suggested to his friend, Chancellor Avery of Nebraska, that he should discuss the matter with me.

When Chancellor Avery invited me to come to Lincoln "to look the situation over," I accepted and spent a couple of days there. After refusing a definite offer of a position three times in those two days, I finally capitulated.

Chancellor Avery had urged definite acceptance before I left Lincoln, but I had told him I could not think of taking that final step until I had told President Maurer I was considering the move and had first given him my resignation. To me, this fine point was a matter of professional ethics. My resignation in, I then dashed to the Western Union office and sent a telegram to Chancellor Avery accepting his offer. When the news broke on campus, I was astounded at the reaction with regrets expressed and good wishes extended. The student paper had shortly before carried my photograph and a long article about my work.¹¹ It was good to be appreciated.

When I started my work there four years before, I had found a department of physical education for women with no equipment of its own, with permission to use the gymnasium only a few hours a week, and a dressing room of only one large open room with no lockers, no showers, and only chairs about the room and hooks on the walls. For an office I had a mere cubbyhole off a hallway in a building far removed from the gymnasium. The entire physical education program for girls consisted of only six activities. Shortly at my urging, President Brannon had moved us into the gymnasium, recognizing women as bona fide students along with the men and privileged to use the gymnasium on an equal basis. But this was accomplished only with great howls from some of the men, both from the physical education staff and the student body. There were frequent outbursts in the student paper, *The Round Table*, wishing Beloit were once more a men's college and complaining that the women were crowding out

the men. I had no illusions about the person at whom these attacks were aimed, for indeed we women were crowding the men out of portions of the big gymnasium, demanding a reasonable share of it. And the administration had stood with us on this.

I had procured a real dressing room with lockers, showers and dressing booths, a large office with an examining room and lavatory attached, and a restricted activities classroom, and I had more than doubled the activities offered. Finally, in my fourth year I had succeeded in procuring a college infirmary in another building—an old residence near campus—and a full-time nurse and a corps of local physicians on call at various days and hours, with the entire setup under my management since I had almost singlehandedly put this project over.

Now I was turning my back on all this. I felt downright heavyhearted about it and at the same time I was filled with concern over the sad condition of the department I was to go to, yet I knew I was going with the enthusiastic backing of the chancellor who promised me his 100 percent backing if I would only come and reorganize that department. Also in the end he had offered me a 40 percent increase in salary over what I was getting at Beloit and a full professorship. In addition, he offered me the privilege of bringing an instructor of my own choosing with me to help in the reconstruction work. As it happened, my good, true, ever-so-competent student assistant for three years, Mary Wheeler, was graduating at Beloit and I could offer her this position. So I, too, was leaving Beloit. I found it difficult to say goodbye to President Mauer, as difficult as to say it to President Brannon, in fact to Beloit College itself. It had been very good to me and had seen me safely through the aftermath of that terrible flu epidemic.

Under the kindness and concern for my health which I encountered on all sides at Beloit College, I continued to improve physically and gradually got on my feet again. Four years in that friendly, relaxed atmosphere meant everything to me and set me on a course of physical fitness that has never again deserted me. The health foundations for my future were reset in these years at Beloit. What a calamity it would have been for me had my new position taken me to a college where the president had no concern for me as a person and allowed me to push myself too hard before I had fully recovered from that devastating attack of influenza!

In my new position I was to hold to my career of leadership in the fascinating world of gymnastics, sports and dance but now I was to add to it the challenge of teacher training to help prepare young girls to enter this career that had been my chosen one. I was full of anticipation and joyous expectations for the future! But how it turned out must be a story for another day!

Notes

CHAPTER I. A NEW CAREER FOR WOMEN

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2. *Ibid.*, pp. 42-43.
3. Catharine Beecher, *Physiology and Calisthenics* (New York: Harper Publishers, 1856, revised 1867).
4. *The Lady's Friend* 2, no. 3, 1865: 225-228.
5. *Letters to People on Health and Happiness*, p. 122, as reported in Thomas Woody, *History of Women's Education in the United States*, vol. 2 (New York: Science Press, 1929), p. 108.
6. *New York Teacher*, Jan. 17, 1858: 148.
7. Edith Naomi Hill, "Senda Berenson," *Pioneer Women In Physical Education, Research Quarterly Supplement* 12, Oct. 1941: 658-665.
8. Remarks by Eliza Mosher, *American Physical Education Review* 25, 1920: 311-312.
9. Ray G. Huling, "College Women and Physical Training," *Education-Review* 7, Jan. 1894: 74, 80.
10. For this information the author is indebted (1) to many conversations with Gertrude E. Moulton (pupil of Delphine Hanna) and (2) to the article, "Brief Outline of Life and Work of Dr. Delphine Hanna," in *Pioneer Women in Physical Education, Research Quarterly Supplement* 12, Oct. 1941: 646-652, which was compiled by a secretary in the office of Dr. Moulton from information taken from a thesis of a graduate of Oberlin College.
11. Ella Morrison, "Girls Physical Training at University of Illinois," *Mind and Body* 2, no. 22, Dec. 1895.
12. *Ibid.*, pp. 189, 194.
13. From a study by A. E. Kindervater of St. Louis Public Schools preserved in a mimeographed report.

CHAPTER II. MILITARY DRILL, AND INDIAN CLUBS IN THE GAY NINETIES

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2. William T. Harris, "Address At Opening Session," in *Proceedings of Physical Training Conference, 1889* (Boston: George H. Ellis, 1899).
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4. *The Youth's Companion*, April 18, 1889: 198.
5. *Centerville Daily Citizen*, a November issue, 1898.

CHAPTER III. THE PRIVILEGED TEN PERCENT AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY

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2. *Newsweek*, Sept. 23, 1951: 65.
3. Report of *U.S. Commissioner of Education*, Feb. 1967.
4. Sir Walter Scott, *The Lady of the Lake* (Canto V, Stanza 10), 1810.

CHAPTER IV. THE PRIVILEGED TWO PERCENT

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2. Virginia C. Gildersleeve, *Many A Good Crusade* (New York: Macmillan, 1954), p. 45.
3. For information on Iowa colleges, the author is indebted to correspondence with the curator of Iowa State College, assistant librarian of Cornell College, archivists of the State University of Iowa, Grinnell College and Northern Iowa University (Cedar Falls), also to research into old catalogs of most of these schools.
4. Grinnell College, *Scarlet and Black* 12, no. 41, March 1, 1905: 2.
5. As revealed from a perusal of the membership lists with addresses as published annually in the *American Physical Education Review* in the early years of the Association.
6. As told to the author by Grace Douglas Orr shortly before her death in 1963.
7. As told to the author in 1973 by Eline von Borries, long-time head of physical education at Goucher College, Towson, Maryland.
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9. Ethel Perrin, "Health Safeguards in Athletics for Girls and Women," *Research Quarterly* 3, Oct. 1932: 94.

CHAPTER V. CHOOSING A CAREER

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4. Ibid., p. 197.
5. As told by Carl Schrader and reported in Bruce L. Bennett, "Biography of Dudley A. Sargent," doctoral thesis, University of Michigan, 1948.

CHAPTER VI. PROFESSIONAL TRAINING AFTER THE BOSTON MANNER

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6. Isabel Barrows, ed., *Report of Conference of 1889 on Physical Training* (Boston: George Ellis Press, 1899).
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13. Ibid.

CHAPTER VII. "A VELVET PURSE OF A SOW'S EAR"

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